This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Per. 3977 e. $\frac{205}{23}$

THE

METROPOLITAN.

THE

METROPOLITAN

MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIII.

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER, 1838.

A·BODLEIANA

LONDON:
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET;
BELL AND BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH; SMITH AND SON, GLASGOW
AND CUMMING, DUBLIN.
1838.

LONDON:
IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

FATHER-LOVE.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

In the village of Howth there is a little ruin of four walls, encompassing a churchyard. Like almost all similar places in Ireland, and we may add in England, this humble receptacle for the dead is allowed to be overrun with foul grass and weeds, and encumbered with rubbish—evidences of neglect on the part of the living towards the memory of deceased friends, which tells nothing for a theory of abiding affections in human nature, and which, to the eyes of any one who has noticed cemeteries in other countries, is particularly disagreeable. Notwithstanding its unsightly state, the little churchyard of which we speak was, however, when we last saw it, an impressive spot. You turned into it, out of the small bustle of the village, through an open door-way, or rather breach in one of its walls, and were alone in a moment with the silent but eloquent ashes of the "rude forefathers" of the living creatures so near you. If the wind blew fair for the purpose, the noise of the sea also reached you, sounding melancholy upon your ear, and hoarsely whispering a sympathetic tale of effort, and swell, and force, incessantly dashed into non-existence. The antiquity of the crumbling walls of the ruin assisted these impressions; and from the topmost branches of a tall and flourishing ash-tree in one of its corners, came now and then the still-accordant cawing of two rooks who had nested there.

It was a bleak September evening in the memorable year 1798, that a young person, advancing from the sea-coast through the streets of Howth, approached in the twilight this little burying-place. As he walked along at a quick pace, his glances to either side and behind him implied that kind of watchfulness of others which arises from a wish that others should not watch us. It would not have been surprising, however, if curious eyes turned to observe him, for his appearance was in itself unusual among the humble community of the village, while the circumstance of his coming alone, and a stranger, at such an hour of the evening, into such a neighbourhood, might have caused additional remark. He was a young man of about three-and-twenty, tall, well made, free and loose in his movements, with a handsome sunburnt face, dark restless eyes, and black hair. His dress was sailor-like—a short blue jacket, red waistcoat, white trousers, and low-crowned hat; and yet, from its trim cut, costly quality, and foppish arrangement, as well as from the expression of his features and bearing, the costume seemed to be a holiday affectation of the wearer, assumed, perhaps, to make him a fitting figure for the stern of his pleasure-boat during occasional excursions over the beautiful bay of Dublin. Still glancing around him, he darted into the ruin; and now his eyes became differently occupied, for they turned here and there as if expecting to meet another person. He found himself alone however, and a shade of disappointment crossed his fine brow. He snatched out his watch, looked at it, nodded his head as if in a spirit of less impatience, and then, with a quick, hot sigh, suddenly reclined his person, in a half-sitting position, upon a low, moss-covered head-stone, and seemed endeavouring to make up his mind to wait a little, as quietly as he could.

After a few minutes, the character of his place of rendezvous gradually impressed itself upon his mind—though, indeed, habits had not for many years prepared him for a fit of moralising. He started up, and, as if to occupy himself against reflection, peered closely through the twilight at the rude or quaint inscriptions upon the humble monuments at hand. Deciphering many without profit to himself, and not even with passing attention, he suddenly stood still before a particular one. He found it unskilfully carved in a rough slab inserted into the wall of the ruin, and it seemed to him the handywork of a village amateur in the use of the chisel and mallet, rather than that of the least expert regular practitioner. At first he had glanced over it lightly, and read it imperfectly, now he stepped closer to it, rubbed it with weeds, that their moisture might more plainly bring out the letters, and perused it again attentively, word for word, until his heart—albeit long unaccustomed to such sensations—half owned an admiring and a subdued feeling. A time of simple and happy boyhood—of the springing up of intellect, afterwards checked—of a gentle mother's voice, praising him or reprehending him—became present to his thoughts; and then recollections of a wildly-spent youth—of pure mental pleasures foregone and scoffed at—and of that mother's consequent regrets and pining, with a cold fear that they had shortened her life,—all this was called up by what he read. But we have intimated that his first feeling was admiration of the little elegiac inscription. It was so, indeed. In his boyish days, to which allusion has been made, he had heard a good deal of what was and what was not to be considered as approaching to perfection in epitaphs; and, with a recollection of these gleamings of early knowledge, he now thought that in the mouldering wall of this village cemetery he had discovered one which the most polished poets of, at least, his own language had scarcely equalled. To enable others to judge of his criticism, we will give the lines in question; adding, that we see no reason why they should not be open to perusal at the present moment, in the spot where our young friend found them out; they certainly were there a few years ago.

"TO THE MEMORY OF ANN FLINN.

"An earthly friend, who loved thy form when here,
Erects this stone to dust he held most dear;
Peace to thy gentle shade! eternal rest
To thy pure soul, now numbered with the blest!
Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
And, till I share thy joys, forgive my grief:
These little rites, a stone, a verse receive—
'Tis all a father and a friend can give:
Sept. 18th, 1766.
Aged nearly 25 years."

"Very beautiful!" soliloquised the holiday sailor; "very beautiful, if not in the art and science of the verses, certainly in the sentiments. I get before me at once the affection of that father for that daughter; her affection for him; and the pure flow of the blended stream of both. I almost get before me their ways of life, in some little village solitude hereabouts; ways of elegant pursuit, though held on in poverty, or, at least, privation; I almost see the growing up, under his hand, of the girl's mind and heart, until she became a companion to him—a solace for worldly disappointments—perhaps for her mother's untimely death; and so she was his earthly all, until death took her too. There is a sacred strain of love through those lines; they do not breathe of the passion of human affection, and yet they are exquisitely human. The lorn survivor respects and venerates as much as he loves. Nay, there is not only admitted equality with his daughter-friend, but, in the certainty of the elevation of her spirit to a higher sphere, there is a kind of admitted superiority. He does not erect the little stone—carved doubtless by his own hands—to the immortal soul that is now beatified beyond his regrets; he offers it but to his child's 'dust'—(and even that dust is 'most dear!')—his tears fall upon the rough slab; and such is his holy, christian consciousness of her place and worth in heaven, that he deems, father as he is, an apology necessary for them. He asks her to indulge them as '*mortality's* relief;' and what can be more touching than the argument, here, to his sainted child—

"'And, till I share thy joys, forgive my grief.'"

Thus ran the young man's thoughts. And now, is it not singular that he who could make this soliloquy was not at present by any means a good man? That at least his conduct had lately and for some time been what is deservedly called immoral? Such is the fact, however. It may appear more extraordinary, when we become better acquainted with him, that he could even go on to meditate, almost like a philosopher, upon his temporary position in the little churchyard. Perhaps, indeed, since his boyish days, a pause of intellectual abstraction, such as he now experienced, amid the whirl of mere animal predominance, had not happened to him. But awakened feeling often fires, in a heart not radically bad, although a very erring one, a previously dormant train of moralising; and so, touched by the pathos of the village epitaph, our young *roué* first ruminated as a sentimentalist, and eventually as a sage. Not that either the one mental estrangement or the other had any influence for good, as will be seen, upon his immediate future; but do not people like him, upon the very threshold of doing almost the worst things they can do, sometimes, for a few moments, feel very amiably, and think very philosophically?

We shall follow his second soliloquy, (or more properly reverie,) as we have followed his first; and our object in this, is to hint the neglected order of mind, as well as of heart, with which we are concerned.

After having perused, for the last time, the letters on the slab in the wall, he detected himself unconsciously crushing and crumpling between his fingers the weeds which he had plucked to rub over it. He raised his hand mechanically towards his eyes, extended his palm, and gazed upon the relics of the bruised weed. Some crumbs of black clay adhered to it, and these he now went on grinding into finer particles, while something like the following was his sermon from the text they supplied.

"Ay, indeed; if one had only the time for it, it might do one's heart no harm to be alone, now and then, just in such a place, and at such an hour; trampling, though not irreverently, earth and dust that once were as proud as we are, but at present as humble as what we yet shall be. Ay, it is good to pick up, here, a little scrap of clay, and think what portion of some loquacious fool, some waxen beauty, or some Solon, only a few years ago, it formed—it *was!* To think that once it lived, this mean, stupid dust—had senses and apprehensions—lived, perhaps, in the orator's arching brow, or in his tongue of honied modulation; nay, throbbed and thrilled as a part of a very heart-pulse—in and of itself a very *act* of being!"

He was interrupted by a stealthy step sounding among the rubbish near him; he turned, and his glances flashed with earnestness and vivacity, as they encountered the figure of a man, only a few years older than himself, close at his side. The new-comer met him with smiles. He was fashionably though modestly attired, and, like his friend, well limbed and well looking, though the character of the comeliness of each was very different; and his air and manner seemed quiet, particularly in contrast with the dash and impetuosity of the other.

"Welcome, James," said the first visiter of the churchyard, grasping his hand; "this is an odd kind of place I have appointed to meet you in this evening—is it not?"

"Why, I thought so when I got your letter, William," still smiled his friend.

"I saw it, by chance, a short time ago, and it came into my head as convenient for our present purpose, on account of its nearness to you, in the old man's house yonder, and also because it seemed a secluded nook where we could talk freely, and without impertinent lookers-on. Well! I have not ventured into town all day, but kept rowing about the bay, to give you time to work for me. You are a little behind your time."

"I had been here sooner, but that your good wife and the old baronet——"

"Stop, James Hutchinson; do not mention their names—do not allude to them—that is, do not make a single allusion to them away from our present business. I cannot bring my mind to look out homeward this evening. 'Tis a smiling shore, to be sure; yet I will not—I cannot turn my eyes towards it, while I am swimming and kicking, for the bare life, upon the breakers."

"Well, William, I shall say as little as possible about wife or father."

"Or there may be another reason, James; I have not seen the face of home—I have not seen any face at home this week past, I believe; and during that week things have happened to make *my* face not very welcome there, perhaps; nay, they will find out, no doubt, if they have not already found out, that the sight of it is a reproach to them—good, immaculate souls, as they are; and for that reason, cousin James, they shall see little of it till we can give it another expression in their eyes."

"Tut, William; all may be well yet."

"Ay, I know that, James—though I scarce hope it. I shall try it, however. Come—to business; have you been able to do anything?"

"Why, on your own single note or bond I could not raise a shilling."

"Well, we feared as much."

"But," added his cousin hesitatingly, "but——"

"Then, James, the last resource is tried at last? What did she say? She refused; and why should she not?"

"She did not refuse."

"You have the money then?"

"I took her legal security to the little attorney, and he sends you at once upon it——"

"How much?" interrupted the other, snatching a pocket-book which James Hutchinson was slowly producing.

"Five hundred pounds, William."

"Well, it may do as much for us as treble the sum. But did she scold much?"

"Not a word," answered James, continuing to smile assuringly.

"Well, then, what *did* she say?" continued William Hutchinson, forgetting his own recent resolution not to speak, "away from business," of any one at home; "what did poor Fanny say?"

"'Take it,' she said, 'with my love, and tell him to send me no more messages of apology on such an account, for I will coin my heart for him, if he only instructs me how to do it.'"

"You saw no woman's frowns then?"

"Not one."

"Nor any of their other weapons—tears?"

"A few tears I think I saw. She is an estimable young person—a capital wife!"

"I—an improving scoundrel! Oh, this virtue of hers only dyes me blacker and blacker, by not leaving me a hope of rivalling it!—How did she seem to take the story of my necessities?—did she appear doubtful or credulous?"

"Quite indifferent upon that point, I thought; simply anxious to give when you had asked, no matter why or wherefore."

"And yet, James, it was her own, and her all; her very last—the relic of a dowry that I—God! what a mere reptile I have been—and am—to filch, in this manner, upon the doting love of that young creature! Pray, James, how did she look?"

"O, convalescent; a little too pale and thin, perhaps; and yet not more so than young mothers do, who——"

"By all that's manful I am an unnatural rascal, James—a father for the first time, and I have not yet looked into my child's features! How is the boy?"

"As I heard," answered his cousin again hesitatingly, "why, as I heard——"

"From her?—*she* spoke of him?"

"No; we had not time for that; but just after she gave me her acceptance to your bill, my hard-grained uncle, your father——"

"*He* was by?" interrupted William; and he continued, in a dictatorial tone, "and he saw you, and heard your conversation with her, of course? And did you, sir, so easily forget my particular charge to conceal your business from *him*?"

"You are too quick with me; I remembered everything; Fanny and I had settled accounts before he came in."

"All right then. So he came in to her, speaking of her little boy?"

"Yes; scolding her, laughingly, for neglecting the young gentleman for a moment, who, in consequence, was very obstreperous, making a great row through the house for his luncheon."

"And how did Fanny answer him?" demanded the young father, half returning the smiles of his still-smiling cousin.

"Without a word, but with wet though laughing eyes; and then pressing the palms of her small feathery hands together, away she bounded like a young fawn of the forest, seeking its own nestled young ones after a short absence."

"Ay," muttered William, his voice broken.

"Come, come; these little things touch you close, I see; not, indeed, closer than is quite natural, but perhaps too closely for the claims upon your time and self-command at present."

"I own it, James."

"For if ever you were called upon to make an effort for the preservation of your honour, you are now appealed to."

"I will answer the appeal, sir."

"Even since I went into Dublin, on your affairs, to-day, I overheard, in the public street, something that——"

"They gossip about me?—scoff at me, as a slight adventurer among them?—as the desperate spendthrift, who has not a shilling left to meet the loud calls of impatient honour!—I can guess it all, James!—Shame clings to me—but go on—in the street, you said,—in the public street?"

"Yes; in Grafton Street; as I walked unseen behind your gay young friend Blake——"

"*He!*—the old major's son?"

"The very same—the son of your father's oldest friend; he was one of the knot, and all the others were once great friends of yours too; and so, said Blake, with a loud laugh——"

"You need not repeat their insolence; as I said before, I can understand its nature—and they shall answer for it to me, by heaven!"

"They shall, William!" cried his cousin James, warmly clasping his hand; "and I, for one, am ready to help you to make them do so. But first of all, we must attend to matters quite as urgent. Make love to Lady Fortune over again; she cannot choose but smile on you now, if only in remorse for all her former slights; so into Dublin with you, as fast as you can—the pocket-book safe in your pocket—win back your losses, and——"

"*Pay* those gentlemen," interrupted William Hutchinson, in a growl.

"Yes, pay them, the *kouts!*[*]—then get your feather-springs ready, and I'm the man to oil them for you."

"True—most necessary—I go: meet me at about twelve o'clock to-night, in town, on Essex Bridge, and we shall speak more about it. I'm off. I will hire a couple of fellows to pull me across the bay in no time—good evening, James.—Yes! one cast more, with everything upon it!—happiness, honour, life—everything!—I do but ask one little run of luck this night, and no hermit ever shunned the world as I will shun it—no husband ever loved a wife so truly, so tenderly, as I will love mine—and as for the slur cast upon my name, no living man, I believe, need tell me how to revenge that. Good-by."

He darted out of the ruin.

"You say so!" questioned James Hutchinson, as soon as he was alone, his teeth setting hard, and his eyes scowling in the direction which his cousin had taken; "you say so!—and yet, after all, you impudent idiot, there *does* live a man who *will* teach you to revenge it."

CHAPTER II.

After having spoken the words last recorded of him, James Hutchinson also left the ruin. Walking through the village, he stopped at the door of a mean public-house on its outskirts, and inquired for a man of the name of Michael Cassin. To his inquiry a person of middle age, in the dress of a kind of country huntsman, came out to him, scraping and bowing very deferentially.

"Follow me, Mike," he said; and the other again servilely putting his hands several times to the peak of his old black velvetine hunting-cap, both took their way towards the sea-shore.

Having gained a spot which commanded a view of the bay, Hutchinson peered through the increasing twilight over the gray waters.

"There he goes, Mike," he resumed, pointing to a dimly-seen little boat with one sail and a jib, which was making towards Dublin, at a short distance from the shore under them.

"To Kildare Street again?" inquired Mike.

"No, my good fellow, not to Kildare Street to-night. He swears he won't figure again at the club-house table, until he wins elsewhere—in a less fashionable little hell—the wherewithal to enable him to re-appear there like a grandee as usual. Ay, yonder he goes, Mike. Yonder he goes like a madman racing down a nice shelve of smooth grassy land to the edge of a convenient, respectable precipice; ay, and in a few plunges more he will be over it, head and heels."

---

[*] A term of contempt.

"And we're to have the laugh ready, while he's tremblin',' and ax him why'ud he be fallin'?" demanded Mike, with a chuckle—perhaps a forced one.

"Yes," replied his patron, whispering fiercely; "yes, and be ready, too, to clap our hands while he cleaves the air from the top to the bottom! You do not know it, Mike—you cannot guess it—you cannot even faintly imagine the causes of my hatred towards that maniac. You know, indeed, as everybody does, that on account of a whim—an unjust, an unnatural, a damnation whim—bred like a maggot in the brains of his old father's father—*my* father was deprived of the fortune that was his birthright, and cast out, half a beggar, into the world; and that my father's son—myself—has been and is almost a dependant on the bounty of these usurpers: little more than this do you know; and yet even so much were in itself, I think, enough to warrant me in trying to get back my own again."

"Faith an' it's thru fo' you, sir," assented his humble—we might say mean—confidant.

"We were sent to sea together," continued James Hutchinson; "for at that time, when boys, he had an elder brother living, you remember—a sickly, whining youngster—but, as heir to my uncle's ill-got estate, the great family favourite, of course; so that they could spare my cousin William to go to school along with me, in the polished and moral academy of the king's sea-service. I believe, too, that about this turn of his life he began to show dispositions and caprices which made it a difficult matter to get good of him at home. At all events, we were midshipmen together on board the same ship. Though a few years younger than I, the whelp was stronger; and with this advantage, and the other nominal superiority of a longer purse, he lorded it over me with a vengeance! Why should I make out a list of all his petty tyrannies? By the round world, the boiling blood tingles in my fingers' ends only to think of them! No; the stings of mere boyhood are not yet forgotten; and—not speaking of any other grounds of detestation—I could destroy him for the very heart-chokings which he then gave me!"

"It was an unasy life, masther James," sympathised Mike Cassin.

"To him! the worm!" the speaker went on as if half giving way, for his own self-indulgence, to a pent-up crowd of bitter feelings; and at the same time as if half condescending to make out a case for the approbation of his servile listener, in order to entitle himself to require a service upon it.

"The worm!" he repeated, stamping his foot upon the sward; "and yet, Mike, all that was nothing—nothing in comparison with what I still could tell you. Peter, the wishy-washy brother, took it into his head to die one day, and Mr. Willy was summoned home to take up his place in the family. I came back with him; he would not stir a step, now, without me; for in spite of all his paltry outrages upon me, I contrived, for my own long-headed purposes, to seem his humble friend—his loving, faithful, dependent, poor cousin. So, arm in arm, we arrived at home; and then, sir, *then* he baulked me in the most human feeling that ever crept through my lonesome heart; he baulked me in—no matter—no matter what; but let him take the issue! let him feel the strength of the black nature he has made!"

"I think I can guess at what you mean, sir," remarked Cassin; "there was some talk of a lady between you both, at that same time."

Hutchinson half turned away, and for a few moments seemed to speak as if more directly communing with himself.

"Yes; I believed her all that was good, as well as all that was beautiful, and her young image fell upon my heart's darkened waters, and for a time made them too lonely; but 'tis over—'tis over; I hate her! ay, hate her as deeply and as keenly as I do him by whose death alone I can expect to live! You got my letter in the country, Mike Cassin?"

"Shure, that's the rason why I'm in Howth to-night, your honour."

"Cassin, I'm obliged to remind you—my necessities make me do so—that you're my debtor for a good turn."

The huntsman readily admitted this fact, and some conversation ensued between them, in which were reiterated the circumstances to which Hutchinson made allusion. It appeared that Cassin had been arrested a few months before upon heavy suspicion of being a United Irishman, or rebel; that at this time he was in the service of William Hutchinson's father; that grounding his application upon an intimacy—of which the nature was best known to themselves—previously existing between him and his present companion, he had made interest with Mr. James to get him saved from the gallows; and that his young patron accordingly exerted himself with effect, by pleading Cassin's cause to his uncle, Sir Henry Hutchinson, and through him to Major Blake, Sir Henry's particular friend, and during the season of martial law the arbiter of life and death in all cases of disaffection within his district.

"Listen to me, then," resumed Mr. James; "this rascal-cousin of mine came home to be reinstated in his fine family house yonder; and upon the day that he recrossed its threshold, he had spent about seven summers and winters roving upon the sea; about seven years, mark you—a tolerably fair apprenticeship, and fairly entitling him to lay claim to all the follies, and to a few of the vices, which may be learned by a weak head and a weak heart like his, during a floating life. But the world was as new to him as if he had never been on shore; as new as the sea had been when he left the land to serve on it; school-boys of ten years, brought up in the world, knew more about it than he did. And in all this ignorance, its swaggering pleasures caught his eye, and piqued his vanity, and, as he says, his spirit; and he would ape them, and share them, and, in fact, cut a greater dash, here at home, than any man of his circumstances or pretensions."

"We all had an eye on him then, sir," assented Mike Cassin, "and took notice of everything you tell of."

"Listen to me, I say. The allowances made to him by his father, although most liberal, soon melted away; he married—curses! he married—and his wife's fortune followed them; he came to me and complained of his luck; I recommended him—for still I was his dearest friend and his bosom counsellor—to apply to his father for additional funds—for means proper, I said, to his rank in society; I knew well he would be refused, and refused he was; and then I lifted up my voice and cried shame on such a father; and I insisted that, had his brother Peter lived, his father would have treated *him* differently——"

"And would he, Masther James?"

"The devil knows, not I. Sir, it is necessary I should tell you that, for my life long—at sea, ay, and before we went to sea—and ever since, and now—it has been and it is, by every means fair and foul, my virtuous endeavour to make this excellent son hate—ay, hate his excellent father."

"And that's quare enough, your honour; might a body make bould to ax—why?"

"Another time I may tell you. You now have my consent to think my reason a good one."

"Do you find him an apt scollard, sir?"

"Pretty fairish—pretty fairish. The drivellers of this old world would call his nature generous, perhaps; and, therefore, I have found him a little difficult; but—praises, honour, and glory to the sea and to the devil!—those ornamental virtues of his hang as loosely and as idly about him as the holiday streamers of our ship in a calm; and now let us see how the hurricane he is scudding into will behave towards them."

"Yes, sir. It's ratlin' the ould bones he does be, ever and ever, we hear."

"But 'all noise and no work,' Mike. Besides his fashionable and honourable pluckers, I have had a friend or two of my own at his elbow. He could not have won. Even had he known his game well, he could not; though, to my own knowledge, he is really as unfit as a little child to hold the box in his hand."

"He owes a power o' money to Major Blake's son, we hear, plase your honour?"

"Ay, and is a loser to a dozen others—to say nothing of debts to tradespeople—beyond all redemption, Mike, my boy."

"How will he ever be able to stand up against it, sir? and all his great cronies lookin' him in the face for their money?"

"Yes; all his great cronies, as you say, Mike, whose smiles have now grown so sweet to him that—I swear by the immortal Cæsar!—if old Beelzebub would only go to the trouble, he might have his precious soul in a few hours' time for a little sack of guineas."

"An' it isn't to the Kildare Street Club he's gone now, you tell me, masther James?"

"No; but to a table so properly filled, for my honest purposes, that he is as about as sure to lose at it, in a few hands, the last help his good wife can give him, as the sun is sure to get up to-morrow morning."

"An' what in the world will he do, then, sir?"

"Still mark me. He shall dive deeper and deeper—though not at the dice-table—after the fairy gold he dreams and raves about. More than once I have hinted to him—that is, half hinted—a dashing, manly way to make good all his ill luck, and be revenged on fortune;—but about that, as well as for other things, you must wait the coming of the time I spoke of. Now answer me a question or two. You have made sure, you say, that Major Blake has been delayed in Dublin, about the business he went in upon to-day?"

Cassin assented.

"And that he will return to his quarters, here, late to-night, or rather early to-morrow morning?

The man assured Mr. James that his information on this point was also correct.

"Well; and he will travel in a postchaise as usual," continued James Hutchinson, as if arranging points in his own mind; "and without more than one armed companion at his side, as he always does; for, unsettled as the times are, he is too brave for fear, or else too prudent to make a show that might tempt suspicion, and put him in for being robbed in reality. And you have been among some of your old friends, Mike, since you came up from the country, haven't you?"

"Just to ax 'em how their wives and childer wor, sir," answered Mike.

"And you have told five or six of the best 'boys' of the lot, I believe, to be on the road between this and town to-night? Yes; good again—that will all do, if we should want them; let us see—I must new ride into Dublin myself; here's a guinea to pay for your bed at the 'Red Cow'—up there—though I don't think you may make much use of it till morning; for—attend to me now, sir—you must follow me to the town as fast as you can, so as to be upon Essex Bridge about twelve o'clock; and there you are to walk up and down —at the right hand side of the bridge, mind—till further orders; and mind, again—keep your face hid from every one that has no particular business with it; and now, God speed you for a while." They parted.

It is quite true, we do fear, that some men, when their object is revenge, or even self-aggrandisement, absolutely can go on towards it without remorse—nay, with pleasurable excitement, step by step, through a gradation of crime. What else but this horrible belief explains to us the acts of a few who call themselves our fellow-creatures? Now, James Hutchinson, in the prosecution of his hideous plans against his cousin William, was instigated by a union of the two motives, either of which we have supposed sufficient to make a man—a man-devil rather—enjoy his own step-by-step villany; and, according to the theory, we therefore are not surprised to observe him, at a few minutes before twelve o'clock this night, occupy his place of rendezvous on Essex Bridge, with a smooth, self-applauding brow, a half-smiling lip, and an easy, assured air. He stood at the termination of the bridge, which was to his left as he looked up Parliament Street to the Exchange, and from which began to run, immediately over the river's edge, a low quay-wall, then not as perfectly built as that now occupying its place. Parallel with this wall were the backs of ruinous or mean houses, and a little way along their row, a narrow, dirty street, branching into other streets as inconsiderable, turned up towards the then promenade of the *beau monde* of Dublin—Dame Street; and in this direction James's eye fixed, full of anxiety and impatience,—the quiet, self-humbling manner which he knew how to assume towards his cousin, his uncle, and indeed towards almost all other persons, being momentarily changed, now that he was alone and unobserved, and full of the solitary enjoyment of his peculiar anticipations, into one more characteristic of his own nature, and even, in his proper estimation, more worthy of himself.

It was a solemn hour, and there was a solemn and imposing scene all around him, but he had no feeling for the one, and no vision for the other. At either hand swept the Liffy's spacious quays, flanked, to his right and to his left, by their seemingly interminable lines of houses, running into and blurring with, at a distance, the night's darkness; and towered over, in the former direction, by the cathedral-steeples of old Dublin to one side of the river, and by the beautiful dome of the Four Courts to the other. Before him, as we have said, crowning the end of Parliament Street, swelled up the massive Exchange, and behind him ran Capel Street to a great length. At this time of midnight the bustle of business had disappeared from its wonted channels; even pleasure sent along the streets but few equipages, and as few pedestrians; and, indeed, the rare foot-fall of a passer-by now sounded with a kind of melancholy echo upon observant ears. And in the whole of this changed aspect of a large town there was much to awaken thought, and retrospect, and speculation, and philosophy; but again we have to say that to James Hutchinson it afforded no materials for any such digressions.

Still and still his glance was fixed upon the end of the mean narrow street up the quay to his left. The good old-times watchman taking up the chimings and tollings of all the public clocks, far and near, proclaimed the hour of midnight; and far and near, again, his brethren reiterated his superfluous running commentary upon the lapse of time. James Hutchinson, his eye becoming more impatient, though it still remained true to its first point of study, walked a pace or two by the rear of the mean houses alluded to, and again stood still. A quarter of an hour elasped, and he walked rapidly to the street he had hitherto been watching, turned up into it, glided into others of similar character, stopped at a low, small, rough-looking, but very substantial door, in a high windowless house, and bent his ears as if listening to sounds that might reach him from within. In a short time he started into an upright position, smote the palm of one hand with the other, and stepped a little back, as if, so far, fully gratified in his expectations.

"Let me out, let me out, scoundrel!" hoarsely screamed a man's voice inside the house; and then, with the noises of unlocking a ponderous lock, and of withdrawing heavy bolts, and of removing heavy chains, the double-panelled and iron-riveted oak-door slowly half opened. The next instant William Hutchinson rushed into the street without a hat, and it was immediately banged to, and secured after him.

He did not notice his cousin, and for a short time his cousin did not notice him, except so far as to watch, standing quite still, the almost staggering motions of his despairing victim, as he raced down the narrow deserted street towards the quay; and there was a slight self-congratulatory smile on his features, such as might mark those of a master in mechanics, who observes the first successful workings of a new machine, which he had spent much time, thought, and trouble, in planning and putting together.

William passed out of the street, and James, now following him, next caught a sight of his cousin half bending over the quay-wall, his hands grasping its top, his head dropping towards his breast, his brows knitted, and his eyes glaring on the water beneath him. And again James stopped short; and, "Will he trip over at once?" he asked of himself; "will he save me farther trouble, and bundle over into the sweet Liffy? But no—I must scarce hope it; if there were nothing else to hold him back, he knows that although the bracket-wash is in, the muddy bed of the nasty little stream is not covered with enough of water to drown him—here at its side, at least." He advanced gently to his cousin, and demanded in an anxious though low voice—"Well, man-alive, well?"

"Begone!" roared William, starting round upon him, and dashing at his throat like a mastiff;—"begone! or, friend to me, or devil to me, as it may be—invent some remedy now! Half this work is yours—push me on some resource—fling me some plank or spar—and tie me fast and hard to it—else, by the fiend that toils and swells within me, and prompts me to anything, I will have revenge on you—first on *you*—then on the accursed world, and then on my damned self!"

"Pray loosen your fingers from my throat, William," said James, quietly, "or fix a quarrel on me, if you like, and then stand alone to face your real enemies."

These words, as we have said, were quietly uttered, and yet the speaker more than once asked himself, in his own mind, whether he should draw a pistol from his pocket, and, in instant punishment for the outrage on his person, shoot his dupe through the head.

"There!" resumed William, letting him go; "there—pardon me, pardon me, if you like—or do not, if you like—do your pleasure—revile me, spit upon me—I am grown fit for it!—I, too, met a few of my creditors—my honourable creditors—in the street, to-night, on my way to yonder little hell; and my own ears caught their laugh, after I passed them; and they must have got me dodged to it; for while in it I received a note from Blake, inviting me, with sneering politeness, to sup with him to-night, and bring with me my wimings from my new table—insolent cur!"

"But where *are* the winnings, William?"

A loud laugh, to which the quays and streets around them echoed, was William's only answer.

" And all is gone, then ?"

" Pshaw !—James Hutchinson, speak to me of things but possible ! By good or by evil—by fair means or foul—by craft or by violence—speak to me of a something to be done !"

" Stop a moment, William ; neither you nor I are at present in a state of mind fit for considering the subject ; I am too much afflicted, and you are too much agitated, so let us talk a moment of other matters. Since you left Howth, your little boy has been taken very ill, and——"

" Ay, there it is again !" interrupted William, grinding his teeth—" very ill—dangerously ill, do you mean ?"

" Why I cannot distinctly speak as to the danger ; but poor Fanny and the old baronet seemed frightened, and a man and horse were sent into Dublin for the doctor, and another to Major Blake's quarters, near us, in Howth, to tell him he need not come to-night to stand sponsor for the infant at the intended christening—though, for that matter, Blake will feel no disappointment, as he is still in Dublin, and only preparing, about this very time, I believe, to return into the country with the regiment-money : he carries a round sum with him in the postchaise, I can hear ; I wish some poor fellows that I know had the handling of it for a day or two."

" Yes, by Heavens ! money, money, at every side of me—in every one's hands but in mine !—what have I done, that I should stand, bare and stripped in this manner, the world's laughing-stock ?—or why should my father act as no other father does ?—keep my own from me ?—or at least what in a few years must be my own—and sermon me, too, and rate me as if I were a spendthrift servant, or a little boy that threw away too many halfpence on sugar-stick ! He hates me !—that's the plain reason, as you and I have often said. He always hated me ! ay, since I lay in the cradle : that puling Peter was the light of his eye—I seemed only in his way—that he might kick me out of it !"

" Well, though I am sorry to agree with you, we need not say more upon that point at present. Something else of a disagreeable nature concerning you happened at your father's while we were both absent to-day. It is necessary I should tell you of the circumstance, though it will pain you as it has pained me. In fact, two law-officers, sent by some of your tradespeople creditors, were looking for you. I learnt as much from the old baronet himself, who told me that he had met with them, and got them to declare their business—though, indeed, he added, that he told them also that neither they, nor those who sent them, need depend upon his assistance in the matter, or in any other of the kind, and that they might catch you, and make you pay them whenever or wherever they could."

" So—he leaves me—he absolutely leaves me to the tender mercies of the sheriff at last ?"

" He certainly does—there is no denying that fact."

" Let him take care, then ! Tell me, James—you know more of his secrets than I do—do you think he hoards any of his miser's gold in the house itself?"

" No, not a shilling—or at least not much more than a shilling ; I wish he did—for your sake I wish he did: by heaven, William, I would help you to find out his hiding-hole! And nôw, perhaps, we are both of us cool enough to turn to the real state of your affairs. Well, I own they are desperate; and in that case remember the adage about desperate diseases and desperate remedies. Come now—you want a long purse—why?—because both the laws of the statute-book and the laws of honour press you equally hard; and again, because your own means are unjustly withheld from you; and because, in the second instance, the statute-law—the tradesman's law—taking you at its pleasure, every turn you make, swears that you commit a sin, if—" James paused.

"Go on! urge it hard!" cried William, scowling deeply round him.

"Pray now, cousin William, where shall we find, amid all their legislation, if we only look at the measure philosophically and quietly, where *shall* we find a fixed standard for any man's right to possess superfluous wealth? In fair battle, upon the land or the sea, the purchase-money of an earldom may be had, only for courage and a few good blows—how strange that, in their every-day life, similar means of self-assertion would be a sin?"

"Again I tell you go on, James: I think I guess what you would drive at—in principle, I mean, though I cannot fancy how you would run it into practice just now; and, by the horns of old Moses, it does not startle me—hah! you and I, James, know more of this than the crammed world of juggling knaves we at present live in! Ha! we have roamed the jolly sea together in fellowship such as these clerks would——hang! Hah, sir!—don't you remember when the western pirate, as they called him, took the first pretty frigate we sailed in, knocking a good many of our crew on the heads, to be sure, yet giving noble quarters to a few sensible chaps like you and me?"

"And when the Frenchmen chased us, William, while we gaily lent our hands and tongues to keep the rover tight."

"And when we turned upon them like young tigers!"

"Did we fight less keen because we hoped for a recompense out of his freight of dollars?"

"O for the sea again to-night!" resumed William Hutchinson, clenching his hand above his head; and his cousin now observed that he had been rather freely indulging in wine, or in some other strong stimulant—"O for the sea again to-night—its blue boundless fields of freedom!—and we the mates of just such a rover, to cater for a hundred-fold the amount of the poor sum that now—dishonours us! I'll go farther with your theory, James: there is nothing to be had, you say, by a bold, manly attempt in my own father's house—in my own house I should rather call it; but whisper to me into what corner any other miser's thin starved fingers have swept his mouldering guineas, or point out the road that some sleek official slave takes homeward with his treasure, to-night, and I swear to you, by my wants and by my wrongs, I will have my share of nature's common dross."

"To-night, William?" asked James, seemingly in half surprise, but pleasurable excitement.

"This very night!—I have said so—how is it to be done?—ha!—stop—you mentioned a name just now—the name of the father of the swaggering young fop that I hate as I hate hell!"

"And the very fellow," interrupted James, "who, by his superior skill in the dice, has swindled you out of more money than you can ever hope to gain this night by his father; and besides, man alive, what the old major carries with him is what they call public money—treasury money—got by taxing you and me and all of us—pshaw! why do I hesitate a moment to help you in such an attempt to set yourself right in the world again?—here is my hand, William; I'm with you in the thing; and I *do* know the road that will bring us upon luck; but——"

"Come then, at once."

William was dragging him onward, their hands locked together.

"Listen to me a moment: meet me, in half an hour, about a mile outside Dublin, on the Howth road."

"Why do we part, now—why do we pause?"

"A few minutes' preparation is necessary, and few, indeed, they shall be; turn into the little tavern—the Ship Tavern—on the part of the road I mean, and while you are drinking a glass of wine I shall rejoin you. We shall want a few things—cloaks, crape for our faces, perhaps—besides a hand or two to help us——"

"A hand or two to help us? Can you trust them?"

"Pho! can we trust each other?"

"Very well—the Howth road, then!"—and William Hutchinson ran along the quay.

James looked after him a moment; then turned to Essex Bridge—there saw, pacing up and down, the friend with whom we have heard him make an appointment, exchanged a signal with him, and after some conversation the pair hurried off in the direction which William had taken.*

---

* To be continued.

SNATCHES OF SONG.

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

No. I.

Sighs are unavailing,
   Tears are also vain;
Lovers, unlike drooping flowers,
   Are not restor'd by rain:
Maiden! leave the fickle youth,
Grief will not bring back his truth!

Words are idle breathing!
   Could reproaches cure,
Never men would faithless be,
   Never maids endure;
Woo not then the fickle youth,
Coldness may restore his truth!

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c.

THE EXHIBITION ROOMS.

IN the November number of the "Metropolitan" I devoted an article to the Reading Room and Library of the British Museum. In order to complete the subject of that great National Institution, I propose in the present article to make some observations, and to communicate some facts, which are not generally known, respecting the rooms which are appropriated to the wonders of nature and art.

The building itself is one of great magnitude. On entering the gate, a spacious quadrangle presents itself. On the south side is an Ionic colonnade. Directly before you is the main building, while the two wings on either hand, between the gate and the entrance to the principal building, are appropriated as dwelling-places for the officers of the institution. The main edifice was originally the museum of the Duke of Montagu, and was erected by Peter Puget, a native of Marseilles, who was brought over from Paris for the purpose. This was towards the close of the seventeenth century. The property, which was called Montagu House, was purchased in 1754 by the trustees of the British Museum from the heirs of the Duke of Montagu, with the view of fitting it up for the reception and exhibition of the valuable library, manuscripts, and collection of curiosities in nature, art, and science, which had the year before been bequeathed to government by Sir Hans Sloane, for the benefit of the nation, on the payment of 20,000*l.* to his heirs and successors. The library and museum of Sir Hans Sloane, which were thus given to the public on the condition of 20,000*l.* being paid in return to his heirs, were supposed to have been worth nearly 100,000*l.* He had purchased the various books, manuscripts, and curiosities at the cheapest possible rate, as occasion offered during the long period he practised as physician in Chelsea, and he stated some time before his death that they had cost him considerably upwards of 50,000*l.* The price paid for Montagu House was 10,000*l.*

But capacious as this mansion was, it was soon found far too small for the additions which, year after year, were made to the Museum. Repeated enlargements have, from time to time, been consequently made, by erections, chiefly at the back part of the building. Within the last twelve or fourteen years nearly one half more space has been provided by additions to the numerous buildings. The magnitude of these may be inferred from the fact, that the expense has been little short of 300,000*l.*

Soon after the British Museum had been duly recognised as a national institution, Parliament having obtained possession of the museum which had been collected by Sir Robert Cotton in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and had been greatly increased by his son,—passed an act transferring his collection of books, curiosities, &c., to the British Museum, for the benefit of the nation. Independently of a library of printed books and manuscripts, including books of prints and drawings, the Cottonian collection consists of the following articles:—

Coins and metals . . .	33,000
Antique idols, utensils, &c. . . .	1,185
Cameos, intaglios, seals, &c. . .	1,500
Vessels and utensils of agate, jasper, &c.	542
Anatomical preparations of human bodies, parts of mummies, calculi, &c. .	750
Quadrupeds, and their parts . .	8,186
Birds, and their parts, eggs, and nests .	1,172
Fishes, and their parts . . .	1,555
Amphibia	521
Crustacea	1,436
Shells, echini, entrochi . . .	5,845
Insects	5,394
Corals, spurges, zoophytes . .	1,421
Stones, ores, bitumens, salts, &c. .	9,942
Volumes of dried plants . .	334
Mathematical instruments . .	55
Miscellaneous artificial curiosities .	2,098

Manuscript catalogues of the whole Museum, thirty-eight volumes folio, and eight volumes quarto.

I have referred thus minutely to the Sloanian and Cottonian collections, because they form the basis of the splendid museum which is now exhibited to the public, and which, though defective in certain departments, is regarded, as a whole, with the admiration of men of all nations; and, as will be inferred from the statements I am about to make, it is worthy of all the admiration with which it is regarded.

Along with the Cottonian library and museum, Parliament, at the same time, had at its disposal 2,000 volumes of books which had been appended to the Cottonian library by Major Arthur, of St. George's, Hanover Square, together with the reversion of 7,000*l.* for the purpose of erecting a suitable place as a public library. This was also given by the legislature to the British Museum, and therefore became part of the new Cottonian foundation. Some time after this, Parliament purchased for the British Museum the entire collection of Harleian manuscripts. The collection was, at the time, the property of the Countess of Oxford, and the sum paid was 10,000*l.* In this collection there were no fewer than 40,000 original rolls, charters, and other instruments, many of which are of great antiquity, while nearly the whole relate to the political, parliamentary, and ecclesiastical history of Great Britain.

To meet the various sums thus expended in providing a National Museum, and to secure a permanent fund for its support, Parliament resolved to raise 100,000*l.* by way of lottery. This having been done, a balance of 28,663*l.* remained after liquidating the debts incurred by purchases and repairs of the building. This sum was laid out in the purchase of 30,000*l.* three per cent. reduced annuities, in order to constitute a permanent fund for the maintenance of the institution. This was three or four years after the purchase of Montagu House. In 1759, the repairs of the building having been completed, and the various articles being properly arranged, the Museum was for the first time opened to the public for the purposes of study and inspection.

Since this time, a great many presents of books have been made to the Museum, and several small libraries have been purchased for and added to it, to which it is unnecessary to refer in detail. Various sums of money and private collections of curiosities have also been bequeathed to it, while other collections have been purchased by Parliament. Among the gifts may be mentioned that of Sir Joseph Banks to the trustees of the British Museum. It consisted of a great number of very valuable natural and artificial curiosities, collected in the then newly-discovered South Sea Islands. Some idea of the number and variety of the articles* contained in the British Museum will be found in an after part of this paper. What the entire sum is, which must, from first to last, have been paid for the contents of this Institution, is a point which I cannot determine; and it is one which I suppose no one else could, as I believe regular accounts of the money expended in the purchase of articles have not always been kept. If I may hazard a conjecture on the subject, I should say the entire sum must be considerably above half a million.

On entering the British Museum, the mind is completely overpowered by the variety and multiplicity of the objects which present themselves to the eye. There is, if I may so speak, a competition among them as to which has a preferable claim to the visiter's attention. The result is, that many persons are so confounded with what they see around them, that they come away without any very definite notions of the place and its multifarious contents. Every one has heard of individuals having a great variety of objects set before them, and, on being asked to make a selection for themselves, have felt unable to decide, from the very number and nearly equal value of those objects. It is the same in the British Museum. The productions of nature and art which are here exhibited are so varied, and are all so wonderful of their respective kinds, that one literally feels it next to impossible to give his undivided attention for any time to any particular object. I need not add, that on one short visit it very rarely happens that any one object is fully examined, or that the visiter receives that pleasure from inspecting it, which, under other circumstances, he could not fail to have derived from it. Indeed it is quite common to see visiters passing on from one room to another as rapidly as if there were nothing but the bare walls before them. To see the British Museum to advantage, it is necessary that repeated visits be paid to it. When one visits it two or three times, the distracting gloss of novelty in some measure wears off; the party feels his attention less distracted by the number and variety of the objects around him, and is enabled to examine everything which presents itself to his eye with some measure of attention.

---

* I here exclude, as a matter of course, the books, manuscripts, &c., in the library of this Institution, having devoted a previous chapter to them.

On entering the ground-floor of the Museum, the objects which present themselves to the visiter's eye are not very numerous; but some of them are very interesting. Perhaps the most curious and generally attractive of these is one of the originals of Magna Charta, which is exhibited in the first room. It belongs to the Cottonian library, and is protected from the action of the atmosphere or the touch of visiters by being placed in a glazed frame. Parts of it are considerably defaced, but other parts are as legible as if it had been the production of yesterday. The ground-floor consists of sixteen rooms; but as these are appropriated to the books, strangers are not admitted into them.

Proceeding up stairs, you are struck, on reaching the first landing-place, with a lama from South America. On the second landing-place are a musk-ox from Melville Island, and a Polar bear; both of which are objects of interest. On the upper landing-place are a male and female giraffe, or cameleopard, and a hippopotamus, or river-horse. In any situation these animals would have a striking appearance; in the situation in which they stand in the Museum their appearance is peculiarly striking.

The first room on the upper floor contains a great variety of most curious objects. Among the most interesting of these are the Esquimaux dresses; specimens of cloth from the Sandwich Islands, formed of the bark of the paper mulberry; spears, bows, arrows, and other warlike instruments used by the natives of various savage countries; and a number of small carved deities from the South Sea Islands. Who can look on the latter objects, and think that any portion of our fellow creatures should fall down before them, and worship them as gods, without blushing for the ignorance, and superstition, and credulity of the human mind, when it has not been brought within the agency of Christianity?

The second, third, and fourth rooms on the first floor are chiefly devoted to a collection of dried plants. When it is remembered that the number of plants of one kind or other, which are not known, is under 80,000, the number in the British Museum must be regarded as very large. What the exact number is, I have not the means of ascertaining; but it is above rather than under 45,000. These plants chiefly consist of the collection made by Sir Joseph Banks. Sir Joseph's collection amounted to no fewer than 30,000. Since then a large and valuable donation of Indian plants has been made by the directors of the East India Company; not to mention additions which are being daily made by the donations of, and purchases from, private individuals. The collection of plants in our National Museum is by far the most extensive and most valuable in the world, with the single exception of that in the Jardin du Roi at Paris.

The fifth, the sixth, and the seventh rooms are principally occupied with Sir Joseph Banks's library.

The eighth apartment is exceedingly miscellaneous in its contents.

Impressions of ancient seals, vases, and vessels of every kind; busts of men, animals, and inanimate things; statues, armoury, &c., are among the productions of art which are here exhibited.

Next comes the saloon, in which the collection of quadrupeds or mammalia, to adopt the technical term in the nomenclature of naturalists, is placed. In this department of zoology, the British Museum is, I am sorry to say, very deficient. The number of species perfectly well known to naturalists, and fully and accurately described, is 1,200; while in our great national institution the number is only 400. This deficiency is the more to be regretted, and the less to be excused, as a collection of quadrupeds worthy of this country might be formed with great ease, and in a very short time. Nor would the expense be very serious; for though the stuffing and putting up particular quadrupeds might be as high as 50*l.** or even 60*l.*, yet this would occur in extremely few cases, while, on an average, the expense would not be above fifteen or twenty shillings; and what would 1,200*l.* or 1,500*l.* be, in such a case, to a country like Great Britain?

In the ninth room the upper cases, containing various quadrupeds, are intended as supplementary to the mammalia exhibited in the saloon. The other cases of this apartment are occupied by various specimens of crustacea, amphibia, invertebrated animals in spirits, insects, corals, reptiles, &c. To the curious this apartment presents a great variety of exceedingly interesting objects.

The collection of insects is very imperfect. It is altogether unworthy of a National Museum. Though the number of species which are known, classified, and described by entomologists be upwards of 150,000, there are only 25,000 in the British Museum; and they are very badly arranged. The Paris Museum contains specimens of upwards of 100,000 species, and the Berlin Museum boasts of about 90,000.

No man whose mind is rightly constituted can look on the specimens of the insect creation which are exhibited in the British Museum, though not so numerous as in those institutions I have mentioned, without feeling his thoughts ascend towards the Creator. Many of them are exceedingly small, and unenlightened man would be apt to regard them as so insignificant as to be unworthy of a moment's thought. With far other feelings will they be regarded by the man who has learned to take a more comprehensive view of the relation which subsists between the Source of all existence and his works. He will find that the most diminutive insect in this vast collection derived its being as much from the universal Maker, and on Him, when alive, was as much dependent for its continued existence, as man himself. It is true that man is destined by the Supreme Being to fulfil purposes in the divine economy peculiar to himself, and is consequently, in that respect, immeasurably superior to the lower creation. Still there is not an insect, nor a creature of any kind, whose being or preservation was the result of chance. Every creature under heaven was made for some special, though to us unknown, purpose. And the philosophic observer will discover, in the structure of the smallest and meanest insect, the clearest proofs of the wonderful wisdom by which it was created. I have heard of atheists being converted by a careful and enlightened examination of the fearful and wonderful manner in which insects are formed. Intelligence, design, and wisdom were so manifestly displayed, that there was no resisting the conviction that it must be the work of a Divine Being.

---

* The most expensive case of stuffing and putting up an animal of which I have ever heard, is that mentioned by Mr. Vigors, the member of Parliament. That gentleman states that the expense of stuffing and putting up the giraffe in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens was no less than 150*l.*

The tenth room contains the general collection of reptiles in spirits. Of these the specimens are at once numerous and curious. To the mere naked eye many of them appear most odious; but he who can look upwards to the Source whence they all derived their being, can regard them with feelings of a very different description.

In the eleventh room is contained the general collection of fish and corals. The species of fish of which specimens are to be seen in the British Museum is 1,300. This is a goodly number. It is greater than the number contained in any other museum in the world, with the single exception of that of Paris, which is singularly rich in its specimens of the finny tribe: it contains no fewer than 4,700 species. Who can reflect on this vast number—even supposing there were no more—of inhabitants of the watery element, without thinking of the little that mankind generally know of the variety of creatures by which the world of waters is peopled?

In the twelfth and thirteenth apartments is contained the collection of British birds and British shells, together with a small collection of birds' eggs. The ornithological department of the British Museum is, as a whole, worthy of the nation. Ornithologists have not been able, hitherto, to discover more than 4,500 species of the feathered tribe, though, of course, our knowledge on this subject is as yet but exceedingly limited, owing to vast tracts of Africa and Asia, especially China, being yet unexplored by European ornithologists. Of the 4,500 species of birds which are described and classified, the British Museum contains 2,500 species, and the number is increasing every day. In regard to British birds, the collection in the Museum immeasurably surpasses that of any other institution in the world. Some men evince a very unbecoming disposition to depreciate everything English, and to magnify the merits of everything foreign. A namesake of my own, Dr. Grant, of the London University, represented, before a select committee of the House of Commons, in 1835, the whole natural history department of our National Museum as being in a most deplorable state, though the fact is manifestly the reverse; and Mr. Vigors, the member of Parliament for Carlow, stated before the same committee, that so deficient was the ornithological department of the Museum, that the collection of birds might easily be increased by two-thirds in the short space of six months. The honourable gentleman forgets that, according to our present knowledge of ornithology, this would be an arithmetical impossibility; for, as already mentioned, the number of species known of the feathered creation is only 4,500; while, at the time he made his extraordinary statement, the number of species contained in the British Museum was 2,300!

In the department of shells there is a very great deficiency. The assortment is so limited, and possesses so little value, that one could almost wish it were not exhibited to the public. Many private individuals, curious in such matters, have collections four or five times more extensive and valuable; Mr. Bowerbank's amounts to 1,200, and that of Mr. Wood, of Suffolk, to upwards of 1,000.

Next comes the long gallery, one of the most magnificent rooms ever perhaps witnessed; its length is three hundred and sixty feet, and it is appropriated to the collections of minerals and secondary fossils. The objects in this apartment are at once numerous and varied, and are displayed to the best advantage. It is incomparably the most valuable and extensive in the world, and is daily increasing. The greater portion of the minerals was collected by the Right Hon. Charles Greville, and were bought, in 1810, from his family, for the sum of 13,797; that being the value at which they were estimated in a committee of the House of Commons, guided by the opinions and advice of several of the most distinguished mineralogists in Europe.

Returning to the grand entrance, you turn to the left, and proceed through a narrow and dark passage, or rather through several small apartments, filled with old books—to the gallery of antiquities. Five rooms (the first four and the sixth) are occupied by Greek and Roman sculptures, which almost exclusively consist of those collected by the late Mr. Charles Townley, or which formed part of the museum of Sir Hans Sloane. Mr. Townley's most valuable collections were added to the Museum in 1805, having been that year purchased by Parliament for 20,000*l.* The collection was still further enriched, in 1814, by a number of valuable antiquities, partly of the same class, which were ascertained to be in the Townley family, and for which the legislature paid 8,200*l.* The fifth room is appropriated to Greek and Roman sepulchral antiquities, of which there is a goodly number, of great interest and value. The seventh room contains British antiquities. The number of these is not great, being under twenty; but most of them are exceedingly curious. The eighth apartment is devoted to Egyptian antiquities. The articles in the ninth, or ante-room, which is up stairs, are few in number, and of a miscellaneous character, though all coming under the category of antiquities. The tenth room is devoted to bronzes, vases, gems, &c., all of which belonged to the celebrated Sir William Hamilton, for many years the British envoy at Naples. This collection, which is exceedingly valuable and varied, was added to the Museum so far back as 1772, having been then purchased from Sir William by Parliament for the sum of 8,400*l.*

In the eleventh room there are about sixty antiquities, many of them singularly curious, and all coming under the general designation of Greek and Roman sculptures. The same class of antiquities is contained in the twelfth room, chiefly forming a part of the collection of Sir William Hamilton. In the grand central room, which is the next apartment as the visiter proceeds in his examination, are various antiquities; but none of them are of a nature to require a special reference to them. Adjoining this apartment is the Egyptian Saloon, appropriated, as the name implies, to the exhibition of the antiquities of Egypt. It contains nearly two hundred fragments or memorials of that country, when renowned above all the other nations of the world for its learning, its science, and its knowledge of the arts. Amidst all these exceedingly curious objects, perhaps there is not one of less antiquity than two thousand five hundred years; while most of them were the productions of men who lived three or four thousand years ago. Many of the articles contained in this magnificent collection were recovered from the ravages of time by the French, when Napoleon took possession of Egypt, and came into the possession of the English army on the capitulation of Alexandria in 1801. A considerable number belonged to the collection of the late Mr. Henry Salt, while others have been presented to the Museum at different times by various travellers.

The Phigalian Saloon next claims the visiter's attention. It is filled with a large and valuable collection of marble sculptures, the frieze of a temple which had been dug up at Phigaleia in Arcadia. They represent, in two sets, the combats between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, and between the Greeks and the Amazons. They are generally supposed to have been executed under the eye of Phidias himself; and all are agreed that, if not executed under his own special superintendence, they are undoubtedly the genuine productions of his school. They were purchased, in 1815, by George IV., then Prince Regent, and were by him given to the Museum. They cost that prince, in one way or other, very nearly 20,000*l.*

Next there is the Elgin Saloon, so named because it is the part of the Museum set apart for the famous collection of Greek sculpture made by Thomas Earl of Elgin. This is by far the most valuable and extensive collection of Grecian antiquities in the world. The number of articles is nearly four hundred. The collection was made by his lordship during the time he was ambassador at Constantinople. "It exhibits," to use the words of a writer who was well acquainted with the subject, "a great part of the exquisite sculptures that still remained in the Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva, in the Acropolis of Athens, which, if not brought away by his lordship, would indubitably have fallen into the hands of the French, or been wholly defaced by the barbarous indifference or superstitious prejudices of the Turks." For this splendid addition to the treasures of the British Museum, which was made in 1816, the sum of 35,000*l.* was voted by Parliament.

The Egyptian antiquities and Greek and Roman sculpture departments of the British Museum have been, and still are, of incalculable service to the interests of the fine arts in this country. The genius of the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans of a former period, lives in these remains of their productions which have been recovered from the ruins of those places which were their most celebrated seats of art and science; and they are exhibited as models for our artists. It is gratifying to find that our young artists, and amateurs also, duly appreciate and take advantage of the opportunities which are thus afforded them of cultivating a taste for the fine arts. Artists come from all parts of the country to take drawings of the beautiful specimens of sculpture with which the antiquities department of the Museum abounds. Not a day passes without fifteen or twenty persons being found engaged for hours in the way I have mentioned.

No man accustomed to reflection can look on the various memorials of remote ages, with which this part of the British Museum abounds, without a deep and hallowed interest. His thoughts at once go back to the eventful periods to which those memorials point. He is struck with the advanced state in which the kindred arts of sculpture and architecture must have been in those days, compared with their state in this enlightened or "march-of-intellect" age. The Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans were immeasurably superior to us in all that pertains to the arts in question. Not only do we see innumerable traces of the highly cultivated minds of the architects and artists of those times, in the designs which everywhere, in this part of the Museum, meet our gaze; but, even in a mechanical point of view, we are mere pigmies compared with them. Supposing, in other words, that we possessed the same genius, or that our taste in these matters was equally cultivated with theirs, and that we were consequently capable of conceiving those designs which they carried into execution, we have not the implements by which we could execute such designs. We know of no implements which could make the slightest impression on those extremely hard stones on which they were wont to carve, with admirable taste, such an infinite variety of figures. Fragments of Egyptian monuments surround us while we stand in this room: the architects or scientific men of the present day know of no mechanical power by which the immense blocks of stone, of which these are parts, could have been raised in the air. This is, no doubt, mortifying to our vanity; but still the fact, we fear, must be admitted.

But the unbounded admiration with which we cannot help regarding the singularly cultivated taste of the ancients in sculpture and architecture, is not unmingled with feelings of regret that their minds should have been so deplorably debased in other respects. What could be more humiliating to the human mind, than to think that men whose attainments in the respects to which I have referred were so splendid, should yet have had such erroneous ideas on the most momentous of all matters—the matters, namely, which relate to the government of the world, and the great interests of futurity? In this respect the Egyptians, and Greeks, and Romans, in the most brilliant eras of their history, were not a whit above the most savage or the most ignorant heathen nations of the present day. Who can survey the ruins of the magnificent temples of ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome, or gaze on the fragments of their triumphs in the art of sculpture, which are scattered about in our National Museum, without feeling the deepest pain? Who can help blushing for poor human nature, when he recollects that the gifted individuals who could conceive and execute such designs, should be devout believers in all the absurdities of their preposterous mythology—should acknowledge from 30,000 to 40,000 gods, and should fall down and worship as deities, birds, beasts, onions, and almost every vegetable or inanimate object which crossed their path? Yet so it was. Such was, in their case, the results to which the light of nature, so much boasted of and magnified in the present day, conducted them. And so it now is, and so it ever will be, in every country and clime unblessed with the light of revelation.

No one can look on the antiquities in the British Museum, without feeling a train of reflections arise in his mind as to the changes which have taken place in the world since the periods to which these antiquities point us back. I look on a block of stone richly carved with Egyptian hieroglyphics, and I think of the moral and political vicissitudes, which not only nations, but whole continents, have experienced since the hand that executed those figures was laid in the dust. I look on a fragment of exquisite sculpture, and I think of the numerous events of unutterable importance which have taken place since the bosom of him who formed it ceased to beat. The most momentous of all the transactions the universe ever witnessed, the death of the Redeemer, is one of those events which occurred since that time. What vast and mighty empires have crumbled into dust, leaving no trace of their fame, glory, and power! And nations, which were then sunk to the lowest depths of degradation, being not many removes in point of intelligence above the brute creation, are now the most civilised and powerful on the face of the earth. The Greek and Roman empires, then so glorious and powerful, have for numerous ages been among the things that were; and France and Great Britain, then scarcely known among the countries of the world, may now be said to be the mistresses of the world. And not only have new powers of great moral and political importance since that period started into existence, but we have now an entire world, (America,) then unknown and undreamed of. This, however, is a topic on which I may not dwell.

I have thus glanced at the leading departments into which the productions of nature and art contained in the British Museum are sectioned. We see in many of those productions of art remarkable proofs of human ingenuity; but how shall we express ourselves in speaking of the productions of nature, or rather of nature's God, with which the Museum so richly abounds! If the man of devout and intelligent mind cannot walk abroad among the fields—cannot survey inanimate creation, without, as Burns happily expresses it, looking "through nature up to nature's God," how much more impossible were it to behold the vast variety of the Deity's animated works which are exhibited in our National Museum, without being lost in adoration of that Intelligent Power by which they were called into being! What displays of divine wisdom, power, and goodness, are there made! Let the reader only fancy, what in the British Museum he would find to be matter of fact, that he is surrounded with fifty or sixty thousand different species of creatures, all fearfully and wonderfully made, and for every one of whose continued existence due provision was made by the same Providence who breathed into them the breath of life; let the reader only imagine this, and then say, whether the thought be not calculated to overpower every intelligent and virtuous mind. The more scientific and better informed a man is, the more will he see to admire in the structure of every creature before him. It is a touching and deeply affecting though delightful thought, that not one of those myriads of once living creatures were made in vain, any more than are the existing species which they respectively represent. Each individual had a certain purpose to answer in the great economy of creation; a purpose which, in the vast majority of cases, is hidden from us in our present state, but which shall be fully revealed when the light of a brighter and better world has chased away the clouds and darkness of the present. It is gratifying to know, that if there are men sufficiently thoughtless and undevout to look on the once animated treasures of the British Museum, without feeling one adoring thought ascend to the throne of the great Creator, and Preserver, and Governor of all, there are others who pay repeated visits to this noble Institution for the special purpose of seeing and worshipping the Supreme Being through the medium of his works. Galen was converted from Atheism to Christianity by viewing the wonderful anatomy of the human frame. I cannot refer to individual instances of similar conversions by means of an inspection of the once animated productions exhibited in the British Museum; but I do think it is no great stretch of fancy, or rather no stretch of fancy at all, to suppose that instances of such conversions have taken place.

It is gratifying to know that the British Museum is yearly becoming an object of increased attention to the public. The number of persons that visited it in 1823, when a parliamentary report was published, was 153,000. In 1836, another parliamentary report was published, and the number that visited it in the previous year was, in round numbers, 250,000. I have not learned the number that visited it last year, but I am convinced it must have been close on 300,000, if, indeed, it was not greater. On the Monday of the week preceding the late coronation, the astonishing number of 10,000 paid a visit to the Museum. On Monday there is always a greater number of visiters than on any other day; a fact which is to be accounted for from the circumstance of two days intervening between the exhibitions of Friday and Monday, while, between the other days on which the institution is open, there is only an interval of one day. One of the officers has mentioned to me that the average number of visiters per day is now about 2,500. This would give for three days each week 380,000 visiters per annum. The new arrangement made last year, extending the time for which the Museum is to be kept open for the public from ten till seven during the summer months, instead of from ten till four, has tended considerably to increase the number of visiters. The taste for such exhibitions ought to be encouraged and extended, by every possible means, by the legislature. They have a softening and ennobling effect on the minds of all who witness them. If the lower classes could only be made to become partial to such sights, every trace of their fondness for prize-fighting, or anything brutal or barbarous, would speedily be obliterated.

In conclusion I have much pleasure in stating, that the administration of the affairs of the British Museum has undergone a very great improvement within the last ten years. The mismanagement in the affairs of the Institution, of which some years ago there were such just grounds of complaint, were principally to be ascribed to the fact of many of the trustees never attending any of the meetings, or in any way discharging the duties of their office. The parliamentary report of 1836, which gently hinted to such individuals that it would not be amiss if they were to resign and make way for noblemen and gentlemen who would make a principle of discharging the duties pertaining to the office of trustee, has had the best effect. Some have resigned, and others, who formerly paid little or no attention to the affairs of the Institution, are now among the most active and efficient of its governors. A visible improvement has taken place within the last two years. Everything is now seen to the best advantage, and new objects of interest and value are being daily added to the collections in the various departments. If the Museum goes on at the same rapid rate of improvement which it has done for the last two years, it will in a very short time compete with any similar institution in Europe. This ought to be with us an object of national ambition; and it is to be hoped that the government and the legislature will enter into the thing with becoming spirit. An average annual grant of 15,000*l.* or 16,000*l.*, (which is all that has been given for four years past,) for the purpose of adding to the treasures in the natural history department, is altogether unworthy of a great country. The amount ought to be at least 50,000*l.* The public money could not only not be applied to a better purpose, but no application of it would meet with a more general or cordial approval.

MUSEA MORIBUNDA.

FROM THE GREEK.

WASTE not on me one pitying line;
Ambition's glorious fate is mine!
With heedless, rapturous haste I flew,
Lured by those eyes of witching blue.
The dazzling sheen betrayed my sight;
And now I sink to endless night.
Mine eyes grow dim; my senses reel;
No fears, no lingering pangs I feel;
No vain regrets—a joyful death I die:
Quenched in the crystal of Miranda's eye.

SHAKSPEARE FANCIES.[1]

No. II.

DESDEMONA AND FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

How shall we compare Desdemona and Mrs. Hemans? To dwell on the good points only of character, affords a much purer pleasure than to enlarge on failings and petty imperfections to which all flesh is heir. Therefore, in alluding to authoresses, we pass over every frailty of which the inquisitive love to hear, making no mention of affectation, self-complacency, envy, jealousy, and other feminine fallings-off, which the gossiping of the day has brought to light. Their poetical and amiable attributes alone render them fit emblems of the women of Shakspeare, who never bestows a fault on any of his heroines. They are not consequently sinless; but we can infer their misdemeanours from circumstances merely, for they are not stated as errors, nor moralised on in mawkish style; and well-chosen incidents, simply sketched by a master-hand, possess many more powers of usefulness than the elaborate lectures of prosing imitators, or the long-winded sermons of fairly-intentioned dullards. In Romeo and Juliet, for instance, we are not in so many words told that Juliet did wrong in marrying without consent of parents, nor that Romeo was faulty in having concealed from the authors of his being the state of his affections, and engagement of his hand; but does not the unhappy consummation of things brought about by their duplicity speak volumes in itself?

Many people read the hapless story of Desdemona, believing her only a little lower than the angels while they do so; that is, if they reflect at all on the characters, and not solely on the occurrences of the piece. Yet may not her undutiful conduct to a fond father lead us to anticipate the attendance of misfortunes on her path? And though, as a wife, she is perfect, her untimely end seems scarcely more than the desert of her unfilial behaviour, especially as, at the discovery of her decease, we are informed of Brabantio's death, whose gray hairs her desertion had brought down with sorrow to the grave. She has not even a probibition of Othello's suit to plead in apology: if Brabantio had been previously addressed on the subject, he must, when aroused by Roderigo and Iago, have instantly suspected the truth, instead of, with implicit confidence in his child, at first entirely discrediting their announcement of her defection, and then, without any preconception that the Moor is her chosen one, remaining wholly dependent on their information.

The short part of Brabantio is an interesting and affecting one. Such a high opinion has he of his daughter, that, even after he has learned her departure, he cannot blame, he will not suspect her; but he inquires rather, if there are not charms by which the property of youth and maidhood may be abused; and the person who is capable of estimating excellence in another is always of some worth himself. Very different from the common race of selfish fathers, from such as Barnesley, the man of business, does Brabantio prove himself to be in his salutation of the doge.

---

[1] Continued from vol. xxii. p. 304.

> "Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
> Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
> Take hold on me; for my particular grief
> Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
> That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
> And it is still itself."

We must not hence quarrel with his patriotism: and man devoid of natural affection will not disinterestedly serve his country. His appreciation of the beauty of his daughter's life evinces refinement in his own mind; still, his very description of the tranquillity of her disposition, the repose of her demeanour, manifests that their intercourse had been reserved. His words

> "I am glad at soul I have no other child;
> For thy escape would teach me tyranny,"

show the amiability of his temper, and that his government of Desdemona had not been despotic. How these two lines touch the heart—the unaffected demonstration of grief, which could not be hidden—

> "But words are words; I never yet did hear
> That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
> I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state."

He had no wish to grow sentimental, nor to subject himself to the observation and ridicule of uncongenial, uninterested, and unsympathising auditors. His vexation at the unworthy deception which had been practised on him displays itself in his testy reply to the Duke's proposal that Desdemona should reside with him during the absence of her husband—"I'll not have it so." And an earthly revenge bursts forth in his parting warning—

> "Look to her, Moor, have a quick eye to see;
> She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee."

But we find it easy to make allowances for his fretfulness; only an unfeeling or a proud man could have silently borne a similar trial.

A consideration of the father aptly introduces us to the daughter; for as Desdemona was motherless, she lived more under the influence of her surviving parent. She was tenderly nurtured and affectionately brought up, without companion or confidant, her thoughts being thus left to feed upon their own sweet imaginings, which were not occupied, as she was the child of wealth, by the more vulgar anxieties and exertions incumbent upon those in poorer circumstances. Only so many household duties devolved upon her as to render her, by their fulfilment, more attractive as a woman, and more capable as a matron.

> "A maiden never bold;
> Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
> Blush'd at herself."

Is not the very beau-ideal of a fascinating English girl here depicted?—a young Lucilla Edgermond, or Felicia Brown, with deeply thinking, pensive blue eyes, long flaxen hair, and exquisitely fair complexion, tinted by the colouring of the inner leaves of a June rose; a retiring and timid figure; but when the fancy is interested, and absorbed to the oblivion of self, at least of imaginary insignificance, the form and countenance radiant from soul, those soft eyes kindled by genius, those silken tresses glancing sunnily beneath the halo of light which crowns the intellectual brow of this favourite of Heaven.

Mrs. Hemans, like Desdemona, was unhappy in her married life; and, like the former, we may conceive the latter from her childhood to have been a poet. What a tribute to her imaginative ability is paid by the artless Moor in his story of their courtship, when her existence was a lengthened dream of enchantment, and, in idea, she gazed, like Miranda, now on the dire shipwreck of a brave vessel, "who had at least *one* noble creature in her—now like Xerxes on the rocky brow

> "Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis,"

she strained her eyes to catch the motions of her hero, a new Themistocles of naval fight—now, like Cellini, she was transported to the midst of besieged combatants; and, penetrating the ranks of advancing foes, in their brave leader she discerns her own commander, another Bourbon in her estimation, who scales the ramparts of a second Rome in importance, to her conception; who ascends, approaching near and nearer to the spot whence she palpitatingly observes; until, pierced by a musket-ball, he droops and falls; yet, not being mortally wounded, he rallies, and she ceases for a little while to pant for breath; once again he carries all before him, but not for long—bleeding afresh, he totters, is surrounded, disarmed, seized, and finally purchased to captivity. She listens to the recital of his deeds in the years of bondage, and believes his tales more witty than those of Cervantes; his adventures as romantic, his delineations of caverns and wildernesses, mountains and hollows, cities and plains, cannibals, who devour the flesh of men, and bramins, who will not even taste that of fish, fowl, or quadruped, as faithful, animated, and glowing, as those contained in the far-famed, marvellous, and entertaining histories of her countryman, Marco Polo.

Her ingenuity is discernible in her abandonment of home: she conceived Brabantio might be displeased by her selection of a consort—that he might forbid the continuance of their friendship; and, it may be, fix upon another lover, in order by his means to banish, if possible, the recollection of Othello. Then, she longed to share the dangers of her warrior: if she suffered him, alone, to depart on another expedition, she might lose him for ever, by death or imprisonment;

or, if wounded, he would be less careful of himself than if she were at his side to restrain him. He should surely need a tender nurse; and who could be so devoted as she who loved him to the death? Whose management could be so soothing and persuasive as that of her whom he adored? Her choice of a husband whose features and colour rendered his appearance so discordant with an European's notion of beauty is a proof of her imaginativeness, which illumined his countetenance with charms denotive of his moral worthiness, and beheld in his athletic form the type of his firmness of principle, strength of purpose, and bravery in action. Her choice of a plain, blunt man, without any save warlike accomplishments, conversant with none of the arts of peace, while she herself was so highly cultivated, is another proof of the same liveliness of fancy, which pleased itself in vesting his mind, even more than his body, with every adornment.

Desdemona's first speech insures our regard; and instead of feeling inclined to blame her disregard of Brabantio, we forget or altogether lose sight of it. It exhibits such a sense of duty, and such steady resolve to pursue the line of right, that we at once perceive the enthusiasm of passion only misled her: and there is more to be said in favour than to the disadvantage of even the excesses of generous emotion. She has already the dignity of a wife, proud of the qualities and station of her husband, and conscious that she shares his eminence; yet nowise lacking in childlike deference to the parent who was now but a secondary object to her. Her desire, too, to accompany Othello, instead of remaining with her father, is, with delicacy of tact, worded in such a manner as least to hurt Brabantio's, it may be, slighted affection—

> "I would not there reside,
> To put my father in impatient thoughts,
> By being in his eye."

The manly frankness of the Moor, the loving simplicity of his wife, win the pleased attention of every hearer,—and nothing can be more gracious that the duke's inquiry—"What would you, Desdemona?" A womanish love of ease, and inclination to procrastinate the hour of hurry, betrays itself in the bride's query of "To-night, my lord?"—and Othello's warlike nature, trained to all the discomforts of life, equally displays itself in his expression of satisfied assent, "With all my heart." Had he been one of those guests bidden to the wedding-supper, he would not have been likely to forward, as an apology for non-attendance, "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come." A female novelist, if she meant to portray a superfine lover, would omit a trait of this species: still, it is a fact that women idolise men who have independent occupations more than those who are femininely idle and femininely devoted.

The free bearing of Othello was calculated to subjugate the gentle and venerating Desdemona. He was no whit abashed by Iago's prophecy of a threatened inquisition into their elopement, but he rather gloried in his deed. If, instead of being attacked, he had been met by an unconditional pardon, he would have pitied his father-in-law; for we are compassionate while happy. But when irrationally accused, his pride was roused; vanity renders us all sensitive: we are very humble, forsooth, if universally admitted, as far as we hear, to possess every virtue which is to our taste; but when found fault with, not in private by one whom we love, but in public by an enemy, we are nettlesome, and resolve to tower loftily in our merits, like so many pillars of perfection. The Moor might, however, justly boast of his newly-acquired wife, and of her devotion to him; in his hands her happiness reposed, and none but he could be the banker of her affections; he was more than justified, therefore, in standing his ground. Besides, he was conscious of his title to consideration from his past services to the state, and his future intentions on their behalf: neither did he lose sight of his noble birth.

Now, his well-founded complacency, his promptness in thought and act, his warmth of heart, and ready utterance of feeling, once he knew it acceptable, his rank and fame, all completed a model of attractiveness fitly formed to enrapture the sentimental Desdemona. A woman requires in her husband those qualifications in which she herself is deficient; and Desdemona was meek and lowly, deeming meanly of herself; given to meditation and reflection, she yet wanted decision of character; and the more ardent was her love, the more overpowered into silence was she in the presence of its object: her romantic spirit, too, joyed to believe her darling decked in the gaudy garb of a troubadour's favourite.

It is a false notion which some prudish damsels adopt, and some too independent mothers instil, that on man alone devolves all the onus of courtship—the lady *may* go half way—*should* go a third, and sometimes, without harm ensuing, goes three-fourths: the modest and timid Desdemona, even, was "half the wooer." She does not, it is true, like Juliet, impetuously love at first sight; her affection is of a more gradual growth: but she does not wait, as prudent parents order their daughters to do, until Othello is enamoured of her, and betrays his attachment. She loves when she feels inclined so to do, without struggling against the passion: she has not the precocious genius of Juliet, and does not, like her, analyse her first soft sentiments; but she suffers the gentle current of her tender emotions to flow unrestrainedly on. The progress of their love is mutual; she raises a sympathising eye to worship the soldier as he tells of dangers past, of combats fought—for there is something heroic in the bosom of the gentlest female; and he truly translates that mournful and subdued glance—yet how full of enjoyment! May we not fancy that the following lines, which are too simply beautiful for spoken praise, verily embody the scene of Desdemona's first confessions of love?

"All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve.

"And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long.

"She wept with pity and delight—
She blush'd with love and maiden shame,
And like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breathe my name.

"Her wet cheek glowed—she stept aside,
As conscious of my look she stept,
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She flew to me and wept."

If her lover had been a fellow-citizen, young and handsome, of wealth and station, Desdemona would have encouraged him far less than she did Othello, who apparently laboured under so many disadvantages to the furtherance of his suit: but women are so brimful of generosity that they long for opportunities to exercise it, particularly on those who, though deserving, are not puffed up with vain ideas of self-consequence. We must bid adieu to the girlhood of our heroine, which, though very lovable, is but as a preface to the book of her life as a woman; but as an apprenticeship to the trade of the world, into whose society she is taken in partnership, at marriage; which is but a hurried, incomplete, and inadequate education for the arduous and important professions of wife, mother, and mistress of a household.

There are exceptions to every general rule, but women are, for the most part, mere children until married. Like children they are innocent, ignorant, and unsuspecting—they are easily excited, easily entertained—they form sudden friendships and hatreds—their enthusiasm superabounds—they have an elasticity and buoyancy of spirit which one year of marriage for ever destroys. But these losses are counterbalanced by more than equivalent gains—wisdom, sobriety of judgment, moderation of desires, calmness of temper, forgetfulness of self, consideration of others, thoughtfulness for eternity, and, above all, absolute contentment!

Desdemona, then, is no longer the bashful girl; she has banished *mauvaise honte*, and borrowed some of the freedom of her husband's carriage. The modesty which is attractive in a maiden, is awkward and unbecoming in a wife. After marriage a woman's address has more of liberty, and less of restraint; she can no longer be suspected, if she enters into converse with an agreeable man, of desiring to commence a flirtation. It is a relief, too, after matrimony, that you may question as to the welfare of your husband, though you dare not inquire as to that of your lover; still, a bride must not exhibit too much anxiety or importunity, else that which would do honour to the accustomed matron, will only place her in a ridiculous point of view. Desdemona's words to Cassio, "O, but I fear;—how lost you company?" are simply expressive of sufficient eagerness: she must not further weary her auditors; for though her infinite love may cause twenty uneasinesses which by clear-seeing people will be unfelt, more rational from the absence of excitement, yet these delicate pains, these thousand-and-one of passion's stimulating thorns, must be borne in secret; and thus they are not unproductive of pleasure. You are suffering a kind of martyrdom by means of your affection: and is not every torment sustained in the cause of a beloved object delicious? It satisfies yourself of your devotedness; it affords topics of pleasing discourse when you meet your lover, which, if possible, augment his attachment; it supplies that variety, which, like music, is the food of love!

But it is not until the sail of her husband is announced that Desdemona's conversation becomes general; and, notwithstanding, she deems it necessary to apologise for her unpreoccupation;—

> "I am not merry; but I do beguile
> The thing I am, by seeming otherwise:"

and we credit her; for her part of the dialogue is scarcely more than a putting of queries, the responses to which divert her solicitude, that permits her no certainty of the ship in sight being that of Othello, nor if it is, that he has escaped unhurt from the commotion of the floods.

Your wits are often, like Iago, selfish, greedy, taxing, and jealous; with a fund of hatred at their disposal, which is not unnatural; because, to dwell on the follies and frailties of mankind, as subject matter for sarcasm, is part of their profession. Iago does not relish Desdemona's looking aside from him to notice Cassio, or to constitute the lieutenant judge of his effusions; but his vexation only whets his shrewdness in turning occasions to account: it would be well if we were as sharp to descry and embrace opportunities of profit as of mental and moral detriment. Many of us, as well as Iago, are apt to be envious of those in superior station, it matters little whether with or without cause; our own fancies serve our purpose equally with the stubbornest facts: and we are so fond of self, that we care not to disappoint our passions of a single method of wreaking themselves which we have ever for a moment contemplated. Iago chose to believe the Moor had made love to his wife, apparently without the slightest foundation for such suspicion, excepting his own foul thoughts, which often outdo themselves, creating more discomfort in the fancier than to the doubted object. Conversational stars frequently base their celebrity on the worst possible opinion of their fellow-creatures, granting no pure motives to well-seeming actions, and aided, most probably, in the formation of their judgment, by a tolerable acquaintance with their own wicked selves: but those who are too suspicious, err as widely from the mark as they who take for granted that all that glitters is gold.

There is consolation in dwelling on the few cordial interviews between this most attached couple, ere the serpent has succeeded in sowing distrust in the bosom of the hitherto confiding Othello. It is, as usual, the male, whose fickleness is soonest to be made evident—who overflows with loving language; how comparatively temperate is the speech of her who, when everything militates against her lord, still loves! He can imagine no greater joy than the present; nay, none so great; for men demand grand excitements: but she can anticipate still growing joys—intimacy augmenting their sources of happiness—pleasures and pains, enjoyments and sorrows, together shared, binding them more closely to each other—so many sweet associations accumulating, to be sadly remembered in futurity!

Men are by nature tyrants; they conceive themselves invested with every power; and when matter, to all appearance evil, is laid before their finite comprehension, they assume incontinently the high privilege and rank satisfaction of finding verdicts, and awarding punishments, stepping even, unabashedly, into the office of executioner. Whereas, such is the angelic constitution of woman's mind, doubting of ill, trustful of good, that though the crime of her lover were proved, not by proof circumstantial, such as Othello had, but by proof positive, which could not be gainsaid, still she would believe in his innocence of heart against belief, and hope in his justification against hope. To the very last, though he slew her, Desdemona distrusted not Othello's love, nor did she cease to dote on him—she supposed him to be deceived, ill, mad, possessed by an evil spirit; and she loved him the more for his misfortune. Neither was she altogether unhappy in her death; she died by the hand of him whom she worshipped; and, in dying, she was enabled to give the strongest testimony of her unalterable affection and unblemished faithfulness. She was conscious of her innocence—she felt that it must sooner or later be manifested; for, as we enter upon eternity, we acquire confidence, and leave the hesitations of time; our vision is, as it were, cleared, and our intellect brightened. Even while she expired she heard Emilia asseverating her chastity; and by her uncomplaining martyrdom she yielded a vaster evidence of devotion, than by a long and loving life she could have afforded.

Such a soft, gentle, pliable, obedient wife as Desdemona is! No sprightly denials of truths from her, as from Juliet—no womanish frolics—no wife-like orders, to which husbands must submit—no suspicions kindled by a hasty temper. No—she is calm, equable, serene, duteous, loving; perfection, in a word; or, as near perfection as a woman may be; for though a more determined character, that would have struggled hard against unjust fate when it assailed, might have inspired more admiration, it would not have been so imploringly attractive. And though a more shrewd, observing woman, in detecting the baseness of her husband's adviser, might have been gifted to be that husband's and her own preserver, yet, of necessity, her success must have deprived her of that bright cloud of interest which encompasses our heroine.

As for poor Cassio, the juvenile, handsome, and accomplished, he is on a footing with all butts in story-books, who can never be supremely fascinating: those who serve as ladders to build up the schemes of clever villains may be pitied, and that pity is akin to contempt, but they do not excite admiration. Byron's heroes, insignificant as are in general their acting parts, are all interesting; they are self-impelling, so to speak; their thoughts are original, and do not depend on, or arise solely from, circumstances; and their deeds are fierce and heroic in crime and generosity. But Sir Walter Scott's principal personages are, like Cassio, the slaves of circumstance and master-spirits; Waverley of Mac Ivor, Brown of Glossin, Osbaldistone of Rashleigh. There is usually something so common-place in his goodness, that virtue is noble only in his females, such as Rebecca and Minna Troil; and his malefactors are his true heroes, Fergus, Gilbert, Rob, &c. Those authors who have the art, like Byron and Rousseau, of embodying themselves in their works, may claim precedency of every writer, excepting such a one as Shakspeare, the greatest of all geniuses, who, instead of penning his own sensations and emotions, and thus erecting a monument to one man, at will conveys himself spiritually within the breasts of other men, breathing life and immortality into hundreds.

How different from the Edward Waverleys of the Scotch novels is Othello!—a butt and still a hero—moved, it is true, at the onset, by the scheming of a demon, yet the seed sown was only as a grain of mustard; while, in its growth, it was as the greatest among herbs, becoming a tree, so that birds might lodge in the branches thereof. If Iago supplied the text, Othello originated the commentary and discourse; Iago was the spokesman rather than the head-piece of the Moor, who reflected deeply, yea, ruminated till his brain was overwrought, (though unhappily his reasoning was merely one-sided,) and, in the end, the force of his passions carried along the cold-blooded seducer, who, for the time being, was not the leader, but the led. Like a lion of the forest, inflamed to ferocity by the snares which entangle him, does Othello, by an effort of his might, tear asunder every trammel, and rush madly forwards to spread fury and destruction around.

Not so Cassio, whose part is only secondary, and whose passions are not excited; he is deluded, and his folly aids in his undoing: we may generally doubt those who are overkind, and conclude that such a one as Iago is too much of a meddler for trust. Most men have something of the fool in them; and if Iago had not been surrounded by such, he must have found himself busy to his cost. To be led is no disgrace to a woman, as it is to a man: yet Desdemona is not influenced by Iago, who proceeds merely on the knowledge of her worth, and the conduct to which that goodness will incite. She is as a goddess, ever, of her own accord, acting truth and mercy; and the beauty of her holiness is delicately exhibited by the tempter's forbearance—darkness retires at the approach of light—those of lesser purity he might sway, but vice holds no communion with untainted innocence; had he essayed on her his hellish counsels, one gentle look of amaze must have wrought as did the light touch of Ithuriel's spear on Satan—up in his own shape, should the fiend have started, discovered and surprised.

What bewitching naïveté and irresistible persuasion are displayed in her intercession for the lieutenant!

"What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you; and many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part."

This little piece of arch simplicity, so lovable and feminine, is admirably calculated to win her point, and please her husband, summoning recollections which still more endear her to him—recollections of that most hallowed, most exhilarating, most of heaven-upon-earth period of a man's life—his happy courtship. O the pity, that an evil spirit should have been empowered to sunder these congenial souls, who loved like Adam and Eve, their common parents; with like reverential devotion on her part, protecting dignity on his—confiding loveliness, and admiring tenderness—unblemished fidelity, and unbroken trustfulness—virgin modesty, and becoming pride—matronly, meek, yet dignified obedience, and rightful authority, yet coupled with a joyous willingness in yielding to the wishes of the object of affection! O the pity that discord should have untuned their harmonious sentiments! Still, we cannot hate Othello; there is no self-complacency in his revenge—misery overwhelms him—the sorrows of Romeo are pictorial in comparison of his—a sense of his own inferiority, his unworthiness of Desdemona, misleads him: here was the overthrow of a stately edifice, the utter wreck of a majestic vessel!

The generosity of woman in pleading for the unfortunate, and her tendency to be stimulated rather than discouraged by a show of opposition, are manifested in the first doubtful interview between Othello and his spouse. Her guileless confidingness, whenever it is brought into play, goes near to mar the black plotting of Iago, except that it is more difficult to eradicate than to plant suspicion:

> "No, sure, I cannot think it,
> That he would steal away so guilty-like
> Seeing you coming:"

and Desdemona's frank avowal, that challenges inquiry, "Why, your lieutenant Cassio," does not banish, save momentarily, his dark visions from the bosom of the ill-omened Othello, his excessive fondness, his thorough appreciation of the immense value of that pearl of great price which he possessed, rendering him the more apt to suspect that other claimants would dispute the benefits of his estate—the nervousness incident to all affectionate hearts, respecting the permanence of so dear a blessing, leading him, when food for jealousy was cunningly presented, to credit that the eye of his wife had glanced aside to note allurements in the countenance of a stranger.

Desdemona has judgment to discern the honesty of Cassio's face; but none to detect the double meaning of Iago's—the good she could understand, the vicious she could not comprehend—vice was too uncongenial—she was inexperienced in the ways of wickedness—she had not contemplated, much less practised them. So amiable is that sympathy which is warped to her injury!

> *Oth.* Went he hence now?
> *Des.* Ay, sooth; so humbled
> That he hath left part of his grief with me;
> I suffer with him. Good love, call him back:

and that "not now" of the still doting husband speaks, O how plainly! that the poison of distrust had taken effect—that poison which too soon was to be fatally diffused along all his throbbing veins! But her eloquence, poor, simple fool! will not be withstood, and reasserts *almost* its wonted influence;

> "Let him come when he will;
> I will deny thee nothing:

yet an "*almost*" must be inserted, for the granting of her innocent petition is preceded by a weary "Pr'ythee, no more:" and Desdemona, excited by the unusual exertions she has been making, for her lord's sake much more than for her own, that he may not lose a faithful friend and skilful officer, the mediator of his love, connected with so many pleasing passages of their bygone days—excited from her ordinary equanimity, observes not the strangeness of Othello's request,

> "I do beseech thee, grant me this,
> To leave me but a little to myself."

If he had been habitually studious, or had had business to plead, the case would have been otherwise; still, the unsuspicious dove dreams not of evil; and, flurried by her late zeal, gratified by her success, she playfully asks, "Shall I deny you? no:" then, in full confidence that no ill betides, that her husband's love is unchanged and immutable, she utters, "Farewell, my lord."—"Farewell, my Desdemona;" when, his affection being yet the same, he adds, "I will come to thee straight;"—grudging every moment passed in absence from her. She, unselfish, and free from the exacting temper of an overbearing wife, generously replies, "Be it as your fancies teach you:" —that which suits him best, will be most agreeable to her. "Whate'er you be, I am obedient;"—she does not make a virtue of necessity, contenting herself with neglect when she cannot avoid it; but she requests the Moor to amuse himself, secure that she will never find fault with his arrangements, and that in a conviction of his enjoyment her own will be most complete: unmindful of self, she deems not of negligence being concerned. Here was that moderation which Doctor Gregory recommends, in advice to his female disciples; that moderation which regulates the demeanour of perfect woman! Juliet would not have spoken so quiescently, resignedly, and unimpassionedly.

> "Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
> But I do love thee, and when I love thee not,
> Chaos is come again."

Ah, Othello, you are too fond—hot love is soon cold—you are too much enthralled by your wife's external charms, and you do not sufficiently study her mental endowments: were you more intimate with, more profoundly versed in her spirit's unassailable purity, you would never have doubted, never feared, suspected, believed. Though if it were possible your own eyes had vouched her untruth, you would have discredited the testimony of your senses, and still had faith in her virtue. Beauty is too often baleful; and even that most amiable weakness of self-disesteem is injurious. Had you stood firm in the strength of your own worth, you would have still been happy, Othello. How could you have imagined a milk-faced boy preferred to the veteran covered with glory? Without reason did you credit Iago's unfounded assertion that possession had cloyed Desdemona; such things may be, and are, when man is in question; but never is it so with woman; only baseness in the husband of her choice can wean her soul from him. She is formed for repose; let the turmoil of girlhood be once over, and, for the remainder of her life, she reclines in tranquil enjoyment, if her lord and master be not too worthless to admit of content.

The secret of effectively scandal-mongering is to praise the object of your aversion, to wear the semblance of his loving friend, while, like Mrs. Candour, sincerity towards your present companion forces you to divulge a few objectionable incidents. At the same time, you endeavour to put the best construction on them, to divest them of the gloomy impropriety in which you yourself have already clothed them: thus rendering disbelief in your communication virtually impossible. What genius is expended in backbiting, even when there is no lieutenancy to be made vacant through your devices to spur on your evil machinations! There is a deep, demoniac delight in the exertion of profound talent for villany, such as Iago's—a keener satisfaction, perhaps, than the moderately virtuous reap from the employment of more moral ability. The complete villain must be an adept in human nature, its intricacies, its faults and foibles—versed in principles of morality, and in abstract truths. He must be master in the art of story-telling—of rousing curiosity—exciting varied emotions—hope, fear, anxiety, dread, horror. He must, also, shun seeming too good; and acknowledge errors, which acknowledgment gives promise of virtues. We are always inclined to think favourably of him who makes of us a confidant; we rarely suspect an ulterior design; and though we might conceive of intention to harm another, we guess not that ill-will to ourselves may thus assail us. Telling us a secret flatters our vanity—much more is the hinting of suspicion a high proof of regard: the first is but the narration of a fact which, soon or late, will probably be the possession of all the world; the second gives us the benefit of our friend's reflection and cleverness, and manifests that he esteems us nearly equal to himself in appreciation of things.

If we desire to obtain a mastery over the mind of another, let us adopt the following mode, which will hardly fail of success; for no man is so passionless that at least a temporary power may not be acquired over him—there is no man about whom there is not some tender point with which we may not with impunity meddle. Let us, as it were involuntarily, permit a few exclamations to escape us in his presence, the result of meditation, from an overflowing heart, without explanation or apparent design, not reasoning with our auditor but with ourselves, not attempting a narrative, merely allowing the hearer, at his discretion, to fill up the tale which was barely outlined by fearful insinuations; for we are aware that imagination is more horrific than reality; when demanded the meaning of our allusions, let us tantalisingly decline the answer; assume such over-cautiousness of raising groundless suspicions, as to seem to try that the listener may suppose the wrong to lie in the accuser rather than the accused; warn him, consequently, to place no faith in our, possibly, most unjust surmises; express such an estimation of character and its value, as to render it, to say the least, highly improbable that we would rob another of good name without excellent cause; and when, by these prefacings, the inquisitiveness of our audience is stimulated to frenzy—for we who are so good-hearted, soundly-thinking, and shrewdly-observing, could not utter such loud cries if there were little wool—let us point-blank, unconditionally, and positively, refuse to state anything further; instead, let us turn the channel of discourse, and warn our victim against the indulgence of that passion, to stir up which we have strained every nerve, yet would otherwise than in a precaution fear to name, lest our object should indirectly betray itself; let us detail the workings of that passion with such minute faithfulness, such genius-like vividness of portraiture, that the very hairs of a person unconcerned must stand on end, how much more that unfortunate creature be tortured, who, by these masterly contrivances, actually writhes beneath our influence!

On perceiving that our plan works effectually, we may congratulate our friend on the dominion of his reason over foolish fancies, with the existence of which it suits us not be acquainted; and, as we find him so sensible and little whimsical, we may deem it unnecessary to continue longer reserved on subjects, upon which unfounded fears alone led us to be silent, from a dread of effects on his now-proved-superior soul. Then, especially bold from the triumph of success in our essay, and in warding off all suspicion of our virtual intent, we may, with the blunt honesty of a tried confidant who feels his worth, frankly advise to such and such proceedings. When our tool is thus far advanced, we may venture to abandon all speeches recommendatory of precaution, and produce secondary, hearsay evidence, which passes as next-door to proof with his disturbed brain; asserting some unanswerable reason why positive proof should neither be wished for nor sought, because of the impossibility or inexpediency of obtaining it, and inducing him thus to trust to minor circumstances only, which may be warped according to pleasure. Let us vow to be the instrument of any revenge which may gratify the passion we have created; and thus suggesting the wicked action, appear, notwithstanding, simply to obey orders, when, at our own instigation, it is commanded. Let us then insinuate that one crime is not sufficient, by requesting him, with mock earnestness, to refrain from the commission of a second. We may asseverate that were we in similar predicament, we should act in such and such a manner, which is a refined method of influencing obedience to our dictates, without incurring the odium of ostensibly admonishing to vicious deeds.

Passion's dawn is unperceived—it is after the torrent has passed onwards that we pause to analyse its origin, progress, and effects—and Othello, while he suffers to distraction, disclaims that suffering, and is unconscious, in his simplicity, of the rise of disease. One symptom of consumption is, that the patient will not believe in his illness—one symptom of passion's rule is the denial of its sway—a drunken man will assure you of his sobriety. It is the Moor's very rashness of disavowal—of determination, that to suspect with him shall be to be resolved of generous confidence in the deceiver, and his fearless trust in Desdemona, which enforce our admiration; and no woman, even though her sister-woman, and the fairest emblem of her sex, was so cruelly dealt with by him, can but sympathise with and respect him.

Iago seizes on every circumstance which may aid him—"in Venice wives do so and so"—playing on the simple foreigner, who forgets that women are alike all over the world—good and bad. He recals also to Othello's mind the observation of Brabantio under his disappointment, introducing it in testimony of the justice of present doubts. The very symptoms of true love, which, till now, had been subjects of pride to the beloved one, are contracted to the injury of Desdemona. How little did she guess the cause of that aching forehead which vainly she endeavoured to relieve; and how beautifully unsuspicious of evil she is! A guilty conscience is not always the only accuser—the most guiltless, if of anxious temperament, will forebode ill, even perhaps when it does not impend: but we frequently hasten blindfold to misfortune, and fear only when there is no occasion for affright.

How moving are the doubts which perplex Othello, that his ardently loved wife *may* be innocent: and that *may*, while he gives utterance to it, is almost a *must*. How thrilling is that ecstasy which prompts him madly to long for evidence of good or ill—ay, though it were the worst—his natural freedom from jealousy rendering him the more furious under its domination when it was once produced; and, as without overwhelming proof, or at least overwhelming influence, he could not have been taught to foster it, so when it once had birth, its growth was the quicker, its matured stature the more gigantic! How our blood tingles as we hearken to the solemn vow of the husband and his bane, while they kneel beneath the cope of heaven and proclaim to the marble vault their fiendish resolutions, summoning the ever-burning lights to witness and assist in their accomplishment! Who, particularly in the *grandioso* style, succeeds like Shakspeare, where it is most difficult to avoid failure? He convinces us of the individuality of his characters. Do we not *feel*, while we read, if we do not believe or reason upon it, that so surely as the battle of Actium was fought, Othello lived, thought, spoke, endured, and acted, as the author represents—Desdemona loved, wed, honoured, obeyed, suffered, and forgave? Do we not *feel* that to deny it would be akin to scepticism?

Iago, the master-spirit, presides everywhere; Desdemona's ingenuousness and frankness, real proofs of innocence in a wife, are converted into matter of accusation—a girl, to elude suspicion, may talk with endeavoured candour and unguarded openness of her lover; but, though there is maidenly shame, in her case there is no guilt in loving. A wife who desires to preserve her good fame will be silent as night on the topic of her *cher ami*. Iago was too intimate with character to be ignorant of this; but when blinded by passion, we may be reasoned into the credence of falsehood; therefore he practised what gross deception he pleased on the offuscated intellect of Othello. While a fond wife is treated with love she will ever be submissive; but use her harshly, address her unbecomingly, and directly the dignity of the meekest and most timid is put on the alert. And thus, to the Moor's ungentlemanly mandate, "Fetch't—let me see it," Desdemona replies, with determined pride, "Why so I can, sir, but I *will* not now." Yet afterwards she tries to, and does, attribute his unseemly behaviour to state cares and public annoyances—excusing and palliating woman! What a contrast she offers to the impetuousness and unreasonableness of the fiery Juliet, who blames almost before she accuses!

It is some comfort to women, wronged and slighted by Iago, to read his extorted confession that there are many worthy and chaste dames. Othello's murder is, after all, instigated in part by principle—he believes his condemnation just—there is no malice, spite, cruelty, or petty revenge in the deed—nay, there is mercy; for once her end is resolved on, once her death is in progress, he hastens its completion, and desires to lessen and abbreviate her sufferings.

"I would not have thee linger in thy pain."

Reason is often misguided—the heart is rarely deceived. His reason believes in her guilt—his affection cannot, and does not. It feeds, even while reason plots her destruction, upon her many excellencies. "A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!"—The first for admiration, the second for love, the third for domestic happiness! The thought of harming her has turned his heart to stone. And such is the power of the author, that we literally credit his assertion, "I strike it, and it hurts my hand." The world, indeed, hath not—hath never had a sweeter creature. "She might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks." How happy and honoured was Othello in his lot! He knew it once, and *felt* it even now. It is the gentle-tempered whom we willingly obey—obedience to whom we relish—our submission to whom we readily acknowledge. We may, with abounding pleasure, obey the wilful and capricious—we delight not equally, however, in publishing her sway; and we shrink from the rule of a virago. The first asks as a favour, the second demands as a right, the third dooms to as a punishment. "An admirable musician!" How much power is comprised in this single phrase! We fancy Desdemona to have been a singer, rather than an instrumental performer—a singer of touching ballads rather than of inspiring bravura. Her melody was as soul-subduing as the Robin Gray of Miss Stevens. "So delicate with her needle!" We can imagine a group of dainty flowers growing beneath her slender fingers. We likened Juliet to a double purple violet; we will compare Desdemona to a pale primrose: if the latter has not the rich fulness of blossom, it has the more graceful outline of the chalice. The violet's head is drooped, but that is coquetry, for she betrays herself by her odour; the primrose, thoughtless of self, looks pleasantly abroad on the glistening face of nature.—"Of so high and plenteous wit and invention." And, regarding Mrs. Hemans through the medium of her sweet stanzas, we may consider her no unmeet type of Desdemona. These display purity of sentiment—lofty and abundant talent—flowing fecundity of composition. If Desdemona designed exquisitely in embroidery, Mrs. Hemans' pen has traced with elegance some touching female forms. If Desdemona's ballads were affecting, so are the melodious strains of the poetess. Her selection of language and illustration may be compared to a bouquet of exotics freshly culled from a conservatory—there is no intermixture of garden or sylvan plants. The character of Desdemona and the verses of Mrs. Hemans combine the same gentleness, with fitting dignity—the same tender lovingness—the same soothing winningness. That of the former is a treasure which shall ever survive in our hearts and recollections; and some of Mrs. Hemans' pieces are perfect, polished, and most dearly-loved gems which shall ever be hoarded and prized.

Desdemona once more appears in public; and she does so with her wonted sweetness, composure, and universal good-will. Goodness is ever loving; and she, with native kindness, always makes herself agreeable to her associates, rendering them while in her presence happier and better. Her ease of deportment and ingenuous conversation tantalise Othello; and there is more of acquired hatred in his muttered soliloquy, "Are you sure of that?" than he had as yet exhibited. Desdemona was not speaking with himself, and could not, therefore, exert her usual influence. He is teased by his recal—enraged at being superseded by his rival—outraged by his wife's barefaced confession of love for Cassio; and more, by her desertion of his interests in favour of her lover's. Passion mastered him, or he must have beheld innocence depicted in her surprised countenance as she twice exclaimed, on catching words whose import she would not trust her senses to credit, "My lord!" Why did he not perceive that her tenderly-anxious face, while she sympathetically besought him, "How, sweet Othello?"—was that of a fond and faithful woman? He rejoices that she bears witness against herself, (as by her admissions he fancies she does,) that he may have the less compunction. Why does he not apprehend the rebuff of sinlessness—"I have not deserved this?" Self-respect and lady-like submission are expressed in her words, "I will not stay to offend you." It is the passion of an habitually even-tempered and good-humoured man, which, when really stirred, boils over most fiercely and ungovernably.

How femininely terrified Desdemona is by the accost of her husband at their next interview!—none of the queenly romancing with which, in similar situation, we should be treated by the heroine of an inferior novel. Yet the heart-felt wretchedness of Othello renders him almost as interesting, and indubitably more to be pitied. Such a bountiful outpouring of love could only have been lavished by a first-rate man—for in competition with this moral worth what qualifications may be regarded! Desdemona can better comprehend the language of sorrow than his former wild attacks, and now addresses him more in grief than fear. Again, when a direct assault is made on her, she is terror-stricken—"Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?" Afterwards, in the assertion of her harmlessness, she forgets affright; but when her declarations are met by a cold, incredulous, scornful "Is it possible?" she is once more distracted, and attempting no further defence, calls on Heaven to forgive *us*. The guileless Desdemona couples herself with her false accuser—the best are always distrustful of their merits—the humble-minded believe that misfortune which overtakes them to be deserved—the pious in every distress appeal to the God over all. How beautiful the representation of that stupefaction which petrifies her when deemed worthless by the lord whom she has filially served. If the world or an enemy accused, she would defend herself, and place her restored fame as a precious deposit at the feet of the husband who loved; but, robbed of that husband's affection and esteem, what object on earth has she? For what purpose shall she care to re-establish her name? All for which she existed is irrecoverably lost! The light of life, the desire of life, is fled!

How natural the anger which escapes her! A common heroine must, with superiority, have died, perfection-like, unrepining. — A stricken deer flies to the nearest covert, though its roof may be slung with unseen missiles for her sure destruction; and Desdemona resorts to her arch-destroyer, Iago. Her abhorrence to, her positive inability for the utterance of, that epithet which the Moor had applied to her, has been remarked. In Desdemona it is nothing more than a repugnance which every good woman must and does testify. Though the coarse, masculine Queen Elizabeth commonly used such phrases, and though the manners of those times were grosser and less refined than the present, still this reluctance is no extraordinary proof of delicacy in our heroine. In ordinary discourse the liberty of the day might more than tolerate such language; but when a pure matron, a young bride, is herself accused of meriting its application, she shrinks from giving voice to it. What an appreciation Shakspeare must have had of the modesty of an amiable woman! We might conceive that a blushing girl had been looking over his shoulder while he penned these choice lines;—"Am I that name, Iago?"—"What name, fair lady?" Her refinement influencing even the gross Iago, who does not venture to pretend he understands such an insult to her virgin purity—"Such as she says my lord did say I was." Her vexation soon merges into dolour—the guilty are petulant when accused, the good grieved. Even Iago, whose victim she is, compassionates her; he has the nobility of genius; and, from his talent is able almost as well to feel as to affect every emotion. An innocent being sinks beneath atrocious calumny—a criminal one, like the Donna Julia, is only excited by accusation to a vigorous defence, parrying the attack on herself by an assault on others. "It is my wretched fortune," says Desdemona; accusing fate, but not the Moor. "If any such there be, Heaven pardon him." We do not fancy her so immaculate as to offer this petition from actual forgiveness of her calumniator; nor yet that she is so revengeful as to imply, "Heaven pardon him, but I cannot:" rather does her prayer infer, "Heaven pardon him, and enable me to do so too, for it was a most unprovoked and wicked action." Othello now looked gentler than he had done—the internal contest was over—the determination taken; and he was therefore calm. How patient is his wife—how desirous to shun affording matter of offence—to do all that he ordered or fancied—everything which was likely to please him. Wives who have offended might take pattern by this inoffensive one, who was led like a lamb to the slaughter.

Desdemona's discourse is naturally saddened; but she does not, like the heroines of poetasters, actually foresee her doom, nor does she even guess at it; else, she had too much womanly fear and christian piety to have talked so comparatively unconcernedly, and to have died without casting one glance towards eternity. Yet how pathetic are her words!—what a masterly introduction—what an appropriate preface are they to the scene of the catastrophe!—"If I do die before thee, pr'ythee shroud me in one of those same sheets"—such a lover-like and womanlike request! And the little sprinkling of gossip suitably introduces us to the lady's room, whose interior is thus disclosed to us. A female writer sometimes makes her heroine too gossiping, so rendering her natural, perhaps, but certainly uninteresting. Shakspeare, by one touch, renders his characters natural, heightening, instead of marring, their interest, and always maintaining their fitness as subjects for a poet's pen. The little song of "Willow" is composed of some of the divine William's sweet, wild wood-notes; and we credit the applicability of Desdemona's quotation to her own case,

> "Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve."

Yet afterwards, by her interjection of "These men! these men!" she seems jestingly to imply, "they are the bane of our lives." How her exclamation of "Hark! who is it that knocks?" solemnises the hour; and when we have caught Emilia's answer, "It is the wind," we fancy we hear its low moans sweep along ocean's heaving billows, a fitting dirge over the hapless daughter of Venice, mistress of the seas! How expressive of her infantine simplicity is her query—

> "Dost thou in conscience think—tell me, Emilia—
> That there be women do abuse their husbands
> In such gross kind?"

A fond and true wife, especially if she respect her consort, cannot conceive of such infidelity: an unmarried girl may feel the possibility of such things, perhaps, but let her be once wedded, and she will look on them as little better than incredible. Still, Shakspeare runs into no extremes: all his females are not, like Desdemona, paragons of chastity in thought, word, and deed. Emilia thinks, talks, and acts, like a clever, matter-of-fact, every-day woman. Her sentimental and virtuous mistress does not relish her axioms, but she seasons them profitably by her prayer,

> "Heaven me such usage send,
> Not to pick bad from bad, but, by bad, mend!"

How admirably does Shakspeare, in scenes of excitement and in soliloquies of overpowering import, familiarly and most poetically, by present objects, illustrate abstract reasonings, deep thoughts, and profound emotions! Lamentably did Othello deceive himself—"This sorrow's heavenly; it strikes where it doth love;"—however, to wish to act from right motives, and to believe that one does so, though the results of misconception, may be grievous, is nearly as praiseworthy, in a moral sense, as more rational conduct. How exquisitely natural is the opening of Desdemona's and the Moor's last dialogue; yet our author's naturalness is never homely, though inferior writers, when they attempt nature, are too often vulgar. Woman's wit, and woman's fear, she exhibits; but, alas, ineffectually! "But yet I *feel* I fear:" we cannot term this little sentence invention; it is inspiration which enabled him to write so. How interesting and lovable is her pleading for life! Her murder is rid of some of its horrors by our satisfaction in her power of uttering her two last sentences—"A guiltless death I die,"—which manifests her innocence; (it is only the hardened who have spent their days in vice, or in ignorance of vital truths, that while expiring asseverates falsehood;) and her reply to Emilia's question of "Who hath done this deed?"—"Nobody—I myself,"—which speaks infinite things—absolute resignation to her death, and forgiveness of her murderer; unquenchable love, and female heroism—a woman's heroism of the affections; which tells that she was good, not from a cold perception of duty alone, but from a loving appreciation of the beautiful. Your perfect moralisers, whose doctrines I cannot savour, will inform you, with Othello, that she is a liar. For my part I would rather have been such a liar, than endowed with the logical powers of a Locke, or the forbidding genius of a Milton.

We all aspire after happiness, and wherein does it consist, if not in superabounding faculties of love? The most to be loved are the happiest. If Juliet was at times exuberantly happy, Desdemona was always serenely so. If Juliet had ability to inspire a more ardent passion, Desdemona was calculated to influence more unvarying affections. Othello's passion was overmastering, but that was attributable to his own capacity; to whatever object his fancy turned, he must have loved fiercely; and his passion was that of a man, while Romeo's was that of a boy—their loves were as a man's to a woman's tear: Desdemona's affection was more matronly, so to speak, than that of the boisterous child Juliet—more silent, more resigned. Juliet's superiority of genius, and greater similarity of years, equalised her more with Romeo, who looked up to her almost as much as Desdemona venerated Othello, from her untiring energy of character, in which, for a permanency, he perhaps experienced his own deficiency; and he esteemed her the personification of that intellectual power after which he aimed. Othello loved Desdemona, as proud men like to love women, for her dependency; she was, besides, vastly superior to him in ideality, of whose charms in her disposition he was sensible, if he was not exactly fitted to appreciate their cause; he was proud, too, of her accomplishments, which ennobled his choice; at the same time she was so much beneath him in worldly talent that her inferiority was perceptible, while her higher mental attainments presented no stumbling-block, as they were neither asserted nor presumed on by herself, neither affirmed nor commented on by others.

Desdemona was guided by circumstances; the genius of Juliet created circumstances; the latter was ordained to command, the former to obey; but not like a slave, with a reservation of mind. Desdemona had acute perceptions, and powers of delicate observation, in ways which suited her fancy, and to which she consequently lent attention; but she had not ability to penetrate mysteries, nor even to conceive of their existence. Juliet could never have been the dupe of Iago; her quick able glance, if not at first, yet ultimately, must have detected his windings. She, though as pure in action as Desdemona, would not have had the simplicity to inquire of Emilia, "Wouldst thou do such a thing for the whole world?" or if she had so questioned, it would have been from roguish inquisitiveness to discover what response should be returned, and not from positive ignorance as to the manners of society; nor would Juliet, without raising an uproar, have calmly submitted to be murdered.

How striking is the suitability of Shakspeare's heroines to the different tales in which they figure! None could be transplanted—even placed side by side they would mutually destroy each other's effect. Juliet could not have filled a part in this play; else, by her animal vigour and bright intellect, she must have brought to light the mischievous scheme, cleared herself, and, in spite of all the Iagos in the world, contrived to live in happiness with her lord. Desdemona was more sentimental—Juliet more matter-of-fact; Desdemona more heavenly—Juliet more worldly; Desdemona more fitted for domestic privacy—Juliet for brilliant society. Her short interview with Paris in the friar's cell displays a quickness of repartee, in which Desdemona is wholly deficient. She is above it, and would not desire to harass her mind with it; she would not enjoy listening to such, further than as it would please her amiable spirit to witness the merriment of another. In such a character as Desdemona Mrs. Hemans luxuriated—such a one as Juliet's she was incapable of embodying.

Yet if Juliet had more of earth than Desdemona, Romeo had far more spirituality than Othello, who was a high-minded, generous man, it is true, and adequate to fulfil nobly the duties he undertook; but he was no student, no habitual thinker, no dreamer, no poet, no aspirer to immortality of mental fame—present praise he desired, but with the man of genius he had no kindredness of soul. Such a one might, and must, admire Othello's powers of action, (in which a scholar is often wanting,) his strength of nerve, courage, manliness, uprightness, honesty, straightforwardness, and independence; but, in his turn, his qualifications would not be duly estimated by the Moor, who could chiefly form a judgment on them by their influence over others, and by the opinion of them maintained by the world at large. Romeo and Othello could never have been intimates; the former might have respected the latter at a distance; and Othello might have regarded Romeo as a promising, though still a useless lad: but there would be a conscious feeling of superiority in each as each contemplated the other, which, coupled with the Italian's conviction that our Moor rather despised him, must exert a repelling force over their intercourse. Othello would have considered Romeo's conduct mean, in not declaring his marriage when he was made acquainted with his doom of banishment; and had the Moor been the slayer of Tybalt, he would not have fled, but proudly held his ground; for, not being troubled by over-subtlety of thought, his courage would have impelled him to uphold his proceeding as the only course which it would have been proper to pursue. Iago could not have retained a permanent sway over the inmost thoughts of Romeo, as over those of Othello; some of his actions he might possibly influence, as Lumley Ferrers did those of Maltravers; but of his secret feelings he could never have been made participator, nor would he have been likely to venture his counsels on matters connected with the heart's recesses. Iago was without enthusiasm, worldly-minded, of a hard character, and therefore unsuitable to Romeo. He could never have been possessed by the "*unbookish* jealousy" of Othello, who was unsuspicious of the instigator and his motives; nor would the Moor have adopted an inactive friar as his adviser in temporal, whatever he might have done in spiritual affairs. Othello would have fancied Juliet too presuming; Romeo believed Desdemona mawkish in comparison of his own brilliant love. Juliet would justly estimate all parties, and willingly encourage attachment to Desdemona, who would admire, without really loving Juliet.

Our author's confidants are equally well chosen with his heroines, and present a lively contrast to the never-ending sameness of those of Racine. The fine, bold, stirring, clever Emilia admirably relieves the soft pliability of Desdemona, but she would have been too much of a good thing alongside of Juliet. Equally ill-placed by Desdemona would the doting old nurse have been, who had no ability except to render herself comfortable, and to gratify her love of perpetual gossip. *She* could not have directed Desdemona, who, left at discretion, must have exerted herself more, which should have completely altered the nature of her part. Emilia, too, was selfish and interested, but her grasp of mind was more expansive, and her objects of ambition more elevated; she had, besides, sufficient talent for the pursuance of her own and another's welfare at the same moment, provided this union of interests were not to her disadvantage. She had so much genuine feeling as to be capable, when excited, of entirely losing sight of herself in devotion to the service of one whom she loved, particularly if she respected him. She was a shrewd woman, and could profit by her experience of evil in estimating the immaculate loveliness of Desdemona's walk, possessing so much of exalted emotion as to heartily admire, if not industriously imitate. Emilia dies nobly, but without attracting like pity with Desdemona, or like admiration with Othello. It is her mistress, and not herself, who engrosses our attention during her animated defence; and though we sympathise with her in her resignation and affection, yet, very rightly, the impression she makes does not rival, in the least, that produced by our hero and heroine.

There is some such difference between Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Mrs. Hemans, as between Juliet and Desdemona. The life of the former was poetry—the thoughts of the latter. The former had energy of conduct, wit in discourse, a combination of masculine and feminine ability—the latter was speculative in mind rather than adventurous in undertaking, well informed rather than witty in conversation, select rather than fluent in speech, purely feminine in taste, feeling, talent, and aspiration.

There is less of misery in the world than people fancy, and no permanent wretchedness. A woman's life, which is one of the affections, is usually less unhappy than that of men, who are so constituted that love alone cannot satisfy their desires. If a woman be blessed in a lover or husband, she has a perennial source of enjoyment. Even if she lose him, she still possesses the pleasures of memory—she lives as in the presence of the lost one; and, recollecting his fancies, she endeavours to assimilate herself to his taste; as if to render herself amiable in his eyes were still the object of her days. But, when bereft, if remembrance alone cannot fill the aching void, she will fix upon another fountain of joy: the anxieties incident are but pleasing pains, the spring of varied charm and excitement. If a woman be disappointed in an affair of the heart, she is indeed to be pitied; but, to be loved is her destiny, and she is, comparatively speaking, seldom unfortunate; and, though a victim of unrequited attachment, she will frequently be enabled to supply other incentives to action. She is less exacting in disposition than man—more easily contented. He is formed for labour and rest, alternately—she, for repose and felicity.

We perceive how much happier was the lot of Juliet and Desdemona than that of their lords. Desdemona was a placid, peaceful child—a pleased and pensive girl—a woman, romantically loving, and worshippingly venerating. She met with a warm return, and became a fairly idolised wife—she suspects no evil; after each doubtful interview she tutors herself into believing public annoyances, and not herself, the cause of Othello's vexation—and the last dreadful scene is only a passing one; excitement rendering its frightfulness hardly appreciated, like the unfelt horrors of an actual combat-field; while, even here, she has the refined pleasure of attesting her innocence, and proving her unwearied devotion. But if the former part of Othello's life were happier than the love-sick Romeo, his latter end was assuredly still more wretched; his misery being caused, not by circumstances, but by himself. He had no consolation—he could not, like Romeo, confide in the faith of his love—it was torture, instead of joy, to dwell on her attributes—he had no friend like the Friar; for though he trusted, and fancied himself attached to Iago, yet in his last supposition he was deceived; to the bearer of ill tidings our heart does not warm. He was alone in the world, having outlived all his natural relations; no father, mother, or cousin, like Benvolio, awaited him—he had neither home nor country; he had severed all Mauritanian ties by serving so long in the employ of Venice—truly might he say that in Desdemona he had garnered up his heart,

> "Where either he must live, or bear no life;
> The fountain from the which his current ran,
> Or else dried up."

We respected Othello before, for his carelessness of being rendered the scorn of men, though he was in general so susceptible of their opinion, in comparison of his sore grief at the proved unworthiness of the idolised object of his affection; and, at the last, we esteem him for his *weakness*—

> "Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
> And he retires."

All virtuous feelings had once again become inmates of his bosom; and brute force was quelled by sadness and remorse: he was a sobered and a bettered man; experience had shown the folly of presumption; and passion was dethroned, never more to establish her dominion. His calm, courageous ending too—no smiting in a hurried frenzy, but a deliberate laying down of life—continues to insure our respect, and enables us, with satisfaction, to part from all the personæ of the drama. Who but Shakspeare could permit of our bidding farewell to a tragedy with aught but unpleasing sensations?

N. R. Q.

JOANNA HUNTINGDON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REFORMER."

"My dear Bingham, of all my five hundred dear friends, you are the only one who thinks it worth while to visit me in a prison."

"You know that I have a dash of oddity in my composition. In these ancient times (you know we are the ancients—the young world held the moderns, and we make an absurd sort of Irishism in the transposition) everybody strives to be something—to be a character—to be marked, noted. If they have genius they will be a Byron or a Bulwer: if they have not genius they will be odd—a Cruikshank or a Paul Pry. Genius draws the fine pictures—oddity dashes off the caricatures. I am content with being odd."

"Define yourself how you will, I am rejoiced to have you here, for I am dull even to stagnation. Perhaps your presence may break the spell."

"Dull or melancholy?"

"Melancholy—no! I scorn the foul fiend. What! shall I, who have spent like a prince, and lived in sunshine all the days of the years of my life, shall I sit down in sackcloth and ashes!—and for what? Because I have made a full banquet of pleasure?—because I have not suffered the enjoyments of life to elude my grasp?—because I have drained the wine-cup to the dregs—have inhaled all the odour of the flower, and exhausted its balmy freshness—and have basked in the sunlight till the night is come? Melancholy for all this! No! oh, no! The abstinent might well be melancholy, who had suffered life to glide through his possession without seizing one of its joys, who had let the harvest wither without putting in the sickle, but surely not the man who has revelled in its abundance."

"You are an Epicurean. But now—now that the dregs alone are left in the wine-cup—now that the flowers are faded things, and the perfume is exhausted—now that the daylight is fled—now—what?"

"Why, now I am dull, as I told you before."

"Every man of pleasure is dull at intervals. I scarcely see that you are in a worse condition, if that be your only malady, than the most prosperous amongst us."

"Can anything be worse than dulness? I tell you, George, that stagnation is more terrible than tempest. Action is man's true element. I detest difficulties, because they are injurious to a pleasurable tone of mind; but I would rather contend with a host, than sink into this horrible malady. O, it is a vile thing to have nothing to hope, and nothing to fear,—and that is precisely my predicament."

"Nothing to hope, and in a prison!"

"Ay—because there. Nothing to fear, because at the worst. Can I fall lower than this? And, for hoping—you know that I have not a connexion who would know my face if they saw it, or remember my name if they heard it."

"Then now is the time for action. You say that action is man's true element."

"Ay, a comfortable thing to tell a man to act with his arms fast pinioned down—to exert himself with a strait waistcoat on. Had liberty been left me, I might have done something. But no—a thousand chances to one that I should have found the energy. The being here at once originates the motive, and neutralises it too. I never could realise a fear. I never could picture myself to myself in such a place as this; and now that I am here, I am without fear, for I am at the worst: I am without hope, because it is not in the chapter of probabilities that I should escape my prison-house."

"And is the neutral ground between hope and fear dulness?"

"I suppose that it is peace to the good: I know that it is dulness to the scapegrace. Ay, this is precisely the feeling which occupies—occupies, if I may use the verb active—which occupies the hearts of those disappointed men who have arrived at the summit of their wishes. The soldier reposes beneath his laurels—he is dull. The merchant withdraws from toil—he is dull. The tradesman has realised his thousands—he retires to his little pea-green box in the suburbs, expecting to be happy—he is dull: dull because he has no more to hope—dull because he has no more to fear."

"It seems as if this state of stagnation were pretty well provided against. 'There is a tide in the affairs of men.'—Shakspeare. Hum! The world goes round and round, and we in it, something like the compulsory way of the treadmill."

"I would I were in that world again."

"You soon will be. I prophesy from the past, and that is the truest prescience, that you will ere long resume your part in the grand drama; but I must leave you now to take my own."

"Whither are you bound?"

"To the club."

"And I——"

"Never mind, man, the chances of war—the turning of the wheel. You will soon join us again."

"Not I!—but no matter. I hate moralising, especially on necessity. Whom do you meet?"

"We make a quartetto—the colonel, Lemorne, Fred, and your humble."

"Happy fellows! I have dined on—*n'importe*—a vulgar fare, suiting the vulgar hour: have swallowed my dose of muddy port, and am consigned to all the pleasures of dulness."

"Write—write!—be in the fashion. The Pleasures of Dulness—as good a title as the Pleasures of Hope or Memory."

"I am miserable enough without appropriating the miseries of authorship. Writing a note bores me."

"Well, do anything but quarrel with yourself or me. Adieu, my dear fellow."

"Adieu, if you will go; but what a night! Will you have my Mackintosh?"

"No! my tiger and my cab are outside."

The two fashionables parted. Leigh Bingham passed down those dismal stone stairs, trod hastily across the deserted pavement, which was deluging beneath the tears of a weeping heaven, took his stand among a little number whom either faithfulness or necessity had clustered there together, waited until the crash of the key had turned the ponderous lock, underwent the harsh and hard stare of the turnkey, who, while gilding that little miserable troop with the beam of his eye, seemed to transfuse his own essential vulgarity into what he looked upon, passed through the lobby, darted into his cab, took the reins from his dwarfish tiger, and soon emerged from the polluted atmosphere of the Rules, and inhaled again the purer breezes of that ambient air which floats about the hemisphere of St. James's.

Leigh Bingham dressed, dined at the club, lounged at eleven into the Opera, listened to a few of Grisi's notes, encored one of her airs, decided that her Greek dress became her, admired the length of her hair, as it hung in its long plats, now before and now behind, got rather beyond the nonchalance of a fine gentleman in gazing at the radii of Taglioni's shawl, and applauded the grace with which Fanny Elsler walked on her toes: from thence he dropped in at a rout, found it too much trouble to make the amiable, so relinquished the attempt, and resigned himself to the indulgence of a little private supper.

Meanwhile Frederick Herriott threw himself into a chair in moody silence—the hollowness of the world had not yet sounded upon his ear—upon his heart. He had much of that temperature which is the impulse to enjoyment, and much of that hilarity of temper which is, in fact, enjoyment. This appetite for mirth is like bodily hunger—it gives the keenish relish to lowly fare—it makes itself the difference between the homely diet and the costly viands. In fact, this seizing on the moments as they fly, and extracting the honeyed ingredients of pleasure, is the only earthly happiness. That man is a vain dreamer who expects in our visible world a higher revelry than this. Beyond this point pleasures are more intellectual, more refined, belonging to a different stage, or a higher order of existence, and the spirit that inhabits those higher regions loses as he leaves the joys of this. He can no more reap pleasure from mirth and cheerfulness: henceforth his lot is solitary—the higher, the more solitary.

Herriott had not yet reached this point of his existence: he was among the few of whom it may almost be thought that Providence leaves them to themselves, unless *now*, in a *prison*, some cognisable moment had arrived. He had been gay, not dissolute, and had thus escaped from his own self-reproach, for he wanted some teaching to learn that wasted talents, and abused opportunities, and mispent time, were things that need trouble his conscience. No; he regretted only that his wealth was wasted, that he possessed no longer the sesame into the scenes of luxurious dissipation, that beauty no longer smiled upon him, that wit no longer brightened round him, that music no longer breathed her witchery, that he was no longer within the pale of pleasure.

These things were his grief: not that the world had no joys, but that he was excluded from their participation. He sat in that solitary room, that comfortless and desolate room, alone—in a prison.

The dark and dreary wall was the only boundary which obstructed his eye, and when he would have aspired, though only by a glance, to the free air and the unlimited sky, the threatening chevaux-de-frise insulted his eye, canopied only by the heavy atmosphere which was discharging its gloom in an uninterrupted deluge. There was not even the comfort of a cloud to induce a hope that at length its freight might be spent.

Frederick Herriott leaned his elbows on the little mean table before him, hid his face within his hands, and *thought*.

"This way," said the turnkey, as he ascended the stone staircase of the prison, and as he spoke he threw open the door of one of those melancholy rooms—we must not dignify them with the title of cells, though the term would be more poetical. It was that identical apartment in which Daniel Whittle Harvey spent the term of his incarceration, and on which he had devoted the first quarter of the first moon in investing with as much of the Englishman's comfort as the localities allowed. We remember, on the occasion of a half-hour's visit, seeing, either with our own eyes, or those of some other person, the same honourable member assiduously occupied in superintending the papering and furnishing of this very room into which we are now introducing our readers.

"Your chums, sir," said the turnkey.

Frederick Herriott raised himself from his leaning attitude, and received the intruders with a frown. His eye first fell on a broad-faced vulgar man, the very personification of sordid sensuality. The red face, the bloated corpulency, the disgusting expression of the mouth and eye—oh! that man's whole person was an insult to the soul.

We wish that we could hate sin as heartily in its robe of splendour and refinement, in its grace and intellectuality, as we do in its coarseness and vulgarity. Sin is equally sinful, whether as a low and revolting thing, or sitting in its high places. We fear that our hate is only a matter of taste.

This man, this mountain of flesh, threw himself unceremoniously into a chair. "Make myself at home at once. Best way. Hate ceremony. Right to be here. Give us a light." Puff, puff, puff.

And forthwith the red-faced burly man began to raise an atmosphere of nauseous vapour, in the clouds of which he was speedily enveloped.

Herriott's frown, contrary to its usual result, produced no effect on the impervious mind of the new comer, and he carried it on to the intruders who had lingered behind, either through sorrow of mind or debility of body.

They entered at last. The frown vanished from Herriott's brow, and he involuntarily rose to receive them.

Youth and age! Alas, the touching contrast! The rounded limb, the springing foot that seems to derive new life from the very ground which it treads on—the bright eye—the full cheek—the rich lip—the flowing hair—Oh! surely youth *is* beauty! And thus robed like divinity, alas that it should be divinity that can die—all trustful, all hopeful, all glowing, all instinct with glorious emotion, we take our place on the grand arena of life.

And age—age with its wasted limbs—its lagging foot—its dull, dim eye—its hollow cheek—its hair blanched in the storms of the world—its hopes crushed—its spirit quenched—its desires dead,—age, which is but another name for disappointment—age, which *is* disappointment, passes from a present into a future.

We scarcely know on which to fix attention first, on father or on daughter: the one so venerable, the other so sadly and so sweetly beautiful. The eye of Herriott vibrated from one to the other.

The gentleman, for such Herriott by the power of free-masonry allowed him to be, was evidently in broken health. The infirm and hesitating step—the subdued mien—the downcast eye—the bowed-down figure; all these things confessed the thraldom of age, of sickness, and of sorrow.

The father was leaning on the arm of the daughter. We will not describe her. The world is wearied with the changes rung on black eyes and blue, on blonde and brunette; besides, it was not in these things that the spirit of her beauty lay. It was rather in the expression. The soul that was bearing its unutterable grief yet would not be broken down—the heart that was torn with an anguish which it would not express—the breast that was heavy with sighs that it would not breathe—the eyes that were surcharged with tears which yet they would not let fall.

O, what a nobleness there is in human suffering when it is borne, when it crushes not! The weight of the burden is the proof of the godlike strength which sustains it.

It is one of the characteristics of elevation of character, as well as of pride, to be regardless of the scrutiny of little people. Joanna Huntingdon walked into that prison-chamber, blind to the presence of her companions.

The first words were from the father, and pronounced in unutterable emotion—" A prison! I am in a prison!"

" I am with you," said the daughter.

How much did those few words convey! In what a variety of senses might they not be understood! Comfort, consolation, stimulation, even chiding!

" Mine only comfort!" exclaimed the father.

" Forget not a higher," responded the daughter.

These few words were enough to explain their respective characters. Herriott saw at once which was the sustaining mind.

The morning came, and with it came again Joanna.

Frederick Herriott received her with more profound respect than ever he had shown to rich and titled beauty.

Joanna kissed her father's wrinkled brow, and looked the inquiry which she scarcely dared to utter.

" Better; my good, my noble girl, better, thanks to the kind care of our new friend—for friend I must call him, despite the recentness of our acquaintance."

Joanna turned her large swimming eyes full on Herriott. It was the first time that she had looked upon him, but the look was full of a gentle thankfulness that went straight to his heart.

"How little is all that I could do!" said Herriott.

"But little seems much to the unhappy," replied Joanna.

"The pleasure of being useful to you," said Herriott, "shall be the redeeming point of this wretched place!"

"This wretched place!" repeated Joanna; "I would fain believe that we may dwell even here without being quite unhappy. No place can be a prison to the mind, and when that is free from self-reproach, surely it may support even a sinking body. My father can inhabit a prison without shame, for he enters it without dishonour."

Joanna turned the fondest look of respect and love upon her father; while Herriott's brow grew red with shame at the casual reproach of her words.

"Not such a bad place neither!" exclaimed our acquaintance of the gone-by evening. "This room is comfortable enough. We may eat and drink and forget our troubles in this chimney corner; and if a man can't be happy with a pot and pipe, why, he does not deserve to be happy at all." Puff! puff! puff!

Joanna turned away her head and sighed. "There *are* things in a prison which are hard to bear."

"Companionship," said Herriott.

"Still," said Joanna, "it may be violence to the tastes only. Life was never meant to be a path of flowers."

"There never was a flower like tobacco!" responded he of the red waistcoat; "and as to taste, why that's a bad taste indeed, that does not fancy tobacco, especially in the shape of a pipe before breakfast." Puff! puff! puff! "And as to companionship, why that's what I like here—there's plenty of company; and as we are all upon a level, one can't find fault with one another." Puff! puff! puff!

Herriott called the man aside. They trode together one of the long stone corridors of the prison.

"Have you considered my offer?" asked Herriott.

"I have," he replied, "and to tell you the truth I am divided. My maxim is to enjoy life while I can, and I care not who knows it. I have had my pot and my pipe and my chimney corner till now, and I hope, by good luck, to have them still."

"Does my proposal threaten to lessen your comforts?"

"In one sense no, in another sense yes. I shall have to look out for quarters—that is a trouble—I don't like trouble. I shall have to pay for them when I have found them, and that is expense—I don't like expense: and then I shall exchange for the worse, for that room of ours is a very decent place, and I can smoke in the corner very comfortably."

"But the lady——"

"Is not in my way."

"You are in hers!" said Herriott angrily.

"I shall be civil to her, if she is civil to me."

"In one word—I double my offer."

"In one word then I take it. Fools and their money——"

They parted, yet not without an impression on Herriott's mind:

the man had proved a lesson to him. He saw himself reflected, true, in coarser colouring, but still himself—the same abandonment of the life to pleasure—the same indifference to others—the same love of all that was earthly and sensual. Herriott, for the first time, saw the utter selfishness of that species of Epicurism which greedily snatches at even the shadow of personal enjoyment, which lives only for to-day and defies to-morrow, and, struck as he was with the coarse nature of his prototype, felt that he had incurred his own contempt.

There is not a more uncomfortable sensation in the world than our own contempt. The scorn of our friends is actual honour and felicity in the comparison.

Day after day came Joanna to that prison, and day after day did Herriott feel more fully that her presence rendered it a palace.

There are eras in life when the character receives a new bent—the mind a new impulse—the heart new affections,—when we start as if from a sleep, and feel a mighty renovation. This wakening of the faculties, this stirring of emotions, is, must be, strong for good or for evil. We cannot sink again into the same position. The exciting moment must be for better or for worse.

To Herriott this time had arrived: he woke from the dream of selfish pleasure in which he had been lulled, and woke to see and to know himself. We will not say that a generous nature cannot sink into this thraldom; but there is this difference between the man who is enslaved, and the man to whom it is nature: the one can shake off his fetters, the other can never be made to desire freedom.

Another nobly redeeming point stood prominent in Herriott's favour: he had not arrived at that melancholy hour of life when our pleasures forsake us, and not we our pleasures. The world was still beautiful in his eyes—satiety had not come—dissipation had not palled—beauty had not faded—joy had not lost its brightness, nor expectation its freshness, nor hope its anticipations. In short, his own heart was still full of unexhausted riches.

And here was the proof that he was indeed born of a higher nature than the dissipated slaves of pleasure with whom he had banded himself: it consisted in this—that he could love a virtue so elevated in its character, as almost to seem severe.

Joanna's soul could not be crushed down even by the degradation of a prison. She had none of that little shame which belongs to little minds. How true to itself is that heart which beats as equably in a prison as in a palace; and such a heart was Joanna's.

But to Herriott a prison was shame. As he had sown, so must he reap: he had sown dissipation, he must reap disgrace.

And under this disgrace he was presented to Joanna. O, there is no ignominy so poignant as that of knowing that we have disgraced ourselves in the eyes of the objects of our heart's love!

This shame filled Herriott's mind continually, and it humbled him too much to allow him to do himself the justice of remembering that it was before the mirror of his mind had received her image that it had reflected more ignoble things.

Everything that delicacy and respect could suggest to relieve the situation of his new friends had Herriott done. Joanna never knew the extent of Herriott's watchful care—never knew that it was to him she owed the luxury of a chamber exempt from coarse intrusion.

That chamber!—O, its walls might have echoed many heavy sighs, and seen many tears, and witnessed much anguish;—that chamber! O, it was surrounded by all that was painful, and its associations were all that was bitter; but from that hour it has been and shall be sacred, for it was the birthplace of a new affection—of a new happiness—of an affection that shall survive time—of a happiness that shall not be lost even in eternity.

"Alone, Miss Huntingdon?" said Herriott.

"Yes, alone," replied Joanna. "I have persuaded my father to breathe a little of the scanty air allowed between these narrow walls, but he would not permit my company."

"May I enter," said Herriott, "or must I needs retire?"

"It would be rather straining my prerogative," replied Joanna, "to exclude the master of the tenement."

"The presence of the queen makes the palace. Where you dwell you reign."

"Then pray enter," replied Joanna, with a faint smile, "since you will be a courtier, whether or not I am a queen. And yet how idle here to attempt to keep up the punctilios of society!"

"A proof," replied Herriott, "of the ascendency of your mind. Here, where all other distinctions are lost in a whirlpool of disgrace and wretchedness, you are able, by the mere force of native dignity, to preserve yourself as uncontaminated and distinct as though you moved in a society to which you might prescribe laws."

"I will not allow," Joanna answered, "that the whirlpool of which you speak can involve all indiscriminately. There are some, few it may be, who inhabit here, that misfortune and not fault has brought within these walls."

"Miss Huntingdon, I would not have you think too well of one of whom you cannot think too ill. *I* am not of that number."

"You are jealous," said Joanna, "to disclaim my good opinion."

"It is a hard necessity," Herriott exclaimed, "to disclaim that which we prize above all other things."

"I would willingly," said Joanna, "class you with my father, make you my two exceptions, and be proud that you could both dwell in a prison, conferring honour rather than incurring shame."

"It may be so with *him*."

"It *is* so with him," replied Joanna, with dignity.

Herriott hastily left her presence. He could not bear the calm quiet of her eye, or rather he could no longer endure the goadings of his own reproachful feelings. He walked hastily into the open air. The heated atmosphere came over him loaded with the hot breathings of the profligate and unhappy beings who shared his prison. He looked around: a stamp of degradation was over all—on himself not least. I will no longer play the puritan! Herriott internally exclaimed. Unmerited esteem is the bitterest condemnation. The purity of her own heart forbids her seeing the worthlessness—the worldliness of mine. I can no longer bear the trustfulness of her own high integrity, which invests even me with a value that makes me feel the veriest hypocrite until I utterly disclaim it. I will return and tell her to despise me, for I despise myself. " I am come to you," he said, as he hastily re-entered her presence, " I am come to relinquish all your good opinion—to tell you to despise me—to tell you why you ought to despise me."

Joanna's startled look for a moment rested on him. " Leave it unsaid."

" No!" he said. " Hear the utter selfishness of all my past life. Until the moment that I saw you, I had no other object on earth or in heaven than the pleasure of my own degraded self; the enjoyment of the hour, whether it consisted in the pampering of the body, or the ministering unto the mind, was all for which I lived, or hoped, or cared. On this I have lavished every moment of that time of which only the dying know the full value; every exertion of those talents which were given to fit us not for time, but for eternity; and every fraction of that wealth which was designed to bless my fellow-beings as well as myself!—Now see me—see me, degraded and in a prison, and despise me."

" *I cannot*," said Joanna.

Herriott's curiosity—we wrong the feeling in calling it by such a name—his interest was strongly excited to learn the causes which had led the father of Joanna to such a dwelling. Delicacy precluded even an allusion on his part; delicacy forbade communication on theirs; but he soon learnt all, more than all he wished to know, from another source.

Mr. Huntingdon was a man of ancient family, and of small but honourable independence. He had received an unsullied name from his father; he had transmitted an unsullied name to his son. If the elder Huntingdon had a household god—if he had made himself an idol—it was respectability.

But as all idols shall be ground to powder, even the very virtues which we set up, so was also this. Young Huntingdon left college, highly educated, for pleasure, and was speedily swallowed up in a whirlpool of extravagance that soon issued in ruin: there was the wreck of that unblemished credit on which his family had for generations loved to vaunt. It is the fault of noble minds to deify their own virtues: this household god of the Huntingdons was now humbled to the dust. The very credit of the family assisted in its ruin. Who doubted its stability? None who knew even its name; and thus the son found it wonderfully easy to overturn its credit by directing against it its own strength. And what remained to redeem its honour? To disclaim the responsibility of his son's debts? No. The venerable old man chose rather a prison than such shame.

One tender feeling made the balance waver for a moment: it was for his daughter; but her voice decided the passing fluctuation. " A prison then, my father, be it, rather than dishonour!"

It would require a casuist,—no, a Christian—to determine whether

Joanna or her father were justified in thus sacrificing each other. If they were wrong, their sins were those of lofty minds, and we are concerned in showing that those minds are as liable to errors as meaner natures, and that though those errors are of a different birth and nature, yet they need as much the chastening rod. Had Joanna lived in bygone days, and had her home been in the imperial city, she would have been among the loftiest of Roman matrons.

This history of the Huntingdons was full of bitter reproach to Herriott's mind, and had a far deeper sting than our readers may surmise. The younger Huntingdon had been his gay convivial companion. He remembered, O how bitterly! how often a jest from his own lips had given the preponderance to evil over good in his mind—how often a smile, a sneer, a sarcasm, had goaded him into a wilder speed on his mad career.

From this hour Herriott's mind was roused into activity. Till now the charm of Joanna's presence had spread a pleasing apathy over his soul. Her refinement, her purity, her elevation, even her severity of character, were all to him as beautiful as they were new. He had always been a favourite with the sex, but it was in the dance, the song, the mirthful hour, amidst the coquetries of pleasure. It was now that Joanna's nobler soul acted like a powerful stimulant upon his own temperament, waking within him the higher elements of his nature, and assimilating with its more vivid energies.

The dream of his inert happiness was over. He became agonised under the shame of his enforced detention—a detention which, until now he was content, nay almost happy under, since it had bound him within the sphere of Joanna's presence. To prepare for her reception in the morning—to be waiting near that ponderous gate to attend her to their chamber—to hover round her through the day—to share with her the offices of affection to her parent, and in her absence to discharge them for her sake—to gather up her words, her sentiments, as a treasure for thought and memory—O, notwithstanding every other circumstance of trouble or of trial, these things had made him so sweetly, so calmly, so purely happy, that Herriott could not even wish for change.

But from that hour Joanna's voice was a reproach. He could not look upon her, however, growing pale and sickly within the shadow of those prison-walls, without the most poignant remorse. The light could not fall on the gray hairs of her father without telling him that he had helped to blanch them: the fading cheek of the one, the wrinkled brow of the other, were alike grief and anguish to his soul.

With a flushed brow and a hasty step Herriott abruptly entered that prison-chamber.

"You have been long," said Joanna.

Herriott did not answer.

Joanna lifted up her eyes to his face. There was a strange, a flushed, an agitated expression over it which instantly startled her. She laid her hand upon his arm, and, with her large swimming eyes fixed intently on his countenance, asked, "Tell me what new misfortune has befallen us?"

"It has befallen me," Herriott replied; "it is, that I'must leave you."

"It has befallen me," said Joanna, faintly.

Joanna's face had become perfectly colourless—ashy. She was silent; but presently, with that strong mastery of mind over feeling which sorrow had so often made it necessary to exert, she said, "I am thankful: you, at least, will be delivered from this wretched place."

"It has not been wretched to me; has it, dear Joanna, been so to you?"

"It will be," was all Joanna's answer.

He had gone. Sad indeed was that desolate chamber.

We miss the companions of our pleasures, but O how much more the companions of our sorrows! The pleasures may pass away with those who shared them; but the sorrows remain—and unshared.

"*I* will go with you to the gate, to-night," said the father.

"I leave you *alone*," said the daughter.

And the thoughts of both were with him who had gone.

"Joanna wrapped herself in her veil. She started at the contact of every touch. A faint thought—almost a hope was within her that Herriott would be near. But no. She reached her solitary dwelling without beholding him. Joanna did not accuse him of neglect—she acknowledged his delicacy. That night, in defiance of all her fortitude, Joanna wept bitter, bitter tears upon her pillow.

Herriott had inherited a small fortune from his aunt. She had been deeply incensed against him, and had made daily vows to disinherit him. Her intention had never failed, she had only delayed its execution; and not having calculated with precision the exact time of her own death, had at last died, leaving the intended will unmade.

This property was sufficient to discharge all Herriott's own debts, and to leave a surplus. Our reader may guess how that surplus was applied, when we tell him that after an interval of two days, which to Joanna and her father were as years, they received a communication from the professional gentleman in whose hands their affairs rested, telling them that he had been able to effect an accommodation, which gave immediate liberty to his client; and which allowed him a small income from his own property, while it left the bulk for the liquidation of those debts for which he had made himself responsible.

Herriott was the first to congratulate them. He attended them to their new home. It was humble, but it was home, and they were happy. Ay, happy as *they* must be who hope, for hope is, to a certain degree, happiness—happy up to that degree, we say, because, to hope is to confess that our happiness is not yet perfect.

Herriott returned no more to the haunts of dissipation. He entered at once on those severer paths which lead to wealth, to eminence, to honour. He felt that his discipline had not been the effect of accident, but of a design which worketh all things together for good—the raising and the purifying of his own character, and making him capable of a happiness which could not have descended on the degraded and debased worldling.

"And now, dear Joanna," said Herriott, "let me whisper to you the amount of my yearly income."

"What of it?" asked Joanna.

"Only—*all*—is it enough for your comforts?—will you share it with me?"

"I would have done so," said Joanna, "when it was half."

They shared it, and were happy.

AUTUMNAL TREES.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

Beautiful trees!
Clothed in your Autumn's dying robes—ye look
More lovely far
Than waning star;
Or aught that's marked for death in Nature's book:
Beautiful trees!

Those rainbow hues,
Bathed in the shade and sunlight of the day,
Bid thoughts arise
Of paradise,
Th' eternal life. Ah! why should Time decay
Those rainbow hues?

What is like ye,
When ye're most lovely—perishing unseen?
In emerald-gold,
Your leaves unfold,
And yet ye wither 'mid your glory's gleam:—
What is like ye?

Th' endearing form
Of maiden innocence in youthful eve;
Th' unearthly bright
Of her eyes light
Flashing in beauty: still doth death inweave
Th' endearing form.

The subdued smile;
The rose-blush basking on her snowy cheek;
The calm-drawn breath
Speaks not of death;
No writhing pain—no struggle—all is meek:—
The subdued smile.

Yes, there is Death,
Lurking beneath th' enchanting form of health;
E'en as the leaf,
Her life is brief;
The Autumn Death his victim takes by stealth:—
Yes, there is Death.

Beautiful trees!
Clothed in your Autumn's dying robes—ye look
More lovely far
Than waning star;
Or aught that's mark'd for death in Nature's book:
Beautiful trees!

MEMS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.[1]

BY LAUNCELOT LAMPREY.

> "Chi va lontan dalla sua patria, vede
> Cose da quel che gia credea, lontane."

No. VI.

Sciacca—Subterranean granary—Tête-a-tête with a snake—Pots, potteries, and Agathocles—A sweepstakes—Sicilian hospitality—Monte Allegro—Rhymes by the roadside.

GLADLY we arose from our weary couches at Sciacca, and sallied out for a saunter, to enjoy the rich sunshine of as magnificent a morning as ever brought refreshing to limbs exhausted in the search after slumber. However miserable the entrance to Sciacca may be on the land-side, the broad highway of the sea that runs up to her very walls on the other makes, in point of beauty, ample amends. A gentle land-breeze barely rippled the water inshore, but, freshening as it advanced, laid almost beam-under a lonely speronaro, an emblem of the stinted commerce of Sicily, that was reeling along probably on her way to Malta. The half-fortified houses around, the convent especially, with its battlements above and its tiny loopholes below, its barred windows, so constructed as to give a view of any applicant for admission, while they protected the individual making the examination, reminded us of the time, not very distant, when the Moorish xebec now and then dashed like a falcon on some unprotected part of the coast, and ere the inhabitants could muster for resistance, was again spreading her white wings, and bearing her prey, "beauty and booty," to the sultry shores beyond the blue horizon. Our conversation, after performing a kind of skipping fantasia over a variety of subjects, germane to the view before us, gradually subsided into a kind of mental still life, a reverie of deep enjoyment. Dr. Danks, looking out sternly from under his broadbrim, sat on the stump of a broken wall, his thoughts wandering back probably to the classic days of old, before the Saracens, with their Hey presto! had changed the Thermæ Selinuntiæ into Zacca. Igins sat in that delicious doze, a kind of misty atmosphere of pleasure, when we are but sufficiently awake, either in mind or body, to feel the enjoyment of the warm atmosphere around, imparting its individual pleasure to every square inch of the surface of our bodies—that sensation, which thou, reader, mayst always enjoy in perfection, reclining in the warm sunshine after an hour's swim. Dawson, who is of a more active temperament, was perched somewhat higher on the wall, and in the absent gaiety of his heart was whistling like a skylark, rising higher and higher, until he fairly ran out of his gamut somewhere about A in alt, and came back with a rebound to the level of earth again.

Near where we sat, in the side of the declivity sloping down towards the sea, was a singular kind of granary cut in the dry volcanic soil. It was in the shape of a cone, with the opening at the apex, so that the grain, poured in at the top, lay, when the granary was full, in the form which its own gravity naturally caused it to take. Whether it be from some conservative quality in the soil, or merely from its dryness, the grain placed in these receptacles is said to remain uninjured, and to retain its vital, as well as its nutritive properties, for a very long period—for a period indeed, according to the report of the Sciacca folks, too long for any thing but experience to believe.

---

[1] Continued from vol. xxi. page 388.

The doctor, after long peering into the huge empty chamber from the aperture above, in a manner which suggested to Dawson divers irreverent similes, such as a magpie peeping into a marrow-bone, or a jackdaw into a potato-pot, (which the doctor alleged was the most natural and Hibernian of the two,) declared his intention of descending and exploring the terra incognita below. Dawson suggested the idea of certain mephitic vapours, and putting his head over the edge, as a man of Lilliput might be supposed to inhale the fumes of a Brobdignag decanter, declared it smelt strongly Miltonish, and had a sharp flavour of sulphur. Igins hinted at snakes and centipedes, a branch of the great zoological family to which he knew the doctor entertained a frantic aversion; but the doctor was inflexible, said something about the pursuit of knowledge and the cause of science, and not even the dernier resort of an argumentum ad stomachum, by reminding him it was breakfast-time, though it caused him to hesitate, could shake his resolution.

The mode in which the "passage perilous" was to be performed being now the only question, it was put to the vote, and carried with only one dissentient voice, that Igins, who was the junior of the party, should return to the Albergo for a rope. He resisted stoutly, and declared, (a proposition that had some reason in it,) if the doctor wanted a rope he ought to go for it himself. We immediately, however, constituted ourselves into a little republic, with the doctor for president, voted ourselves in the right, and Igins in the wrong, who, being thus overborne by the weight of public opinion, was obliged to yield.

He shortly returned, bringing with him a good stout rope, and the assistance of Domenico. The rope, amid much laughing, was tied round the patient's fat chest, the parts most likely to be galled by its pressure being protected by the handkerchiefs of the party. Gently the doctor was let down over the edge of the aperture, his last words, as his ruddy face disappeared, being a request in a rather tremulous voice to hold fast, and let him down easy. This we proceeded to do, Domenico being placed hindmost, sitting on the ground with his heels against a stone to act as a stopper in case of the doctor's weight overcoming our resistance.

"Stop a minute," said Dawson; "hold hard, Domenico, till I see how the doctor likes it."

We held on, and Dawson looked over the brim to where the doctor, swung in mid air, pendente lightly, as I took the liberty, lawyer-like, of suggesting.

"Doctor dear," said Dawson, "I think you had better not go any further. You can explore the interior to quite as great advantage where you are. A little twist of the rope—so," (here he set the doctor gyrating at a very considerable rate,) would give you a *coup d'œil* of the whole, about a hundred and twenty times a minute."

"You vagabond!" we could hear the doctor bellowing from below in the midst of his evolutions; "you potato-eating, bog-trotting, whisky-drinking scoundrel, let me down, or I'll ——"

"What, doctor?"

"Smother, my dear Dick," he added, coaxingly. "Do slack away, and let me get to terra firma as fast as you can. 'Pon my conscience, Dick, it's no joke. Do let me down. You wouldn't murder me, Dicky, would you?"

"Well, I won't then, if you'll apologise."

"Apologise!—for what?"

"Why, for the national reflections you threw out this minute against me and my country. Come, quick!" and he gave the doctor another premonitory half turn to expedite his *peccavi.*

"I only used them in a parliamentary sense, my estimable young friend."

"No gentleman can ask more—my honour is satisfied. Slack away."

We slowly lowered until the doctor reached the bottom; but scarcely did we feel ourselves relieved from his weight, when a shout of terror, vibrating from the shrillest treble to G down below, apprized us of some mischance having happened to our worthy friend. We instinctively rushed to the aperture, Domenico among the rest. There was barely light enough to distinguish the doctor, who, turning up his face with an expression of extreme fright, screamed, "Take me out! Take me out!" and impatient of the little delay caused by our wonder and amazement, clutched in agony at the rope. The end slipped from Domenico's hands, and there was the doctor *Pris,* as Gil Blas would say, *comme un rat dans une ratière.*

Dire was the confusion. We strained our eyes into the dimness below, but, dazzled by the glare around, we could only see the doctor bounding from one side to the other of his narrow prison with an agility that to us, who knew the weight he had to carry, seemed little short of miraculous, his evolutions being accompanied with that kind of bleating scream which is characteristic of extreme terror. Anxious were our inquiries as to what was the matter, but it was only from the doctor's incoherent exclamations of "Help! Take me out! Oh, Dick—serpents—murder—police—fire—thieves!" that we gathered the fact of there having been a previous inmate of the cave.

Domenico was the only one who immediately set about rectifying matters. The moment he was made acquainted, through my hurried translation, with the real facts of the case, he sped away like a roe towards the albergo, while Dawson, Igins, and myself were engaged in endeavouring to tranquillise the doctor's excited feelings.

His exclamations still continued, and gazing intently round the dim circumference of his prison, we were at last able to distinguish the object which had caused all this alarm. It was a long black snake, that had by some accident found its way into the granary, and of which it had remained probably sole monarch for a considerable period. The appearance of the doctor descending slowly into its territories awakened it from its coils, and reciprocating the doctor's alarm, it began whisking from side to side in an attempt to escape with the activity of an animated whipthong. The doctor's frantic endeavours to keep out of its way only increased its fear, and gave additional speed to its motions. The more active it became, the more vigorous were the doctor's exertions, and thus acting and re-acting upon one another, there is no knowing what possible climax of velocity they might have reached, had not the rope which was tied round the doctor's waist got at last fairly twisted round his ancles, and thus embraced, as he thought, in the knotted coils of his dread foe, he came heavily to the ground. For a second or two he struggled franticly, like a modern fat Laocoon, to free his limbs, before the shuddering application of his hands to what he supposed to be his loathsome living fetters made him aware of his error. He sat up, and, pushing himself back against that part of the circumference to which he found himself nearest, gazed round for the cause of his alarm. The snake itself seemed somewhat wearied by its exertions, and finding that the doctor's menacing activity had ceased, was slowly creeping round the base of the surrounding wall, occasionally stretching its long lithe neck upwards as far as possible, seeking for an egress. Now and then, in its " weary round," it approached unconsciously so near its fellow-captive as to disturb its equanimity, and threaten a recommencement of their mutual evolutions. Dawson, however, was earnest in his recommendations to the doctor to remain quiet. I assured him that Domenico would be back with a rope immediately, and Igins endeavoured to rally his courage by declaring the serpent to be an innoxious one. We gradually succeeded so far, that he gave no further sign of discomposure than a shrinking up of the *off leg* and a kind of cramped outstretching of his forefingers, accompanied by a low loathing " Ugh !" when the reptile came too near his resting-place.

As the reptile, however, on a further acquaintance, showed no disposition to attack, he became more tranquil, and contented himself with an occasional anxious inquiry as to Domenico's return, or a grumbling reference to Daniel in the den of lions. At last his sense of the ludicrous becoming developed as his fears subsided, he ventured, taking advantage of his companion's absence at the other side, to turn up his eye towards us, sighing, as he saw me looking down with laughing compassion upon him,

" Pleasant this, Lamprey ?"

" Delightful !" said Dawson. " It's a most entertaining spectacle. A fine specimen of an old gentleman engaged in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. You look like an Indian charmer, or a modern Esculapius, playing at bo-peep with his own serpent. There, he's coming, doctor !"

" D-o-o-nt, Dick !" groaned the doctor. " Let me out of this, and then joke as you like; at present I don't relish it."

" Here's Domenico with his rope then—would you relish that ?"

" O by all means."

" Here, then, clap that running noose round you, and give us notice when to bowse away."

The doctor did as he was bid, but not venturing far enough from the circumference before giving the word, the first yeo-heave-o took him off his feet with a swing that nearly brought him in contact with the opposite side, and had also the disagreeable effect of placing him for a moment in the immediate vicinity of his foe. His alarm, however, if great, and expressed with proportionate vigour, was of short duration ; and after a few vibrations, that rapidly diminished with the diminishing length of the pendulum, we succeeded in once more raising his ruddy face to the aperture. A short and energetic struggle at the edge, and Dr. Danks had once more visited the upper air,—his clothes, and especially the sitting part, daubed with brown dust, and his hat damaged to a very considerable extent, and his whole man in a state of the most interesting confusion. Dawson prescribed brandy, a brush, and a breakfast. The first part of the prescription was administered on the spot, and we adjourned to the albergo for the remainder. Even these, however, had not the full effect of at once restoring our worthy friend, and his air was still discomposed and nervous when we mounted our mules for the purpose of resuming our journey.

As we sallied out of Sciacca, on our road to Girgenti, our attention was attracted by a small shop a little way beyond the gate, in which a young lad was manufacturing a jar on the potter's wheel—an operation which, in the hands of a skilful workman, is one of the prettiest applications of centrifugal force conceivable. Several jars, ready for the oven, stood beside him. The ware is of a white clay, and when finished, is, I understood, light and porous. It was pretty to see the jar tapering from its narrow base, and swelling out into the most graceful proportions, as the greater pressure of his foot gave increased velocity to the wheel, while he regulated its thickness and smoothed its surface with two small sticks—the whole done so regularly and with so little trouble, that it seemed as if the vase grew under his hands like a flower on its stem. Sciacca, it appears, is still, as of old, famous for its potteries, and the interest of the matter was increased by the doctor reminding us that Carcinus, the father of Agathocles, was a potter of Thermæ.

" It gives one a sensation," he said, handing a few grani to the operator, who had very civilly explained to us the mode of forming the different parts of his ware, " to find the same trade the staple of the same spot when so many hundred years have passed away. It is a relic of past ages as perfect in its kind as the streets of Pompeii. I don't know that it is not more so. Brick and mortar and lava pavements are stable in their kind, but the customs and manners, the fashions and the trades of a people are such evanescent quantities, that stability in them gives us an additional surprise. Yet in those countries especially where their government allows no speculation, and their half-civilised state has not progressed so far as to offer opportunity for enterprise, these relics meet us at every turn. Yon lout makes his jars on the spot where Carcinus made his before him, in material and form probably the same. Sciacca keeps up the fame of the Thermæ Selinuntiæ."

"Well, I don't feel the interest of that at all," said Dawson. "I suppose they continue to make white jars at Sciacca, because they get good pipe-clay, just as Newcastle will always be famous for coals, unless electricity should succeed in giving us light, heat, and locomotives without them."

"Pooh!" said the doctor, putting spurs to his mule.

The country between Sciacca and our breakfasting-place, Monte Allegro, was generally uninteresting, the road winding among rough uncultivated knolls, the spaces between which sometimes widened out into narrow plains, presenting everywhere the same traces of a rich fertility unimproved. A few flocks of goats in the distance formed the only evidence that the treasures of the soil were not utterly wasted on the desert air, and at the same time reminded us of the warning of Domenico, that unless we procured some milk on the way, we were not likely to get any at Monte Allegro. A flock about half a mile south of our track presented the desired opportunity, and lots being cast, in the usual and primitive mode of pitch and toss, to ascertain on whom the onus should fall, Igins was armed with the milk-flask, and despatched on his foraging expedition. His mule, a splendid fellow, started off willingly on the journey, but after a gallop of about twenty yards, finding his former companions were not accompanying him, he made a dead stop, and shook his head with an air that menaced mischief in case efforts should be made to force him to proceed. Igins, however, was one of those amiable politicians of the rational school, who think that, to make people do right, it is enough to convince them they shouldn't do wrong, and that a little gentle persuasion is sufficient, even with a mule. He consequently contented himself with turning the head of his quadruped, as nearly as he could, in the necessary direction, accompanied with a "Soho—go on, poor fellow." Zingaro, however, for that was his name, after another preliminary shake of his head, commenced a rapid retrograde progress, a style of proceeding which, whatever it may say for the animal's disregard of consequences, produces, I have always found, especially in rough ground, rather uneasy anticipations in the rider. We at last thought it necessary, after Zingaro had come once or twice to his haunches, to ride forward and join him, when he gave evidence, by a sharp exulting whinny, of his being appeased. We resolved, therefore, to ride across together, and desiring Domenico to await our return, set off at a smart trot, which, partly from the emulation of the riders and partly from that of the animals they bestrode, rapidly ripened into a gallop. Away first went the doctor, bounding in his saddle to a height that rendered his safe return into it a kind of miracle, repeated about a hundred and twenty times a minute. Away went Igins, his curls streaming in the wind, while he held mane and reins grasped in a bunch with both his hands—away went myself, in considerable perturbation at the breakneck nature of the ground over which we swept, while Dawson brought up the rear, his merry laugh ringing above the tramp of our mules, as their hoofs clattered along over the stony sod. It was, as "Bell's Life" would say, "a moment of intense interest. Principe, on which the doctor was mounted, was neck and neck with Zingaro. They neared the winning-post, that is, the goatherd, who stood in amazement at their furious career. It was the turn of a die which would be first, when Igins's hat, which had been wavering some time before, and for which he had not a hand to spare, finally gave way; it fell on Zingaro's croupe, he sprang forward, startled by its coming in contact with his heels, and Igins won with a rush like Chifney's.

How far indeed he would have carried his triumph, or Zingaro would have carried him, is a very doubtful matter, had not the same spirit of sociality which at first induced the mule to refuse to journey without a companion, induced him also to pull up when he found himself alone in his glory, some fifty yards a-head, the doctor having succeeded in stopping Principe, after running comparatively a short distance. Igins slowly returned, panting, perhaps with triumph, and bearing his honours so meekly that one would have almost thought he did not look upon them as honours at all.

We apprised the goatherd, a stout youngster of about eighteen, in rough sandals and a "shaggy capote" of sheepskin, of what we wanted. He immediately, with great alacrity, selected a goat, and filled our bottle in a twinkling.

The doctor thanked him, as he deposited it in his capacious pocket, and offered him a carline.

To our great amazement, for it was the first time we had met with such an instance of self-denial south of the Alps, the poor fellow coloured up, even through the bronze on his cheek, and with the air of a gentleman, for he did it simply and unaffectedly, bowed, as he replied, " Grazie, no, signor."

" Eh, perche, no; amico mio, pigliatelo."

" Siete forestieri," he replied, bashfully, in his best Italian.

" Well?"

" E voglio farvi un complimento—permittetemi."

" There was no reply to this, and the doctor, putting his carlino in his pocket, bethought himself for a moment. He then, producing a small clasp-knife, which had evidently seen some service, requested the young Sicilian to accept of it, not as payment, but as a little memorial of the forestieri. The feelings of the person he addressed were, however, too sensitive even for this; and though he had not many words, he sufficiently expressed his idea that fee or reward in any shape would make a mere bargain and sale of what he meant as an act of kindness to strangers, by repeating his original formula—" Voglio farvi un complimento—permittetemi."

After some inquiries, therefore, about his flock, by which he seemed gratified, we parted with a hearty shake of the hand, and many a *buon giorno* and *buon viaggio* repeated and re-repeated as we receded from the spot.

" A Sicilian refuse money!" grumbled the doctor, as we wound towards the place where Domenico awaited us. " I don't understand it."

" Why, it's as plain as a pike-staff," said Dawson. " The young lion has not tasted blood. It's a bit of pastoral, for which Sicily was once so famous; by the way, another specimen of manners and customs, descending like the making of pots and pans. One carline fairly pocketed as the produce of a bottle of milk, and his " auri sacra fames" would become an absolute bulimy that nothing would satiate. He would be in a week as bad as the young ten-year-old Down-Easter, whom a passing traveller asked how the people in that country lived. 'Why, replied young precocity, 'when stra'ngers come we skin 'em, and when they don't come, we skin one another.'"

"Out upon ye, ye scoffer," said the doctor, "coming with your blunderbuss of an old Joe ——"

"Manton, doctor?"

"No—Miller, Dick; to try and demolish the only specimen of real hospitality I have seen these six months. You don't deserve a drop of the milk that amiable young savage bestowed upon you. And here, by the way, is Monte Allegro before us."

"Which is the lion and which is the dog, doctor? for, methinks, I see two Monti Allegri."

"One of them seems Penseroso rather. Domenico, what is that place up yonder that looks so desolate?"

"Why that, 'ccellenza," replied Domenico, "is old Monte Allegro. You see it is rather a tough climb to get up. Zingaro there, and there's not a better mule from Palermo to Syracuse, would have been puzzled with it. However, the good folks of Monte Allegro went on, one year after another, coming down to their work in the morning, and having the comfort of a good climb to get back to their roosts at night. Their fathers and grandfathers had done so, and it came natural to them to do the same. So they might have gone on till this day, but for one old gentleman who had got grasso, 'ccellenza, very fat and stout indeed. Now he could get along pretty well on level ground, but the climb up among the clouds yonder puzzled him extremely; so as he got older and older, and fatter and fatter, he began to think one day, when he had got about half way to the top and stopped to rest himself, whether there was any necessity for him to go up at all, only to come down again in the morning. So you see he lay awake all that night, thinking and thinking; and at last he thought all of a sudden, that if his house were at the bottom of the hill in place of at the top, he would be saved two journeys in the day. So he mentioned this to all his neighbours who were fat and old like himself, and they too thought and thought about it, and at last they thought the old gentleman was in the right. So, after debating it backwards and forwards for long enough, they resolved, men and women, young and old, to save themselves the trouble of climbing the hill by living at the bottom of it. So here they are—*giù giù*—in Monte Allegro Nuovo, where vostra eccellenza is going to breakfast. Some of the old folks, however, say to this day that times have never gone well since they left the old walls up yonder."

"By Jove, and they're in the right," said the doctor. "Hard must have been their hearts as the nether millstone, or the conscience of a political economist, who could leave their old household gods up yonder beside their desolate hearths. Did you ever, Lamprey, in your life, see anything inanimate have the same appearance of feeling its own desolation? The old gray walls unroofed, but still sharp in their outline, are not worn enough for ruins. There are present human sympathies yet lingering about them, and I don't wonder at their giving a twitch to the hearts of those who used to cross, after a day's toil, their now lonely thresholds. If I had been one of them I wouldn't have changed to this dull plain, from yon eagle's eyrie, had it been twice as high."

"Not if you had been twice as fat?" suggested Igins.

"Not if I had been as fat as a prize ox. But, *ecco*, here we are at the albergo. Come, Domenico, off with the creels and on with the kettle. I shall sacrifice to *my* household gods, and breakfast on tea and bread and butter, this morning, like an Englishman and a gentleman."

While breakfast was preparing, the doctor sate on the stone bench before the door, with his left ancle laid over his right knee, while he rubbed the stocking up and down with a slow and equable motion. His hat was well pulled over his eyes, and from its pent-house shade he gazed, with an intense leaden expression of eye, up at the curious collection of walls and gables that clustered, like swallows' nests, on and around the peak above. His left hand held his ass-skin tablets, to which he applied, at long intervals, the pencil which he held between his teeth. From all these symptoms, and his scratching his head occasionally with great vehemence, we inferred he was perpetrating modern poetry.

We partially roused him from his reverie by the announcement of breakfast, which had been set out *al fresco* in the porch of the albergo, in a style of the most pastoral simplicity. The brown bread was supported by the pot of butter now beginning to acquire a certain *haut-gout*, the agreeableness of which was a matter of taste, and our tin teapot was flanked by our tin teacups, (which, by the way, gave a peculiar Cornish flavour to the beverage.) Our *salon à manger* commanded a full view of the scene of the doctor's inspiration, and he chose a seat that placed it *en face*. His lips still moved like those of the Sibyl, and, wrapped in his subject, he perpetrated extravagances that would have been strong evidence on a commission of lunacy, sugaring the teapot, pouring the tea over the loaf, and buttering the top of the sugar canister. At last, after a few more references to the ass-skin tablets, he closed them, and thrust the pencil into its receptacle with the air of a man who has got something off his mind. The leadenness of his eye passed away, and it brightened into its wonted intelligence, as it fell upon a plate of fresh eggs which Domenico had prudently brought from Sciacca, packed in the provender for his mules. So, depositing his handiwork in his pocket, he began in earnest the great business of life, which is, after all, "a matter o' wittles."

Instantly there arose from his audience a varied tumult, produced by the application of knife-handles to the deal table, accompanied by cries of—"Read! read!" uttered with a vigour which, considering the smallness of our numbers, was not unworthy of a debate on a Sabbath Observance Bill in the House of Commons.

The doctor looked at us for a second with a quizzical kind of conscious amazement, and resumed his breakfast; but the cries thereupon redoubled, even as they do in the house aforesaid when the Speaker cries order. Constrained at last to yield to our solicitations, he left the knife sticking in the half-cut slice, and produced the ass-skin tablets, smiling blandly and bashfully round on his admiring audience, whose applauses were thereupon louder than ever.

" Silence, then, conscript fathers," said the doctor, and absolutely blushing a deeper purple, as I believe a man does at any age when caught, *in flagrante*, making verses, began

" *Lament of an Old Monte-Allegro-ite.*

" That, I must say," said the doctor, " is not intended to be the final title. It is merely a catchword to assist my own memory until, at my leisure, I could fix upon a better. Allow me to add, gentlemen, that these few foolish lines were not intended for publication; and only the 'request of friends,' that pressure from without to which we poets are so exposed, and to which, in our frailty, we so frequently yield, could have induced me to withdraw them from the privacy of my coat-pocket, and expose them, like a deserted baby, to the inclement blasts of this wicked world, where they may have to undergo, Igins, the misapprehension of the ignorant, to suffer, Lamprey, from the neglect of the dull, or be wounded, Dawson, by the malevolence of the envious——"

" Oh! mille murther!" exclaimed Dawson in his deepest brogue; " as sure as life, you're going to publish a volume of fugitive pieces, and that's a bit o' the preface. For heaven's sake, doctor, and out of regard to your family, don't make such a fool of your ould self. Ye might as well take to play-actin' at once."

" Read! read! order!" exclaimed Igins and myself, and the doctor again went on.

" LAMENT OF AN OLD MONTE-ALLEGRO-ITE.

Ye dear old walls! how joyous
  In brighter days of old,
A streamlet basking in the sun—
  My simple childhood rolled.
I have been glad in manhood,
  With fiercer joys since then—
Glad with the sober joy of age,
  But happy!—ne'er again.
I love ye. How I love ye!
  Where'er my feet may roam,
Hearths of my buried fathers!
  My childhood's happy home!"

" Stop! stop!" said Dawson. " I object——"

" Order! order! chair! go on! silence!" burst tumultuously from the rest of the audience, and the doctor resumed.

" The sun, o'er thresholds lonely,
  His morning radiance flings;
There are no hearts to welcome in
  The gladness that he brings."

" O man alive!" again interrupted Dawson. " To think of babbies openin' the door and askin' the sunbeams to walk in."

Again our indignation was strongly manifested at this breach of decorum. The doctor declared it quite destroyed the pathos of the passage. Dawson cried peccavi; and promised, if possible, to hold his tongue. The doctor cleared his throat, and proceeded.

"The sun o'er thresholds lonely
His morning radiance flings—
There are no hearts to welcome in
The gladness that he brings.
Of those that watched his coming,
In childhood's simple glee,
Some sleep, and some are weary-old,
And lone, and sad, like me.
And towards ye some are sighing
Beyond the ocean's foam—
Hearths of my buried fathers!
My childhood's happy home!"

"Well, that's not so bad," said Dawson.

"I cannot bear to see ye
Amid the garish day,
But when the moonbeam's silver light
Falls on ye cold and gray,
It soothes my spirit's sorrow,
And cools my burning brow,
To commune, 'mid the dew's chill tears,
With friends that are not now;
And page by page to wander o'er
The leaves of Mem'ry's tome.
Hearths of my buried fathers!
My childhood's happy home!"

"Have you done, doctor?" said Dawson.

The doctor nodded affirmatively.

"And may I speak now?"

There was a similar response.

"Well, then, I don't admire the composition at all at all; and for this simple rason, that it's not natural. Can any livin' bein' imagine a Monte-Allegro man so sentimental?—a fellow with not brains enough to count how many grains go to a carline, who has little more feelin' than that of hunger or thirst like the cattle that he tends, who is content to vegetate in filth, and spends his holidays sleepin' in the sunshine. I can fancy him grumblin' at the fleas when they're *very* troublesome, or he would, I dare say, be sulky enough if put on short commons with regard to his macaroni; but as to anything about moonbeams, or sunbeams, or the hearths of his fathers——"

"My dear Dick, all that is no more than the usual liberty allowed to the imagination."

"Well, in this case it's a very great liberty, indeed."

"It's a poetic fiction," said the doctor."

"It's a bouncer!" said Dawson.

ABSURDITIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

To rise early on a cold morning when you have nothing to do.

Not to go to bed when you are sleepy, because it is not a certain hour.

To stand in water to your knees fishing for trout, when you can buy them in a clean dry market.

Curates, younger brothers, &c., marrying out of hand; and when they find themselves with a numerous progeny, lamenting the severity of their lot, and abusing bishops, elder brothers, and patrons of all denominations for not providing for them.

Men committing suicide to get rid of a short life, and its evils, which must necessarily terminate in a few years, and thus entering upon one which is to last for ever, and the evils of which they do not seem to take the wisest method of avoiding.

People of exquisite sensibility, who cannot bear to see an animal put to death, showing the utmost attention to the variety and abundance of their tables.

The heir of an avaricious uncle paying him the compliment of the deepest mourning.

The lovely widow of a cross old man wearing weeds; and the gay survivor of a rich old shrew being particular in the choice and display of his weepers.

In humble life a female of the frail sisterhood, forsaken by her seducer, and left without any alternative, shall be scouted from society; while the noble and wealthy, without any apology but vicious passions, shall be courted and received. Nay, if you whisper a reflection upon their virtue, you shall be indicted for a libel, or challenged by her father or brother, and shot through the body.

To buy a horse from a near relation, and believe every word he says in praise of the animal he is desirous to dispose of.

A man shall curse and swear at his groom or his tailor; but in polite company nothing so vulgar as an oath shall escape his lips.

To suppose that every one likes to hear your child cry, and you talk nonsense to it.

The perpetual struggle of affectation to pass for an oddity.

Old men affecting the gaiety and gallantry of youth—young men assuming the gravity and sanctity of age.

To the loss of time and money at the card-table to add that of your temper.

Many members of the community think proper to have peculiar religious opinions and prejudices, and are unmolested therein, and yet complain that the state, which represents the community, should have its peculiar religion, and protect it by political regulations.

An honest thriving soap-boiler imagines he has a talent for public speaking, commences orator, and cannot comprehend, after many a speech, why the government does not become better, nor why his business has become worse.

You have a dozen children with different dispositions and capacities, and you give them all the same education.

To send your son to travel into foreign countries, ignorant of the history, constitution, manners, and language of his own.

To tell a person from whom you solicit a loan of money that you are in want of it.

You lie in bed till eleven, take a luxurious breakfast, lounge about your park, return to a sumptuous board at seven, play at cards till midnight, eat heartily again at supper, and wonder that you do not enjoy a perfect elasticity and health of mind and body.

To call a man hospitable who indulges his vanity by displaying his service of plate to his rich neighbours frequently, but was never known to give a dinner to any one really in want of it.

You indulge your child in an unlimited passion for fine clothes and good living, and are afterwards shocked at his being a coxcomb and a glutton.

To put out one's fire on a given day of the year, though cold easterly winds should blow.

That any man should despair of success in any the most foolish undertaking, in a world so overstocked with fools.

That men and women should seriously undertake the office of godfathers and godmothers, without any intention or even a possibility of performing the duties of them.

Such a man is indebted to you in a large sum of money, and has no means in possession or in prospect of paying you—that it may be utterly impossible for him to earn it by his industry, you immure him in a prison for the remainder of his days.

You make a very foolish match, and gravely ask a judicious friend his opinion of your choice.

To suppose that all men in public life must be actuated by corrupt or interested motives.

Two armies, who know not even the cause of quarrel, previously indulging in the work of slaughter on the sound of a trumpet and on beat of a drum, instantaneously stopping and reciprocally performing every act of kindness.

The property of a *felo de se* is confiscated—so that for his vice and folly an unoffending infant family may be rendered beggars as well as orphans.

A man of superior talents and accomplishments is always pronounced conceited by the clowns who cannot understand him.

With all the experience of the vicissitudes of fortune and the decline of empires, to think our own immortal.

You subscribe yourself to a correspondent whom you care little for, or perhaps absolutely dislike, " Most truly yours."

To lend money to a man whose friendship you are desirous to preserve.

To desire the chambermaid of an inn to air your sheets, or the ostler to feed your horse.

To ask a wine-merchant how long his wine has been in bottle, To be passionate in your family, and expect them to be placid.

To buy a ticket in the lottery.

To salute your most intimate friend when he is walking with any very great man.

To think every one a man of spirit who fights a duel.

To doubt what travellers report, because it contradicts our own experience, or surpasses our own conceptions.

To pronounce those the most pious who never absent themselves from church.

To take offence at the address or carriage of any man, with whose mind and conduct we are unacquainted.

Not to be profoundly deferential to a quarrelsome man.

Not for the world would you miss the opera—and you do not understand one word of Italian, nor one note of music.

To expect punctuality from an idle man.

You are a well-informed man, and fluent in conversation—on the strength of these qualifications you stand up in your place in parliament, and presume to speak.

In a severe paroxysm of gout, you determine never to commit excess again.

To laugh at the appearance or manners of foreigners, to whom we must appear equally ridiculous.

To suppose that a man who lives with ministers and courtiers in private, must be acquainted with secrets of state.

When you travel to insist on English fare, and not make your stomach a citizen of the world.

The most dull and sleepy of a numerous family is usually ordained.

To praise a woman's complexion before you have washed her face, or her figure before you have taken off her gown.

To sell out of the army at forty, and turn tanner.

To think for yourself, and declare your real opinions in every society you frequent.

Not to think the man an impudent fellow who boasts of his humility.

To discontinue dealing with a tradesman to whom you owe a large sum of money which you are unable to pay.

To congratulate a hypochondriac on his good looks.

To tell a confirmed beauty that she looks much better than she did the last season.

To praise a daughter just come out, in the presence of her handsome mother of five-and-thirty.

To give advice to, or argue with, a fool.

To occupy the attention of a large company by the recital of an occurrence interesting to yourself alone.

To ask advice of a man who has always mismanaged his own affairs.

To furnish a library with the most expensive books, of which it is nót in your power to read a line.

To desire a postboy in Wales to drive faster.

To pronounce dogmatically upon the conduct of all our neighbours and acquaintances, and not to give them credit for knowing their own circumstances and views of happiness better than we can pretend to do.

To get up on a cold winter's morning to hunt a timid animal to death, and pronounce ourselves rational and benevolent beings.

To see your agent amassing a large fortune, and suppose him to be honest and your tenantry happy.

To allow great actors the privilege of new-modelling the language, and of pronouncing it ridiculously.

To expect that your friends will remember you after you have thought proper to forget them.

To compose a speech for parliament, get it carefully by heart, and expect to be esteemed a great orator.

To call for bed-chamber candles at twelve o'clock, and remark to your friend, on a visit, that you forgot to ask him if he ever took supper.

Not to wear a great-coat when our joints are aching with rheumatism, lest we should be thought delicate.

A young parson thinking to recommend himself to a profligate patron by imitating his vices.

The more absurd an opinion is, the more pertinaciously it is adhered to.

Fasting on turbot and lobster-sauce.

To overrate our pretensions when we really are not devoid of merit.

To make the grand tour, and associate only with your own countrymen.

You cannot keep your own secret, and expect that another should do so for you.

You flatter the passions of the populace, and expect to be popular all your life.

To subscribe to any indefatigable collector for public charities, who has no visible means of subsistence.

Not to drink when you are thirsty, or eat when you are hungry.

To give any man wise in his own conceit, or superior to you in life, a candid opinion when he asks your advice.

To indulge in all manner of excess and vice, and imagine yourself cunning enough to conceal it from the world.

To fancy yourself a poet, because you can write verses.

Not to flatter the weaknesses of every man from whom you want a favour.

To persecute sectarians by way of extinguishing them.

The daughters of poor curates and farmers playing on the pianoforte and reading French novels.

You get into a bad line of inns, travelling, and quietly submit to the pleasure of your postboys.

To affect to be a man of pleasure and business at the same time.

To live fifty years, and be surprised at anything.

THE COURTIER OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.[1]

BY MRS. C. GORE.

CHAPTER IX.

Five years had elapsed from the memorable period to which Lady Lovell still continued to revert, as the commencement of her time of tribulation. The Protectorate was now established; and saving when some imputation of a royalist or popish plot condemned new lives to the gibbet, and new lands to sequestration, the very name of Charles Stuart seemed scarcely to be had in remembrance in the land. Though the people of England had seen the liberties confirmed to them by their great charter more scandalously violated by the self-styled upholders and reformers of the law than under the despotic sceptre of Charles the Martyr, they had learned to crouch to the lash; piously submitting to drink the vinegar and hyssop presented to them under such plausible pretences of divine sanction and grace.

But though the captivity of the nation seemed ordained, the time was come for Anne Lovell's emancipation from her dutiful thraldom. Her poor lethargic parent now slept to wake no more. Within a few months after his daughter's attainment of her majority, Mr. Heneage was laid in the parish church of Dalesdene, beside the fair young wife whom he had been so strangely sentenced to survive. On the occurrence of this event, it was the express desire of Lady Lovell that she might be left in unmolested solitude for the space of a month following the funeral; a ceremony which, unsought by the survivors, was honoured by the presence of the local magistrates, in deference to the good citizenship of a man whose estates contributed so largely to the maintenance of government, and who (paralytic and idiotic) opposed no obstacle to its course. But, at the expiration of the four appointed weeks, Master Wright proceeded as usual to the Grange,—prepared to deliver to its young mistress his opinions and provisions touching the further ordering of her career.

But scarcely had he entered her presence, than the old notary discovered that he was there simply to receive the signification of her own; that the high-minded young woman of one-and-twenty was never more to be argued from her noble purposes into the narrow path of expediency.

"Having resolved to quit a spot wherein I have endured so many painful trials," said she, in a firm and composed voice, "let me be the first to inform my venerable friend that it is my intention to take up my abode at Lovell House. It is not fitting that so fine a seat should fall to ruin and decay. The sentence of banishment against Lord Lovell is for life. He hath repelled, as you well know, with scorn and indignity, our written offers to place the estate under his control by nominal redemption—the sequestration of his whole ancestral property having rendered all other means unattainable; and it is now my purpose to do honour to the name which (perforce) I wear, by maintaining fitting state and grace in the family mansion. Your wise counsels have, I trust, in some degree instructed me in ordering of my affairs; and yet the only regret I experience in quitting this ill-omened home of my youth, is the knowledge that it will remove me from the neighbourhood of my second father. To say to the aged tree, 'Uproot thyself, and come with me to overshadow my new dwelling,' were, I know, a mockery. Nevertheless, chambers will be set apart for you and yours at Lovell House; and if in its abandonment you will deign to find your summer pastime at the Grange, the old place will be kept up, to remain henceforward at your disposal. It will rejoice me that the faithful friend of my father and grandfather should occupy Dalesdene in my room."

---

[1] Continued from vol. xxii. p. 400.

Lady Lovell paused, overcome by emotion; but she would neither listen to the good man's thanks for securing a Goshen to his old age, nor to his remonstrances touching the cheerless life she must lead in a mansion like Lovell House, to which her present household establishment was wholly inadequate."

"You mistake my purpose," replied Lady Lovell. "It is my intention to adapt my modes of life to the limits of my noble fortune. My fate has been unhappily appointed; but all the happiness I am ever to enjoy—all the duties I am ever to fulfil—are as much within my grasp at present, as ever they will become hereafter. Twelve months shall I devote to do homage to my father's memory; after which time, look to see me assume the place which I should occupy, were Lord Lovell already numbered with the dead."

For a moment the old man experienced some alarm at this announcement. His knowledge of the frivolous nature of womankind tempted a passing apprehension of purposed levity. But he soon checked himself with self-rebuke, on calling to mind the unerring prudence of Lady Lovell's afflicted career—her nobleness—her generosity—her forgiveness of injuries—her sympathy with the wants, miseries, and frailties of her fellow-creatures. She stood beside him, in her beauty and serenity, a superior being; and when, on the day appointed for her departure from the Grange, he saw her followed to the verge of her estate by the prayers and benedictions of the people among whom, from childhood, she had abided, he was fain to confess that their tears bore witness to her excellence. Not even her farewell benefactions could reconcile the poor people to the idea of losing sight of their guardian angel.

Lady Lovell, meanwhile, had affectionately declined the old gentleman's escort to Lovell House. She even ordered her measures for Mistress Corbet to remain some hours behind her at the Grange, so as to enable her to reach her new residence unaccompanied. Not that she indulged in the puerile vanity of wishing to present herself potentially to the people over whom her rule was appointed, and who, for years past, had loved her as an unknown benefactress; she wished only to enjoy unobserved the emotions likely to arise from her inauguration—the emotions of the contemned wife of a banished husband, about to consecrate her life to the fulfilment of duties in which choice and necessity alike forbade his participation.

Ten years before, she had visited the place, a wild, gamesome girl, accompanying her father in a visit of ceremony to the roof of his only friend, the formalities of which had been pain and grief to the insubordinate Anne. Yet, long as was the period intervening since that week of penance, every circumstance and every feature of the spot was indelibly impressed upon her memory. It was the only mansion, besides her own dull house, with which she was familiar. She remembered the stately hall; the old tapestry of the corridors, to the grim figures of which she went childishly curtseying along as she retired with Dame Audrey for the night; the armoury, the chapel, the falconry, and above all, a certain canal, embanked by a certain terrace, from whence, but for the uncouth aid afforded by her playmate, young Lovell, she must have slipped into the waters below, one day when they had escaped by stealth from the house, and were enjoying the graceless sport of pelting the old gray carp with quinces from an equally venerable tree, that twisted its hoary arms at one extremity of the canal.

She remembered, even now, the fierce reprimand they had jointly undergone from the imperious Lady Lovell, who chanced to encounter the young truants as, dripping and exhausted, they stole back to the hall. She remembered how the dear good lord had stood their advocate when their misdemeanour was recounted to the circle in the saloon, into which they were dragged for reprehension and judgment. She remembered—she remembered—there was no end to those trivial but precious recollections!

She had purposely evaded the demonstrations of welcome, (which she was forewarned by Elias Wright her tenants were anxious to make in her honour,) by arriving at Lovell House several hours previous to her announcement; so that, when her old-fashioned equipage rolled into the park, the peasantry had not yet gathered together for the purposed procession.

"Let them not suppose me ungrateful," was her apology to her auditor, Master Shum, who came to tender his respects, as she entered the hall. "But the mourning dress I wear, and the respect due to the memory of the great and good man who last inhabited these walls, ought to forbid all tumultuous show of rejoicing."

Touched by this homage to the memory of his beloved lord, the gray-headed steward who was attending them quitted her in tears. All preparation of mirth and music was abandoned; and the lady was left, as she desired, to wander alone through the deserted galleries of the house, to seek the well-recollected saloon, the garden, the terrace, the all and everything that spake audibly to her soul of times of old.

For one circumstance, however, Lady Lovell had not prepared herself. Above the mantel-piece in that very saloon hung a portrait of her old playmate, limned at the instance of his adoring mother by the immortal Van Dyck—one of those speaking pictures, to which that matchless painter had the skill to impart a life-like resemblance, combined with an air of spirit and nobleness, in which the original might be deficient. Like the Creator of mankind, it was in the image of his own genius, that the artist had fashioned his work.

Alone with that breathing canvass, Lady Lovell stood riveted to the spot. *There*, then, was the living object of all her reveries, all her hopes—the origin of all her sorrows, the source of all her humiliation! *There* was the lofty brow of him who disdained her—the glowing, the impressive, the commanding face by which, when seated by his side, she had been made to shrink into herself. She saw nothing of her old playmate in the picture, nothing of the scapegrace, the snarer of squirrels, and pelter of carp. It was her bridegroom!—the fiery youth, who, rebelling, even while he obeyed, against his father's mandate, had loathingly accepted her hand as a ransom for the prosperity of his king, and a pledge of his own inauguration into the loyal toils of war.

All the woman was roused in her heart as she gazed and gazed upon the picture, and the tears suffusing her eyes were alternately sweet with tenderness, and bitter with indignation. But what a prize had she obtained in an object thus capable of calling into existence the dearest emotions of her soul! What had the desolate walls of Dalesdene to boast of, comparable with that talisman of power?

Spell-bound by the charm, she stood contemplating the picture,—exquisite as a work of art,—priceless as a personal memento,—till she had made even its slightest details familiar to her eye; the very shaping of the satin vest and cloak of velvet, the very turn of the flowing feather gracing the beaver, held carelessly by the hand of the distinguished youth; when, as if she had gazed till gazing left her nothing further to recognise, she turned slowly away to quit the chamber. But no sooner had she reached the door, than, with a deep sigh, she retraced her steps, and took her station as before, having first assured herself, by glancing towards the windows and recesses of the chamber, that she was safe from the watchfulness of prying eyes. It was not till nearly an hour had elapsed that Lady Lovell found herself bending her steps along the stately gravel-walks intersecting the Dutch garden, which reached to the windows of the southern frontage of the house, while the green slopes of the park were overlooked by the porch of entrance that adorned the northern façade towards the terrace and canal, which, as she rightly recollected, formed the western boundary of the parterres. Nothing had been changed there since the period of her first visit. At that time the troubles of the times had left little leisure, either to king or subject, for the adornment of their native Sparta; and from the disastrous epoch which had placed the domain under the control of Heneage's daughter, it was her command that not a stone should be moved, or a shrub uprooted on the spot. The strictest order had been preserved; the gardens were in the most trimly array. It was not with Lovell House as with the sober herbary at Dalesdene Grange. All the horticultural arts and secrets transplanted from the fair gardens of St. Germain du Laye by the queen-mother had been borrowed from Hampton Court by Lady Lovell, the daughter of one of Henrietta Maria's most favourite courtiers; and now, in the propitious month of June, the roses of Provins and Puteaux were intermingling their luxuriant blossoms with the heavy heads of rich carnations and fragrant clusters of many-coloured pinks and gillyflowers. So sweet, so variegated, so brilliant, was the aspect of the flower-garden, that nothing short of the attraction of happy reminiscences would have directed the steps of the lady up the ascent of the old terrace. Foreign to the design of the garden of which it formed the boundary, and to feed whose fountains the embanked reservoir was intended, nothing had been done for the adornment of the spot. All—all was as of old! The old gray carp still lay basking in the limpid waters; a collection of curious reeds, cultivated at one extremity, were throwing up their feathery bloom into the sunshine; and though the old quince-tree at the further extremity revealed at present no mellow fruitage amid its denser summer verdure, there was in compensation the exquisite fragrance of a low hedge of sweet brier and honeysuckles that skirted the canal, having been planted on the spot in consequence of the escapade of Arther and Anne, in order to preserve both Lord Lovell's aged carp and juvenile visiters from further misadventure.

"I shall be happier here than in Rutlandshire," mused Lady Lovell, when, after a prolonged sojourn on the spot, she bent her steps, with flushed cheeks and in a softened mood of mind, through the fragrant dusk of a June evening towards the house. "The grounds of Dalesdene lie too low for health; this place hath a freer air—a drier site. That fine old library promises ample funds of entertainment. Yes! I shall be more cheerful here than in Rutlandshire."

Nor were these comfortable prognostications disappointed. Both the lady and the lady's household rejoiced in the change. Old Gervas had lost, by the death of his infirm master, his occupation at Dalesdene, and was glad to quit the place; while Mistress Corbet and Dame Audrey gloried in beholding their beloved charge intent upon assuming at least the outward tokens of her noble condition.

"Since this hateful marriage must needs hang like a clog of lead upon her young existence," said the good gouvernante to Elias Wright, at the old notary's first visit to their new residence, "let her at least enjoy the worldly honours of her position. In these kingless and courtless times, small account belongs to titles of worldly distinction, but personal recreation need not therefore be unattainable. While the Protector amuses his leisure by playing the charioteer with his team of Friesland horses in Hyde Park, surely my Lady Lovell may be permitted to enjoy her rides a-coursing on Black Maud, or divert herself with repairing and re-establishing yonder ruined mews, without offence in the eyes of God or man. The sport imparts vigour to her frame, and cheerfulness to her mind."

"It may serve at least to distract careful thoughts," interrupted the good old man; "she was ever a mad rider. Before your precepts had trained the wilful child into the gentle woman, I have seen her drive her father to distraction, good sooth, by clearing the hedge as neatly as the best foxhunter in the shire. Long may she content herself with such pastimes! Even sobered as city life hath become under the guidance of the Lord Protector, I were loth that this fair and friendless creature should be tempted Londonward by the perilous pleasures of the capital."

CHAPTER X.

For three years or more after the inauguration of Lady Lovell, did the prayers of her worthy ex-guardian prove propitious. The heaviness of mind arising from the daily spectacle of her father's miserable plight, had given place to the impulses of cheerfulness and health. Sufficient excitement awaited her in the delight of promoting the welfare of those committed to her care; and in due time she resumed her former occupations and studies. Virgil, though venerated as an ancient friend, was made to yield his place upon her favourite bookshelf to the sterling poets of her own country; and with Shakspeare and Spenser, Milton and Marlowe, she associated those minstrels of France, whose witty lucubrations were at that time scattered upon the princely court of Louis XII., like sparks from some glittering firework. Graver studies were not wholly neglected; but though theology and philosophy had their share in her respect, as well as their allotted stations in the old library, it may be inferred that so bright an eye lingered oftener on the fascinating pages of the Arcadia, or the biting verses of Despréaux, than on the rugged records of spiritual controversy, or the doctrines of the schools.

Old Elias Wright was sometimes heard to enlarge, on his return to his prime domicile at Oakham, upon the miraculous gifts of the accomplished lady, whom he represented to his wondering granddaughter as transcending the fair and hapless pupil of Roger Ascham. He announced her as uniting the learning of Lady Jane Grey with the piety and discretion of the matrons of Holy Writ; and it was precisely while indulging in one of these eulogistic rhapsodies, that, on the eve of one of his occasional visits to Northamptonshire, the old gentleman was startled by the perusal of the following epistle.

" *Lovell House, Oct.* 4, 1657.

" In the expectation of my dear old friend's arrival on Friday next, according to engagement, I feel it an act of justice to apprize him that he will find settled, if not exactly under my roof, at least 'within my gates,' a military officer, a gentleman of ancient descent, to whose domestication with me he may perhaps be moved to take exception. Lest, however, the intimation should determine him in tenderness of conscience to deprive me of the society of my sweet young friend Hope, (whom I hereby remind him of his promise to have with us as a sometime guest,) I must be permitted to assure my kind guardian that, though known to the country round, the domiciliation of my new friend at Lovell hath produced neither scandal nor disapproval. My neighbours seem to coincide in my opinion that my deserted condition leaves me at full liberty to select my fireside companions.

" Before you pronounce a different opinion, dearest sir, see and judge for yourself. I prognosticate that on this, as on other occasions, you will not have courage to find fault with the domestic arrangements of your faithful friend and loving ward,

" A. LOVELL."

Profoundly grieved by the levity with which this fearful backsliding from her eminence of virtue was announced, old Elias determined to persevere in his plan of visiting the unfortunate culprit, not with any purpose of misplaced leniency, but in order to bestow upon her the admonitions which, in spite of her emancipation from his authority, he felt entitled to offer to the daughter of his friend. He could have wept over her fall; but for the recollection of having sometimes seen her humour inspired by gleams of her former childish mirthfulness, so as to induce the hope that she might be making sport of his credulity.

Nevertheless, as his two granddaughters were now under his control—his aged partner having sunk before him into the grave—the prudent Elias bestowed his pretty Hope and Rachel with their uncle Shum, rather than hazard their encounter at Lovell House with some disbanded captain, one of the locusts by which, since the cessation of the civil wars, the country had to its cost been overrun.

For the first time since the settlement of Lady Lovell in Northamptonshire, Elias approached the gates of Lovell House with a feeling of reluctance. The very pacing nag on which he had oftentimes before performed the little journey seemed to participate in its master's repugnance, being fairly knocked up before he reached within five miles of his destination; so that it was a welcome sight when he descried on the high road the coach and six with its outriders, which announced that his dutiful charge had either come or sent before to do him honour. He trusted that the equipage alone had been despatched to meet him. The feelings of pain and embarrassment with which he saw the velvet footstep let down, advised him of the anguish of spirit he should experience on beholding, in tarnished glory, the hitherto peerless and unblemished Anne.

Happily for his self-possession, she was alone in the spacious coach—she had not insulted her venerable monitor by the presence of her minion. Grieved, however, was he to behold how little her countenance was abashed by the consciousness of shame. Her bright eyes shone more resplendent than ever. Her coral lips unclosed more frequently to disclose her pearly teeth and adorn her cheek with dimples; and as to her deportment, it was alternately that of a wood-nymph and a queen! The finely developed form of Lady Lovell now attested the zenith of womanly beauty; and her face was bright with genius as the earth with summer sunshine.

Master Wright had premeditated to launch, the first moment of their meeting, into the subject uppermost in his thoughts; but this point, he soon discovered, lay not at his own discretion. The moment he was seated by her side, his fair companion opened upon him one of those batteries of female loquacity which, though reserved like certain other batteries to be fired off on occasions of public display, are as unsilenceable as more warlike engines. Her ladyship had news to relate how the Dowager Lady Lovell (compelled two years before to fly from England by the sequestration of her Shropshire estates) had taken refuge in a convent of Ursulines at Bruges, wherein her unquiet spirit was creating such broils as to call down the interposition and reprimand of the archbishop. Then, ere Elias could interrupt her with inquiries touching the sources of her information, she beset him with prattle of the latest news from court; the approaching marriages of the two daughters of the Protector with the Viscount Fauconberg, and the grandson of Oliver's faithful friend the Earl of Warwick—predicting from these concessions to the aristocracy, that the kingly crown recently rejected by his highness would not always be so coldly repulsed.

"It seems that Whitehall is becoming almost as censorious and full of prate as in the rampant days of monarchy," said she, with a merry laugh. "How judge you of my lord protector's buffooning it so idly, as to thrust burning embers into the boots of his pretty playmate, old Ludlow, to punish him for his sluggardliness of a morning, when on a visit at Hampton Court? 'Once a man,' quoth the proverb, 'twice a child!' Methinks our godly governor inclineth anew to leading-strings."

After smiling away Master Wright's reprehensions of the rashness of her discourse, Lady Lovell secured herself further from his reprimands by relating the high festivities she had recently enjoyed with her noble neighbours at Apethorpe House—with her friends at Laxton Hall—and the worshipful knight at Barnwell Castle. "Presbyterian or episcopalian—royalist or leveller—I have not a neighbour whose door encloseth not hospitality at my coming," said she. "Nay, I sometimes progress so far as Kimbolton, Boughton, or Drayton Manor, to vary my cheer, and keep up friendly fellowship with those who mean me kindly. For what influence ought politics to obtain over the feelings of a poor weak woman, whose best of judgment availeth no further than the fattening of her turkeys, or cutting of her hay; and whose notions of good government are neither with those who did illegally slay a king, nor those who would unlawfully assassinate a chief magistrate! I would fain behold both more and less of liberty established in this island, than is likely to chance within half a dozen generations to come; and, conscious of the impotency of my aspiration, the name of king or kaisar, protector or parliament, never (save in colloquy with a friend so sure as my kind guardian) is suffered to escape my lips. Helpless as my poor father, my impunity lies in the same spirit of caution which influenced his blameless life. Even the rash and freespoken soldier with whom I pass my existence," added Lady Lovell, stealing an inquiring glance at old Elias, "is not privileged to broach the forbidden subject in my presence. We should else lead an ill life together."

The old gentleman, instantly laying hold upon the text, was about to commence his homily, when, as at that moment they entered the stately gates of the park, he was startled by perceiving, perched on a grassy knoll, yet half hidden in a thicket of feathery beeches—a modest mansion—a newly-raised erection, which might have been mistaken for an ornamental building intended to close some vista from the house, had not Lady Lovell, following the direction of his eyes, announced it to be the residence of her new favourite.

"I would ask you to stop with me on our way, and admire the elegance of an elevation designed by my accomplished self," said she; "but that I am pretty sure my friend must be at the great house, impatiently awaiting our arrival. Ay, there he is, in sooth, in my flower-garden, whipping off the heads of my hollyhocks with his riding wand, and taking advantage of his influence over my feelings, to play the spoiler."

Master Wright was now too indignant for words. When, lo! as he attempted to conceal his emotion by affecting to look forth and catch an early view of this libertine object of an unprincipled attachment, his eyes fell upon a figure scarcely less corpulent than that of his brother-in-law Hosea; while a red jovial face, set off to advantage by the jaunty feather of a slouched hat, scarcely in character with the half-military cut of his riding-suit, announced a Romeo of somewhat extraordinary presentment.

"Thou'st made good speed, sweet niece," cried a cheerful voice, as the old soldier advanced to hand Lady Lovell from her coach. "I expected thee not till dinner, and the last quarter hath not yet chimed o' the clock. Master Wright, my honest friend, I hold it a good day that enables me once more to clap hands with thee. Our last meeting chanced in an unseemly place, where, but for the aid of this good girl, I might until this hour have abided; or, I should say, her aid, backed by thy patient assistance in bringing me the last instructions of my poor brother in her behalf, whereby I knew that prejudices of my nephew and his brimstone of a mother were groundless, and that I wronged not the name of Lovell by accepting succour at her hands."

During this exposition, Master Wright found himself conducted between Lady Lovell and her frank-spoken but wordy companion through the porch into the great hall, where the latter, after pausing suddenly, and examining from top to toe what changes the lapse of five weary years might have affected in the person of the venerable notary, to whom he stood so largely indebted, exclaimed in a voice of gratitude, "Body o' me, but the air of the old Grange hath given thee the complexion of a spark of five-and-twenty! Thou'rt younger by half, man, than when thou didst wrangle so convincingly in my behalf with the Lords Commissioners at Westminster. My name's not Dickson Lovell, but thou art heartier than ever."

The alarms of the good old guardian thus happily brought to a conclusion, right glad was he to pledge a cup of welcome with the burly knight, to whom, on the expiration of the imprisonment to which his sentence was commuted, he had been the means of rendering important service; and Mistress Corbet, as she sat simpering over her knitting-needles during their half-hour of wearying for dinner, could not choose but admire the wonder with which Master Wright listened to Sir Richard Lovell's narrative of his niece's successful negociations with government for the rescinding of his sentence of banishment.

"Faith, the girl hath grown a finer diplomâte than old Cottington, and a better lawyer than Ned Hyde," cried he. "Were she a stauncher supporter of the hereditary principles of the House of Lovell, I should not mind proposing to make a chancellor of her, if ever the king should enjoy his own again. I'd wager the judgment under her ladyship's coif against all the wisdom housed under the wide wig of Harry Bennet!"

On the graver expounding of the chances and changes which had ended by fixing Sir Richard Lovell as a resident on the lands of his fathers, it appeared that the worthy gentleman had both taken and given disgusts at the court (if court it could be styled) of the exiled king. The freedom of his remonstrances with a youth, of whose boyhood he had been at one time governor, was received by Charles, *not* with the careless levity to have been expected from his habitual listlessness, but with a degree of resentment, inspired by the worthless woman who at that period exercised unlimited influence over his mind, and whose contempt of all decency, and offensiveness in the eyes of even his most devoted subjects, founded the groundwork of the old general's reprehensions.

"I loved the boy too well not to bear much at his hands," said Sir Richard, as he narrated, over a tall bottle of Rhenish, to Master Elias, the grievances which had stirred up his wrath; "more especially from knowing that it was as much as his kingship could manage out of his French pension, (scarce as much, by our lady, as would have kept the hounds of his royal father's kennel in meal,) to find himself in cloak and doubtlets, with a couple of crowns per diem for bread and board. But when I saw, forsooth, that the hussy Barlow was suffered to make game of my blunt bearing for his majesty's sport, and that Bob Sydney, Harry Jermyn, and who not, was listened to with complaisance, (let them use what hard terms they list,) while *my* slightest aspersion of blame was pished and pshawed away with the freest contempt, I got weary of wasting my years among a nation of *parly vous*, and a handful of countrymen who despised me; and as the king, on his departure from France to take up his abode at Cologne, made no motion to me to resume my service and follow him, I being left behind, like a needy bisognau, of whom he had no longer occasion, was entreated of Judge Lockhart, when he arrived in Paris as negociator betwixt the Cardinal and the Protector, to suffer him to pave the way for my return to my native country. That the concession was obtained without loss of honour to myself, be the name of Dick Lovell my guarantee! That it was obtained without loss of profit to Master Nolles's exchequer, be the noble advances made in my behalf by my good niece a sterling evidence!"

"Nevertheless, it was scarcely to have been hoped," replied the wary attorney, convinced that part of the truth was withheld from him by his bluff companion, "that the brother of the late Lord Lovell would consent to receive grace at the hands of his highness."

"Would you have had him consent to receive insults at the hands of a brainless boy?" cried Sir Richard, falling instantly into the snare. "Did not Charles Stuart (doubtless at the instigation of the arch-caitiff Hyde) presume to propose to a loyal servant of his sainted father, a faithful son of his native country—did he not presume, I say, to propose to *me*, Dick Lovell, the Wors'ter man, to become fellow-cutthroat and brother-stabber with such bravos as Sexby and Syndercomb? 'Twas well for his majesty that I bore the offence against my honour with no worse reproof than snapping my sword asunder, and throwing it at his feet. But, thanks to the babbling of Mistress Lucy, the thing got wind; and so it fell out, that when the court moved to Cologne to make way for the emissaries of the Protector, it left behind on the causeway some wagon-load or so of unpaid tapster's reckonings—some score or two of fatherless bantlings, and one Dick Lovell in a threadbare suit and patched hose, but without speck or blemish on his reputation."

"I could have sworn it!" cried the old notary, his eyes filled with tears. "Still the same high spirit that gave me so many wounds to salve over, ere I could manage to bring him in safety through the warder's gate."

"The caitiffs fancied, my good Master Wright," resumed Sir Richard, "that their 'killing no murder' had thrown dust in my eyes as in those of Gonthier's, to whose hot blood 'twas addressed by Master Titus, whom I shame me (damn him!) to call colonel. But, for myself, I was ever a crabbed hand at sophistry. Fighting in fair field is a trade accordant with my notions; but your assassins on political principles, (ay, even including Madame Judith and Madame Jael, of saintly memory,) I hold no better than any other gibbet-bird."

"And my young Lord Lovell?" interposed Elias, lowering his voice, though aware that three chambers' space lay between the eating-room and the favourite saloon of her ladyship.

"My nephew abideth still at Cologne," replied Sir Richard, bluntly.

"No offence having been offered him at the hands of the king," persisted Elias, "his lordship felt perhaps that there was none to be taken?"

"So would not have felt his noble father," cried the old general, smiting the table impatiently with his fist. "In my brother's time, an insult offered to any member of the house of Lovell was instantly felt and resented at its fountain-head. The honour of the family vibrated to him as to its centre. It was not my poor Lovell, (God bless him!) who would have remained boon companion and fellow-ruffler with the man, were he thrice a Stuart, and thrice a king, who could propose to a Lovell to embrue his hands in blood."

"There is as much difference of nature 'twixt the late and the present lord, as betwixt jet and ivory," quoth Master Wright, with a sorrowful sigh. "Would he, who was so loving and regardful a husband, even to the shrewish daughter of Lord Bristol, have left yonder sweet rose to wither unnoticed on the virgin-stem, a martyr to his disdains?"

"There lives not another gentleman in Europe beside my nephew capable of such ungrateful injury!" cried Lovell, "that (ta'en at a moment's disadvantage) the boy, prompted by his mother, may have been apt to resent a too arbitrary disposal of his hand, I can well understand. But that when, having looked upon the fairness of his young wife, and heard proof of her excellence—her forbearance with his vixen-mother—her prodigal care of his old profitless uncle—her goodness to his servitors, his tenants, his dependants—her unspotted prudence and modesty—(nay, I shall scarcely end if I come to make the catalogue of her admitted perfections!)—that knowing all this, I say, he should prefer to fling away the substance yet remaining to him, his youth, his honour, his renown, by emulating the vices of the prince, of whom he hath become the tag and parasite, is a thing to make mad those who have an interest in his welfare. I swear to you, good Master Wright, that since I have abided here, and been hourly witness of the good deeds of the sweetest and most mettlesome wench that ever stepped a coranto, or sat on saddle, scarce have I forborne a curse upon the delusion which keepeth young Lovell a slave to the meretricious attractions of a Parisian light o' love."

"And is it even so? Alas! for my want of charity, I did interpret as much!" ejaculated the old notary.

"Hush, hush!" cried Sir Richard, laying his finger on his lips, in token of caution. "Trusting that the chances of time may bring round happier prospects for the family, which, as matters stand, and in my presumptive heirdom, whereafter the ancient name of Lovell ceaseth to be, I have studiously concealed from my sweet niece my own bootless pains to bring her graceless spouse to a more becoming mood. Lady Lovell knows nothing, as I trust, of his misdeeds, and her noble concession of the net rent-roll of this estate, is, I fancy, now remitted to Cologne, where, since the departure of the court from Paris, the young libertine abideth.

"A noble concession have you rightly termed it, honoured sir," replied Elias Wright, "for by law (redemption by fine having been refused by his lordship) the last penny is solely and by clause of *ex-couverture* her own. Nay, sorely doth it go against my conscience, as trustee of the same, to observe that no sooner doth the quarterly payment reach her hand, than 'tis despatched to the agency of Messrs. Whitecross, of the Barbican, to be by them remitted to the exiled lord."

"To be lost at primero to the sauntering scapegrace of a king; or worse, to be lavished on laces and brocade in order that there may be a rival to the profligate prodigality of Bess Killigrew, Kitty Pegge, and the worshipful Mistress Lucy Walters!"

"Fie on it!" cried old Elias, lifting his hands and eyes with a look of consternation. "No wonder the Lord Protector hath ceased to take heed of the movements of a court, whose morals, being thus heinously misgoverned, entail upon Charles Stuart an obloquy fatal to all projects of restoration."

"Under your favour, master notary," cried Sir Richard, "Old Noll would do ill to withdraw his cognisance from the movements of a set whose motto is, 'Take and slay, for of the blood of an usurper the Lord absolveth thy hand!'"

A summons from Lady Lovell now invited them to the saloon; when, the evening being fair and mild, Sir Richard proposed to his lady niece that Master Wright should accompany them to visit his new abode.

"This wilful child," quoth the old general, (throwing on his beaver, and placing his arm in that of Lady Lovell, as though choosing to accept support from her rather than offer her the protection of his unwieldly feebleness,) "was pleased to opine that the old swashbuckler knight of Naseby and Marston Moor would scarce find his sufficient independence as a denizen under her roof. She willed me, in sport, to be my own master, without regard to the time and convenience of her dainty ladyship; and so hath she escaped, maybe, the filthy fumes of her nuncle's evening pipe, the ungodly ejaculations (Anglicé oaths) of his body servant, Sergeant Swatchem, whose profaneness defies mulct of church-session or the stocks of the quorum! —to say nothing of the ill-manners of Stark and Sturm, my two Flemish boarhounds, who, as you may perceive, await me yonder on the threshold, as if apprized of the boundaries of Dickon's Fort, whereto their mischiefs are by statute confined."

"My worthy guardian perceives also, I trust," added Lady Lovell, "that though provided with a sulking-den of your own wherein to pursue your whims and avocations, my dear uncle's word is a law at Lovell Court, even to her by whose hands he condescended to be raised to the power of legislation."

Sir Richard now hastened to exhibit to his venerable guest the admirable distribution of his snuggery; his cool chamber he styled his barrack-room, shaded by lofty beech-trees, that threw their smooth branches over the southern frontage of the house, hung with maps and charts, and a few choice specimens of armour, interspersed with curiosities, *then* really rare, trophies of the old soldier's Guiana and Jamaica voyages, removed by Anne from the hall of the family mansion, wherein, in happier years, they had been deposited. Close beside the fireplace, and within immediate view of the arm-chair of the general, hung miniature copies of Vandyke's stately portraits of his brother and nephew; but while Lady Lovell withdrew, (to speak a few kind words to the veteran sergeant, who was busy at his favourite occupation of digging in the little garden, which, anticipating the general's wishes, she had caused to be laid out in the rear of the house,) Sir Richard did not fail to remark, with an expressive wink to his companion, "Were it not in regard to yonder poor girl's feelings and the precept that 'Blessed are the peacemakers,' into the fire would go that noble-faced picture of my ignoble nephew. But the smallest of Nancy's gifts is dear to me, so even let it hang there, though the original deserves to hang elsewhere."

It was a happy night's rest that awaited the pillow of the good old notary. He had not courage to reprove his light-hearted ward for practising upon his credulity. It was not to be expected that, at buoyant three-and-twenty, Lady Lovell should intuitively assume the sober starchness which sat upon the pinched cap of Mistress Corbet. She had enjoyed her laugh at her guardian's expense, and Elias was not the man to grudge so innocent an indulgence to her whose sole enjoyment on earth was manifested in the promotion of the happiness of others. Nay, the very morrow brought convincing proof, if proof were wanting, of this tendency of her disposition. To the great amazement of Elias Wright, he found, on returning from a visitation to the different farms, in company with the resident steward and auditor, his nephew, Enoch Shum, that his two nieces and the major had been secretly brought over from Oakham, to meet him under the hospitable roof of Lovell House.

"Now that you are at ease in your mind, my honoured friend, touching the decorum of my household connexions," cried Lady

Lovell, laughing heartily, as she drew forward the blushing Hope and smiling Rachel, to be saluted by their startled uncle and agitated cousin, "I have ventured to secure the company of these damsels. Rachel shall be my guest so long as it pleaseth you to spare her from your solitary fireside. But of my young friend Hope prepare yourself to see no more, either at Oakham or Dalesdene Grange."

The whole party gazed wonderingly at Lady Lovell, uncertain to what new device this strange announcement tended.

"Young eyes and ears are in some matters shrewder than old," resumed the noble lady, still holding within her own the hand of young Mistress Wright. "It hath been whispered to me that between certain cousins, now in presence, there is so much liking as will determine my young Master Shum to seek in marriage the hand I hold, when by his industry he shall have achieved the means of maintaining a household. These means are henceforward his own. His stipend is from this day doubled—his limit of apartments at Lovell House extended to afford fitting residence to a wife who will become (your good leaves obtained) my daily companion. My dear friend yonder, Mistress Corbet, who looks on amazed at my proceedings, hath a child whom nature endows with stronger claims upon her affection than the grateful girl to whom she hath been a more than mother; yet hath she not courage to remind me that her son, recently a widower, hath appealed earnestly to his mother to come and preside over his helpless household. But finding me henceforth provided with fitting female companionship, my excellent friend will no longer feel reluctant to absent herself for a time from my roof, returning thither when peace and happiness shall be re-established in the home in which she is to plant the olive-branch. I will not talk to *you* of worldly interests, my precious mother," continued Lady Lovell, turning with a warm embrace to her gouvernante; "yours are provided for as becomes us both; and you may feel assured that Master Shum will be expeditious in forwarding the execution of the necessary deeds, since, till they are complete, not a pen-stroke shall be made towards the settlements disposing of the dower which, in addition to what her grandfather may be disposed to bestow, I offer to the acceptance of her whom I trust he will obtain the consent of his family to salute this moment as his bride."

To throw obstacles in the way of measures thus considerately projected, was not in the nature of those already so largely indebted to the bounty of Lady Lovell. Ten days afterwards, the wedding, albeit solemnised according to the Presbyterian ritual, was held with high festivities at Lovell House; and the honeymoon, spent by the young couple at Dalesdene Grange, was curtailed only by a few days, to enable Mistress Corbet to hasten her visit to the afflicted household of her son, a Chancery lawyer, of rising reputation, established in the city of Westminster.

Sir Richard, warmed by the spectacle of the general joy, was the life and soul of the gaieties arising from these well-assorted nuptials; but he could not help whispering aside to Master Elias Wright, upon the wedding-day, "Body o' me! but I scarce refrained from a tear when I beheld my niece conducting our pretty Hope with motherly care to the altar! Unless I saw awry (for which, God wot, the hour gave poor excuse,) there was a cast of care upon the brow of my Lady Lovell, avouching that the past had more share than the present in her passing thoughts. After all, friend Elias, the fairest flowers have canker in the bud. Light-hearted as at times she may appear, it would not surprise me that this good and gracious creature,—maid, wife, widow,—yet enjoying no privilege from either of her conditions, —were at heart as sad as night."

Such were the eventful destinies of the lovely woman described in the outset of our history. For though the domiciliation in her household of two persons of the age of Hope and her bridegroom became a guarantee for the extension of her sports and hospitalities, it was noted by the whole county that the bolder grew Lady Lovell's exploits in the field, and the more she strove to enliven the old hall with concerts of music and other delectable entertainments, the more noticeable became that absence of mind, which, in the midst of the throng, imparted vacancy to her eyes and imposed silence on her gentle lips.

It was only the veteran general, however, who obtained privilege to rally her upon these passing fits of sadness. Yet even he never presumed to advert to his suspicion that they arose from rumours of the libertine career of her husband.*

---

* To be continued.

THE BRITISH PATRIOT'S SONG.

BY THOMAS RAGG.

They talk to me of eastern realms, where the sun more brightly glows,
And earth is never visited with winter's driving snows,
Where the leaves are ever on the trees, the verdure's evergreen,
And many richer plants than ours thrive 'neath the lurid sheen;
Where fruits of every luscious taste are on earth's lap displayed,
And man can find repose from toil 'neath the talipot's thick shade,
And temples and pagodas, such as Europe never knew,
Upraise their heads magnificent into the heaven's deep blue.
They tell me of their riches too, their mines of beaming gold,
And the many precious stones that hide 'neath their luxuriant mould.
But their riches and their fruitfulness, oh! these are nought to me,
They ne'er can twine around my heart like the island of the sea.
We too have many precious fruits, and many verdant bowers,
And we can wander in the light of a thousand star-light flowers,
Our mines contain their iron ore, with which our sons of toil
Can purchase half their gleaming gold, and load them with the spoil:
And our chalky cliffs shall echo with the victor warrior's song,
While the winter's cold still serves to brace our arms in freedom strong.

They talk to me of classic lands, where the mighty deeds of old,
Of heroes and of demi-gods, were in the song enrolled,

Where science and philosophy first dawned upon the earth,
And the rites of smooth civility were earliest brought to birth;
Where man emerging into life from the flood that whelming lay,
On all the world, and swept its towers and palaces away,
Planted the earliest colonies, in love of freedom strong,
Nursed all the arts of war and peace, and awakened glory's song.
And the patriot's breast must fondly glow to think he treads upon
The heights of proud Thermopylæ or the plains of Marathon;
And the poet's thoughts must burn indeed upon the crooked strand
Where Agamemnon marshalled forth the pride of every land;
Or when he eager wanders over Scio's rocky isle,
Where Homer touched the harp-strings 'neath the epic muse's smile.
But we have had our Alfred, who a noble spirit bore,
Surpassed by none of Eastern race in the song-famed days of yore,
And we have had our bards as great as those of Greece and Rome,
And their scenes are not more dear than thine, my own, my island-home.

They tell of far Columbia, the new, the western world,
Where the banner bright of liberty in splendour is unfurled,
Where all the pomp of royalty is proudly cast away,
And freemen will not bend beneath a monarch's lofty sway.
There of the rights of citizens they eloquently tell,
And of that nation's potency whose sails all breezes swell;
They talk too of the abundance which is there for all that live,
And the cheapness of all earthly things which joy or comfort give,
While neither debt nor taxes steal the product of their toil,
Nor a race of haughty noblemen step in to take the spoil.
But their banner bright of liberty is marked with such a stain
Of negroes' blood as Freedom's sons in Britain would disdain;
And their citizens lay claim to rights which we should never yield,
Who seek o'er all alike to throw protection's sacred shield.
The taxes they declaim against to us less burdens seem,
While wealth into our island flows in such a ceaseless stream;
And their petty lords are despots, such as are not known in thee,
My own, my dear, my native land, home of the brave and free.

They talk too of Australia, where, from the desert won,
A vast extent of cultured lands now smiles beneath the sun;
And of fortunes gathered rapidly beneath that milder sky,
Where no extremes of heat and cold e'er riot or destroy.
And pleasant may the task be, man and nature to reclaim,
To train the savage wilderness, and the wilder spirit tame,
And still more pleasant must it be when riches crown our toil,
And the efforts of our struggling years are gilt with fortune's smile.
But that is not my birth-place—'twas not there I earliest drew
The breath of life, and smiled upon a thousand objects new;
It was not there I sported in my childhood's happy hours,
And gathered from the woods and fields unnumbered sparkling flowers;
It was not there love's pleasing dream across my spirit came,
While youth increased its tenderness, and manhood fed the flame;
It is not there my little ones beneath the green turf lie;
And could I bear so far from all that's dear to live and die?
So many ties indissoluble bind me to thy strand,
And I would lay my bones in thee, my dear, my native land.

Nottingham.

OF ABSENCE.

"Te dies, noctesque amo, te cogito, te desidero, te voco, te expecto, te spero, tecum oblecto me, totus in te sum."—P. A.

The first pang which absence inflicts upon us is, undoubtedly, in the positive act of separation—in the tearing asunder of the links which bound us to one whom we possibly love far better than ourselves; which tearing away cannot be effected without a certain quantity of pain, or without producing a wound which will not very easily heal. Then, when the separation has taken place, we mourn because we miss the much-prized presence in which we lately moved. We then look in vain for the smile which was wont to greet us, and for the kind word which was used to soothe us, for the gently stealing pace which had a music in itself, and for the hand-pressure which spoke more than words could do: and this is a positive and (if I may so call it) *physical* bereavement, and, as such, justifies us in our grief. But this is the sorrow with which we sorrow for the dead—for those whom we know that we may no more see—between whom, and us, the link has been clearly divided, cut away with a sharp knife, leaving a chasm which no hope can fill. Now, absence has other and greater griefs than these. It may appear paradoxical to say that hope *adds* to our sorrow, but so it is. When the torch of hope is quite extinguished, the darkness is, no doubt, at first great and drear; nevertheless the eye becomes accustomed to it by degrees, and the day comes sooner or later, when it forgets that there was ever such a thing as light; whereas, while the torch only burns dimly and in the distance, casting forth at intervals a sickly flash, which lasts but for a second, the attention continues fascinated and riveted to the feeble ray, and watches feverishly and longingly its rise and fall.

The peculiar sting, or rather gnawing of absence, seems to me, in the ignorance which we naturally experience of the doings, sayings, and thinkings of those whom we have left: in the feeling which

"Grows all too anxious,
Too much filled with vain regrets and fond inquietudes;"
L. E. L.

in the vague and misty idea which has superseded the vivid picture: in the liability under which we labour of (for want of knowledge) rejoicing when we should be sad, and weeping when we should be full of joy—in the quantity of life and existence which is spent apart; not so much because by this means there remains the less to spend, (although this is necessarily in itself a grief,) as because we feel an involuntary jealousy of that time having existed for him or her, and not having been ours. In the uncertainty in which we live—in the doubts which naturally beset us—in the degrading selfishness which makes us grieve on hearing that she from whom we are parted is joyful and gay—in the sickening of heart when day follows day, and week follows week, and month comes after month, and no letter, no token arrives to gladden our soul. It is in these moments that we sometimes call upon forgetfulness to come to our aid, and strive to cheat ourselves into a belief that we may wipe away the past as with a sponge, and begin our lives anew: futile attempt! The tree of memory is so firmly rooted as to defy the axe. Nothing but a slow and gradual decay will work its destruction. Coeval with the heart whose sap has nourished it, it withers with it, slowly and sadly, and only falls when the soil from whence it sprung is for ever parched and dried up. Madame d'Abrantes has somewhere said, "en peut se séparer d'une personne aimée, mais on ne l'est que *materiellement;* la pensée est un lien que rien ne saurait rompre." And this is true. Oblivion will not come at our call, and perhaps, if it would, we should act like the old man in the fable,* who cried out to death to release him from his toils, yet shrank from his presence when he appeared.

These are some of the pangs brought to us by absence, and I set them (in many cases) above those caused by a separation worked by death: in the one case the blow is heavy, but it falls but once: and though the bruise is severe, yet after a time it has nothing to do but to get well as quickly as it may; whereas, on the other hand, the wound which seemed far more light at first, continues to fester and inflame, and to poison, with its increasing irritation, the purest springs of life.

Nor is this all; for such is the weakness of human nature, that fear must ever accompany and add to our grief. Absence is generally considered, and not without reason, the great test of the affections. Who shall say that the feeling which now is, to-morrow will be? It is one thing to be a hot lover, full of sighs and oaths, protesting of constancy, while under the beam of his mistress' eye, and another to be the faithful watcher in a distant land, treasuring, with a painful joy, the memory of things gone past. Constancy, if by it be understood one undeviating devotion to the *eidolon* which we have set up, is not given to every one. There are a thousand things which may happen in the brief space of a month or year, which, in some constitutions, will change the whole current of the feelings, and render that indifferent which was once most dearly prized. Burton, that quaint old anatomist of the human mind, tells what he rightly calls a "pleasant story," out of Petrarch, of a young man, who, desperately loving a damsel who had lost one eye, was sent by his friends to travel, in the hope of weaning him from his ill-placed passion. On his return, meeting with the object of his pristine flame, he scarcely noticed her. She exclaiming with surprise, "Ego sum," he replied, "at ego non sum ego," I am no longer the same man; and forthwith questioned her how, and by what chance, she had lost her eye. "No," answered she, "*I have lost none, but you have found yours.*"

"Fuge littus amatus," is a medicine prescribed by the poet as likely to extinguish love; and the Grecian historian thought there were few passions from which a man might not be restored in an absence of a year.

---

* La Fontaine's Fables. Fab. xvi. liv. 1.

On the other side we have several beautiful examples of affection which has survived the deadening influence of absence, as well as the rude grasp of separation. Penelope, as sung by Homer, Imogene, one of the fairest of Shakspeare's fair creations,[*] Griselda, that most patient lady so infamously used by Saluzzo, and the fair Amanda,[†] who having sought her lover throughout the world, and at length meeting him, fell dead from joy in his arms. These are instances in which absence failed to show its usual power, but their very celebrity proves that, although beautiful, they are rare.

It was a custom in Britanny, a few centuries since, that when a maiden was betrothed, she should wear a veil over her features during the absence of her future lord, thus betokening grief and an indifference to the pleasures of the world: but on his return she went[‡] forth "au soleil comme une fleur, faisant jouir de la vue de ses attraits, et le ciel et l'amour." This might be well imitated in our days, wherein forms are too much neglected, not that as a mere exterior show it could be of much value, but as the outward form might tend to cherish and maintain a corresponding feeling within.

Shakspeare, in Sonnet 97, has beautifully chided absence, saying,

> "How like a winter hath my absence been
> From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
> What freezings have I felt—what dark days seen—
> What old December's bareness everywhere."

And indeed there are few who have not felt the force of the above quotation: who have not looked upon a world which, although teeming with all the riches of summer, has been a blank to them, whose fruits have been without savour, whose flowers without charm, and this only because *one* has been away.

Absence, however, does not always act equally upon the mind; there are times and moods in which we suffer much less from it than at others: for instance, "il est facile de s'éloigner de sa maîtresse,"[§] says a shrewd French writer, "aux deux extremités de la chaine qui nous lie: heureux où on a la confiance, irrité ou trahi on en prend le courage: mais dans la mobilité des impressions, dans la fièvre du doute, le sacrifice est au-dessus de nos forces." Unfortunately that "*fièvre du doute*" is what we chiefly live in, for, with the best dispositions towards trustfulness in the world, we cannot always free ourselves from a certain dread.

That the most fickle and volatile have sometimes bowed and wept beneath the spell of absence, biography affords us many proofs; Everard, better known as Johannes Secundus, having lost his love, desponded for awhile, and doubted whether

> "An calor hic alias possit sibi quærere sedes,
> Hactenus hunc certi, Julia sola tenet."[‖]

---

[*] See the Decamerone—Boccaccio.

[†] Sterne—Tristram Shandy.

[‡] Tristan le Voyageur.

[§] Grangeneuve. By H. Delatouche.

[‖] Joh. Secundus, Epist. Petro Clerico.

And more than this, being upbraided by a friend for his weakness in remaining on the spot where he had been betrayed, he made answer,* "She has left Mecklin, you say—what then?—*the impression of her feet remain*, and I shall be somewhat, at least, nearer to her."

That a temporary separation from those whom we love has been ordained as a merciful preparation for that great change which must one day be, is an idea which has pleased more than one writer. "Grieve not," says John, first Earl of Bristol, who wrote at the close of the sixteenth century—

"Grieve not, dear love, because we often part,
But know that nature kindly doth us sever,
Thereby to train us up with tender art
To brook the day when we must part for ever.

"For nature dreading we should be surprised
By that sad day, whose dread doth chiefly fear us,
Would keep us daily schooled and exercised,
Lest that the fright thereof should overbear us."

So also Donne, the satirist, some few years previously, had expressed a remarkably similar sentiment.

"Sweetest love, I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Or hoping that the world may show
A fitter love for me:
But since that I
Must die at last, 'tis best
Thus to use myself in jest,
By feigning death, to die."

And again, with a peculiar resemblance, and with a propriety of feeling seldom met with in the writings of the dramatic poets of that age, Pyramus to Thisbe, in an old play of that name, bearing date 1596—

"The sealed religion which I bear to thee,
Doth let my footsteps: do I leave thy sight,
It seemeth to me a foretaste of hell.
And yet 'twere good that we should skill ourselves
T' the *art* of parting; lest that marrowless death,
Knocking untimely at our gate, should find
Our souls unripe to leave our loves behind."

Z.

---

* Life of Secundus. Edition 1731.

A VOYAGE TO ST. KILDA.

Three days will now bring the English tourist from this huge metropolis of ours to the remote capital of the Scottish Highlands—the ancient town of Inverness. Once there, he may shape his course by sea or land to the depths of the mountain solitudes—those " Antres vast and deserts idle," where the sportsman loves to spend his superabundant energy, and—what is of more importance to Donald, if not to himself—his superfluous monies. The temptation of a steam-vessel making the voyage to St. Kilda induced me to strike " off west " last summer from Inverness—not to the Missouri or the Mississipi, but to the territory more solitary and less known even to Englishmen—

To utmost Kilda's shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds.

The first day conducts the traveller to the western extremity of the Caledonian canal, near Fort William. Next day he is at Oban, with its beautiful bay, wooded and rocky eminences, and the stately romantic ruins of Dunolly Castle.* Thence our vessel bent its course through the Sound of Mull. The scenery on either hand now became bold and striking to a high degree. The ruins of Ardtornish Castle, the mountains of Morvern, the harbour of Tobermory, almost sealed up by an island, evidently of volcanic origin—each in its turn attracted and gratified our admiration. As we rounded the point of Ardnamurchan the sky darkened, the summits of the mountains were shrouded in clouds, and the sea became rough and blackened, almost as if threatening a storm; while the screaming of numerous sea-fowls mingling with the deep cadences of the gale, added a wild vitality to the exciting and romantic scene.

The vessel worked her way bravely, stemming the gale, and flinging the waves aside from her finely moulded prows; and we held on our course past the rocky shores of Eig and Rum, till we approached the coast of Skye, when she steered for the spar-cave of Strathaird. We landed immediately, partly in our own boats, and partly in boats from the island, and commenced exploring the interior of that romantic cavern. The approach leads between two rugged cliffs of limestone, and the landing-place is much impeded by fallen masses of rock. The immediate mouth has been half built up, on penetrating which the real entrance appears, in the form of a stately Gothic arch. Following a path, which winds to the left among blocks of stone, we arrive in front of a steep ascent, crowned with a stalactitic incrustation, which, gleaming in the torch-light, bore an exact resemblance to a glacier or ice-clad rock, glistening in the sunshine. To the summit of this ascent we climbed with little difficulty, owing to the rough coating of the sparry incrustation; and beheld above us a lofty dome, white as alabaster, and adorned all around with stalactitic columns, and frost-work of the most beautiful fantastic forms and groupings imaginable. A descent similar to the acclivity which we had scaled, leads down to a deep pool of the most limpid water, fed by the incessant distillation from above, and yielding a clear view to the very bottom of the starry goblet, white as marble, within which it is contained. Hours might be spent in exploring the beauties of this enchanting cave; but I regret to state that it has been greatly injured, and is in the process of being still more by the rude hands of thoughtless visiters breaking off the pendent stalactites, and even the roughened knobs and projections which adorn its pillared structure. Even the guides, who should be the protectors of these natural beauties, show no reluctance to sell specimens, which they must have obtained by the same rude and nefarious spoliation; and in many places the whiteness of the walls and columns has been sullied by the flame and smoke of the torches held carelessly too close in displaying, or rather in destroying, that softened transparency which gave a peculiar lightness and elegance to all its other attractions. We left the spar cave with feelings of strong admiration, not unmixed with pain, and steered for the Coolin hills, in a bay adjoining to which we anchored for the night.

---

* Dunolly Castle was an ancient stronghold of the Macdougalls of Lorn, and the representative of that once-powerful family resides in a modern mansion close by the rugged ivy-clad fortress of his ancestors. Most of the Highland fortresses were built on jutting rocks and promontories, but few have such a commanding or beautiful situation as Dunolly. " A more delightful or romantic spot," says Sir Walter Scott, " can scarce be conceived, and it receives a moral interest from the considerations attached to the residence of a family once powerful enough to confront and defeat Robert Bruce, and now sunk into the shade of private life." The Brooch of Lorn, celebrated in the " Lord of the Isles," being a studded brooch said to have been left in his mantle by Bruce when pressed in personal combat by the followers of Lorn, is said to have perished in a fire which consumed a temporary residence of the Macdougalls of Lorn ; but it still lives in the strains of the poet, where it has attained a higher celebrity than if it had continued, without such commemoration, to beam for ages on the breast of Lorn.

The scene was shrouded in that twilight obscurity which is all the night experienced in these northern regions in summer. Some of the passengers, foreigners, were struck with this effect of a northern latitude, so different from what they were accustomed to observe. The partial indistinctness of vision added to the impression of the high mountain terraces on each hand; and as the evening was calm, and the water scarcely ruffled, the party spent several hours on deck. There was a military gentleman on board, and the son of a French colonel, and we had some interesting discussion on the respective merits of the French and English armies. Our countryman contended for the power of flogging in the army as a *dernier ressort*, which was necessary in grand cases of crime and insubordination. While men of all descriptions were admitted into the army, without a discretionary power being vested in the commanding officer, flogging was, he said, a necessary evil.

"But we have no such punishment in France," replied the other, "and the French army is inferior to none."

"True," rejoined the Englishman; "but your system of discipline is far more severe than ours. You imprison for one, two, and three years: you shoot a man if he strikes his officer. We have no such lengthened terms of punishment, and we never punish capitally in time of peace."

Both agreed in an opinion, which seems just, that the army would be raised in character by a power of dismissal being vested in superior officers; that as an honourable profession, affording the means of comfortable food and clothing, enlistment in the army might be rendered an object of interest, and even ambition, to a young man in the ordinary ranks of life, instead of being, as is too often the case, a badge of degradation, and a receptacle for the refuse of society; and that, when thus elevated in character by a simple but sure means, there would be no lack of respectable recruits to fill the ranks, and no necessity to have recourse to the harsh and debasing system of flogging.

Early next morning we went ashore, and bent our steps towards Corriskin. But what a scene now met our gaze! Around us towered mountainous cliffs of prodigious height, splintered, cleft, and pointed into a thousand wild and fearful forms; huge blocks of black granite lay scattered in all directions; down the rents that scarred the sides of the tremendous precipices, rushed many a rain-fed torrent, flickering in the sun, like waving lines of molten silver; and in the dark bosom of the Corri lay a *loch* as black and sullen in aspect as if its waves were liquid lead. Some of the party scaled the precipices by paths rarely trodden, returning by the bed of a mountain torrent at that time half lost in the chinks of its rocky channel; and for some time after their return were silent in the deep awe which the wild magnificence, the terrific sublimity of the scene, had cast over them.

After skirting several bold headlands, where cliffs of immense height rose sheer from the water's edge, and frowned over the vain chafings of the flood below, we stood for North Uist, and having got a pilot on board, steered safely round the rocky sound of Harris; and then bore away across the wide sea for St. Kilda. Here, again, we were met by a stiff breeze and a long heavy swell, through which we laboured steadily and even swiftly onward. This being Sunday, divine service was performed by a clergyman on board, the passengers and crew forming a considerably numerous and very attentive audience.

On the night of that day we reached St. Kilda, and entered within its bay; but as the wind blew right on shore, and the anchorage was unknown, the captain judged it best to stand out again, and cause the vessel to lie to in the offing. At daybreak we again entered the bay—a gun was fired, and the inhabitants were soon beheld running to and fro with the eager speed of extreme curiosity to gaze upon the unwonted form of the stately vessel, and to meet their visiters. No sooner did the boats reach the shore, than the natives hastened to assist them with the utmost alacrity. The mother-in-law of the minister of St. Kilda was among the passengers; and it was very pleasing to witness the warm and even extravagant expressions of delight with which they crowded round her, grasped her hands, and uttered their fervent welcomings. Only one of them appeared to be able to speak English, and he displayed the utmost readiness to conduct the passengers to the habitations on the island, and to point out whatever might excite interest or curiosity. The minister himself soon made his appearance, and was at least equally willing to bestow attention. He seemed a respectable man.

The natives of St. Kilda are undoubtedly placed in one of the lowest grades of civilisation. Like all semi-barbarous people, their sources of emotion are few, but the emotions themselves vivid and strong. Curiosity and wonder were depicted on their countenances in the most lively colours. The dresses of the ladies of the party called forth exclamations of surprise and delight. Sweetmeats, gaudy colours, and silver money, attracted equal attention; and some of them very speedily displayed considerable shrewdness in making what they thought a good bargain, in the sale of dogs, cheeses, brooches, &c., which the passengers were eager to purchase as memorials of the island. This proves them not deficient in natural capacity, however wanting in cultivation. In the latter respect, indeed, it is scarcely possible to imagine anything more deplorable. Their huts are of the most wretched description, resembling from a little distance a Hottentot kraal, except that they have not the regularity which marks the kraal.

Every hut is nearly inaccessible from the filth which lies before its door, consisting of putrid seafowl, and refuse of all disgusting kinds. The interior is scarcely better, consisting generally of two apartments, one being divided from the other by a rude partition of loose stones, within which is the dunghill, *which is also the bed of the wretched inhabitants*, and which is composed of alternate strata of feathers and long moss, new strata being added from time to time, as the others decay, and the whole gradually growing into a pile of manure, which is removed once a year to the tilled ground adjoining. The stench both inside and out, it may well be conceived, is intolerable.

The personal cleanliness of the islanders is upon a par with that of their houses. Their squalid attire, slovenly habits, and diminutive stature, give them a mean appearance; which is, however, somewhat redeemed by an expression of countenance considerably intelligent, and, when we saw them, lighted up with curiosity and kindness. There are about five or six different names indicative of different families among them; but, owing probably to their frequent intermarriages, their features have all what may be termed a family likeness. They marry young, yet their numbers do not seem to increase perceptibly, owing to the excessive mortality among the infants. *Out of ten children born, not more than one survives the ninth day.* This is caused probably, in a great measure, by the mephitic air which the new-born infant is compelled to breathe, and which absolutely poisons its tender lungs; together with the deleterious food, melted butter and milk, with which they are at first fed, instead of that nourishment with which nature blessed the bosom of the mother. Yet though they cannot shake off their pernicious habits, nature displays in them her own fine workings, despite their wretched customs. Every child which survives is regarded as a common boon, as might be seen in the eagerness which every female displayed to get into her arms any infant whose healthy appearance had attracted the favourable notice of the party, while the exulting looks and the appropriating embrace of the real mother spoke a language which could not be misunderstood.

The population of St. Kilda, at present, is just ninety-three souls, of whom forty-one are males and fifty-two females. Not much of the land is arable, and of that which is attempted, the style of culture is very unskilful. They grow a species of long-bearded black oats, barley, and potatoes; but the crop of weeds far surpassed that of grain, showing at once the tolerable fertility of the soil and the negligence of its cultivators. Their chief food seems to be seafowl; and their chief commodity of traffic the feathers of seafowl, which they catch very easily, and in great numbers, on the cliffs, with a long pole and a running noose. In this employment they consume the greater part of their time, which perhaps might be more profitably expended in the improvement of their habitations and the cultivation of the ground, if either their habits or their information should induce them to make the attempt. The church and parsonage are both respectable buildings, and their clergyman has resided among them some years; yet it does not appear that they are *progressing* much in civilisation. Surely England, while claiming to be the leader in every kind of civilisation, and the very patroness of all benevolence, while sending missions of instruction and of mercy to the farthest limits of the world, will not permit an island so near her own shores, and owing allegiance to her own sovereign, to remain much longer in such a state of degradation and even barbarism. A very little effort on the part of the proprietor of the island, aided by other active friends of benevolence, might easily rescue these unfortunate people from their physical and moral lethargy; and I hope that efforts will not longer be wanting. Like all half-barbarous people, the islanders of St. Kilda are much subject to prejudices, and strongly attached to old customs; but these may be removed, or even made to co-operate, by skilful management. They are contented with their present miserable huts, and will not be at the trouble to make them more comfortable; but they love their children, and if made to understand that the mortality of their infants is caused by the filth and stench of their houses, it would be easy to induce them to do their best to save the lives of their beloved offspring. The same master-feeling might be brought to bear on their style of cultivating their fields, as furnishing food of a more salubrious kind. These hints I would throw out for the consideration of those who may have it in their power to take some efficient steps towards ameliorating the condition of that small but interesting portion of our fellow-creatures and fellow-subjects.

When about to leave the island, a considerable number of the male inhabitants were brought on board our vessel; and it was not a little amusing to see the simple and child-like curiosity and astonishment with which they gazed on the mirror and gildings in the cabin, and the machinery of the ship. They thought a vessel of such beauty and magnitude could belong only to the king, or might even be the production of a superhuman power. At length the party took leave of that simple-minded and warm-hearted little community, with feelings of deep interest and commiseration, hoping that the visit might be remembered in their annals as the commencing point in an era of improvement. Yet they could not altogether suppress their fears, that if a visit to St. Kilda should become a common occurrence in parties of pleasure, it might unfortunately happen, that the vices of civilised life would be imported to them sooner than its virtues and blessings. I thought of Cowper's beautiful apostrophe to the " gentle savage," Omai, on his return to his native bowers.

> " And thou hast found again
> Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams,
> And homestall thatch'd with leaves. But hast thou found
> Their former charms ?"

Yet what have the poor islanders of St. Kilda to lose ?

I need not pursue my journal much further. Nothing deserving of particular attention occurred or was seen after we left St. Kilda till we reached Stornoway; and then it was so late that we could do little more than conjecture the form of the bay and the situation of the town. Next day we pursued our course for Staffa, along the shores of Skye and the mainland—often very beautiful and romantic—and reached that wonderful temple of nature. Thousands have seen Staffa, and thousands have described it, from the pen of Sir Joseph Banks down to that of Sir George Head. Few, however, have seen it by torch or candle light, and in this respect our party differed from most tourists. The shades of night were fast descending, and had settled on the still waves and the little group of islets called the Treshnish Isles, when our vessel approached the celebrated temple of the sea. We had light enough to discern its symmetry and proportions, but the colour of the rock—a dark gray—and the minuter graces of the columns, were undistinguishable in the evening gloom. The great face of the rock is the most wonderful production of nature I ever beheld. It reminded me of York or Lincoln Cathedral—a resemblance perhaps fanciful, though they excite similar feelings—especially when the minster is seen by moonlight. The highest point of Staffa at this view is about a hundred feet; in its centre is the great cave called Fingal's Cave, stretching up into the interior of the rock, a distance of more than two hundred feet. The sailors lighted a lantern and formed torches of ropes and tar, with which they completely illuminated the ocean-hall into which we were ushered. The complete stillness of the scene, excepting the low plashing of the waves, the fitful gleams of light thrown at first on the walls and ceiling—if I may so speak—as the men moved to and fro along the sides of the stupendous cave—the appearance of the varied roof, where different stalactites were visible —the vastness and the perfect art, or semblance of art, of the whole—altogether formed a scene the most sublime and impressive ever witnessed. All human works, in imagination, sank into insignificance before this great temple of nature, reared, as if in mockery of the structures of man, by that Almighty Power who laid " the beams of his chambers in the waters, and who walketh upon the wings of the wind."

THE SIGN PAINTER OF NAPLES.

BY JOSEPH PRICE.

CHAPTER I.

"THIS painting is my masterpiece," exclaimed Ribera, as he stepped back a foot or two, and examined, with an artist's pride, the canvass to which he was giving the last touches; "yes, it is, indeed, a *chef d'œuvre*, and Caravaggio must admit he has met with a superior. I will not touch it again." And so saying, he flung from him his palette and his brushes, which flew to the other extremity of his apartment, and struck a half-finished female portrait, fixed upon an easel. But Ribera was too deeply absorbed in the contemplation of his performance to take any heed of the result of his impetuous thoughtlessness. With folded arms he stood gazing upon the picture; and, with all the unconscious *naïveté* of self-love, he noticed each of its details, and commented aloud upon its beauties. Any one who had seen him would have taken him for a *cicerone*, pointing out to an amateur some unrivalled specimen of genius, consecrated by the admiration of ages; and it is doubtful whether the exquisite designs of Raphael ever elicited from the crowds that gazed in ecstasy upon them praises more sincere and intense than those which the painter lavished upon his own work.

Every now and then he intermitted his commendations of the picture to make some personal allusion to himself, equally exempt from the failing of too much modesty. "I knew very well," added he, striking his brow, "that there was something here. Let me die now, my name will be redeemed from oblivion. But I trust God will yet spare me for many a year. He has not decreed that I should hide in the grave that secret of painting consummately which he revealed to me in my cradle; he will permit me to enjoy my reputation. Before obtaining it, I have passed through every gradation of doubt of my own capabilities, of sorrow, and poverty. Often has the portico of a church, or the hollow of a rock among the mountains, been the only asylum for my head, aching and bursting with the visions of glory and the anticipations of success. Often have I pined with hunger, and, for want of canvass, have traced with my finger upon the sands of rivers figures which the wind and tide effaced; or I have embodied the thoughts which budded in my soul upon the walls of cities, or upon the doors of the palaces of the great, from whence they were washed off by sordid slaves at the order of their soul-less masters, who had not the wit or grace to comprehend that they were the mute solicitations of a proud but poor artist for alms, which he could not stoop to crave like a common mendicant. But, O my God! I do not complain of these hard trials; you put an aim and an object before my eyes, and you blessed me with strength and energy to attain unto it, and faith to sustain me in my progress; for those whom thou dost destine to march before the vulgar herd, ought first of all, like thy Christ, to bear their crown of thorns."

He had reached this stage of his sublimated enthusiasm when the door of his studio was opened, and his venerable housekeeper, Beatrice, stooping under the weight of years, and more wrinkled than a spider's web, entered the room. She placed before him a wooden platter, in which was his scanty repast; but he took no notice of her entrance.

Perceiving his abstraction, she commenced the conversation.—"To hear you talking as I came up stairs, I fancied you must have been holding a parley with Satan in person. What ails you, to roar out in the way you did? Either you must dream aloud and waking, or you must be conversing with your familiar demon. A fine progress, truly! for none but the evil one himself could have given you the idea of that abominable painting, which fairly makes my hair stand on end each time I look upon it, and on which you have been continually working for the last three months. And then, after wasting your time and talents upon such an abomination, you affect to be surprised that our viceroy, the Count de Montercy, does not patronise you! Who do you think would wish to be the owner of such a picture? It is frightful enough to make a woman miscarry!"

"Really, Beatrice," said Ribera, patting her on the shoulder, "I am quite mortified that it does not give you satisfaction."

"What is more mortifying," rejoined the old woman, "is the prospect of dying of hunger; for, although your dinner to-day is mean enough, I only wish you may have as good a one to-morrow; but I must leave to you the care of procuring one, for I am fairly reduced to my last shift—and then, all this, when, if you chose, you might have as much money as any one. Why don't you finish the Countess de Venutta's portrait? She is a lady who would have covered her likeness with gold, and by her interest would have secured for you the protection of the viceroy. It was the very turn of your fortune; but no—when she came you received her with an ungracious look, or ordered me to tell her you were not at home. God only knows what it cost me to repeat such abominable falsehoods! But come now, will you be more reasonable in future?"

"Do not speak to me of that woman again, Beatrice," exclaimed Ribera; "her features are insignificant, and her eyes expressionless! I should have made her still uglier than she is naturally! Ah, if I but had for a model the young girl whom I met about three months ago, and whom I would not try and find out for fear her recollection and her image should distract and interrupt me in my solitude! O, how I would have painted her *con amore!*"

Beatrice heard no more. When Ribera began excusing himself for his idleness by the homeliness of the countess, his old servant shrugged her shoulders. As she turned away, she noticed the luckless portrait upset on the floor. She hurried to it, and raised it.—"Jesu! what is this?" she asked. "Very fine!" she added; "the devil has certainly been holding a revel here, and in his antics has knocked out one of the countess's eyes!"

"Ho!" exclaimed the artist, laughing, as he recollected the cause of the accident; "i' faith, I was never more happily inspired, and I only wish my palette, in its chance flight, had done the same to the original. I should have got rid of this eternal countess; or, at all events, I should have had a better bargain, as she would have been taken in profile."

"You are a fool," replied Beatrice; "and you may thank your stars that some of your friends have preserved their senses, and still think of your interests. Why don't you dress yourself, and go to Christofero Panolfo's, where you are expected?"

"Who is the man?"

"One of the richest merchants of Naples."

"I know nothing of him."

"But he knows something of you. Some one has spoken to him about you; he has a great idea of your skill, and wishes to order a picture. It is a ready-money affair—will you refuse this time?"

"Certainly not, if this Panolfo is a connoisseur; and if he will take the pains to come here, he can affix a price to this masterpiece."

"What! won't you go and see him?"

At this inquiry Ribera turned on his heel, and began to whistle through his teeth.

"O!" exclaimed Beatrice, advancing towards him with a threatening gesture, "I tell you that you shall go to Signor Panolfo's, if I am forced to take you by the shoulder, and push you before me all the way."

Ribera, who took pleasure in provoking her, shook his head.

"Will you lay a wager that I do not force you to do as I wish? Fie! your behaviour is unworthy of you, and proceeds from a bad heart, Ribera. Are you alone in the world to take upon you to act in this manner? Our holy father, the pope, has given me a dispensation to eat flesh on account of my age, and you compel me to fast. When you are dying of hunger, do you think that I have had my fill? My dear child," repeated the old woman, in a gentler tone, "I know that you love me, and are willing to return the friendship I feel towards you. If I gave you offence just now, in speaking evil of your painting, you must forgive me and go at once to Panolfo's shop; here are your sword and cocked hat, which give you so gallant an air when you wear it thus—a little over the left ear; cover your threadbare doublet with your cloak; that's right; hold up your head, my child; look boldly forward, and turn up the ends of your moustache. God confound me, if you have not the appearance and stride of the Emperor Charles the Fifth himself! If there are any ladies at Panolfo's, show them your handsome face, and look at them tenderly. I was once young, and I know what I say."

While she was thus speaking, Beatrice led him towards the door; and as he went down stairs she called after him, "When you are at the other end of the town, ask for Panolfo the merchant; don't forget his name; he lives in the great square, nearly opposite the viceroy's palace. Good-by, good-by, and bring me back good news."

CHAPTER II.

When he was about a hundred yards from his lodging, Ribera, still irresolute whether he should find out the merchant or not, met one of his youthful friends, named Ottavio, a painter like himself, but endowed with a supple and intriguing disposition, which, more than any talent he possessed, had introduced and recommended him to the viceroy, whose good-will he had obtained, and who had publicly declared him his *protégé.* When Ottavio recognised him, he advanced towards Ribera with loud exclamations of surprise.

"From whence have you come?" he inquired. "Why, it is more than an age since we have seen you."

"I have been working very hard," replied Ribera. He then recalled to his recollection his twenty times repeated promise to introduce him to the Count de Montercy.

"Oh, Heaven!" replied Ottavio, "not a day passes in which I do not speak of you to his lordship. But what would you have? There's no meeting with you anywhere. Now, if the count could see any of your paintings——"

"Do you think, in that case, he might be induced to interest himself in my fortunes?"

"I have no doubt of it, with such talent as you possess. It is only necessary for it to be known to be appreciated. Moreover, should not I be there to exclaim, 'Admirable!' 'Sublime!' 'Perfect?'"

"The present opportunity is just the one then for our purpose," observed Ribera. "I have but now completed a painting, and, without vanity, I never did anything half so good. Would you like to judge of it yourself? Come back with me."

"That's impossible just now," said Ottavio, "as I am hurrying to a rendezvous; but to-morrow . . . or the day after to-morrow . . . as you very correctly remarked, the opportunity is a good one, and should not be neglected . . . I will speak of you to the count, depend upon it. Adieu, my dear comrade, adieu."

So saying, he hastened away.

"And now for this merchant," resumed Ribera. "Better the perhaps contemptuous patronage of a stranger than such hypocritical grimaces, and professions of devotion and friendship. Yes, yes! retain the place into which you have crept! Watch the gates of the palace, and keep me out; for let me only once cross its threshold, and I would kick you out, as God chased the money-changers from his temple. Ah, ha! my masters, ye are jealous of me—ye are afraid of me; and, to put me to sleep, ye promise me your favour and protection. But may I continue all my life a dauber like your lordships, if I do not find some means of making my way without and in spite of you!"

CHAPTER III.

Ribera stood in front of the mansion of Panolfo. He was ushered by two servants into a sumptuously-decorated apartment, the window of which opened upon an extensive garden, beyond which he perceived the azure expanse of ocean. A stout, middle-aged man, of a dull and common-place countenance, walked up and down the room, yawning most portentously; while against the window was seated a young girl, whose head was supported by one hand, and who inspired the delicate odour of the orange blossoms wafted to her by the sea breeze, which scattered its penetrating dews from its overcharged wings. On entering, Ribera made the customary salutations; but the blood rushed to his cheeks, and he lost somewhat of his accustomed assurance, when he recognised the young lady, of whom, scarcely an hour ago, he had spoken with so much enthusiasm to Beatrice; and he could scarcely stammer forth his name and errand. In truth, Laura was very beautiful; her bright eyes sometimes languished with tender fancies, or anon flashed like a gleam of lightning; they were shaded by long, drooping lashes; and her neck had the grace and flexibility of a swan's. Her hair, which fell down in curls upon her bare shoulders, was (a beauty very rare in southern climes) of a golden blonde, so much esteemed among the women of Athens, and which contrasted so strikingly with her brunette, satin-looking, and transparent complexion. Every movement betrayed a voluptuous abandonment of soul and feeling; the sound of her voice vibrated tremulously upon the ear, and spoke of the ardent organisation of her temperament. To see her thus half-reclining on a sofa, and absorbed in a deep reverie, one would have taken her for Magdalen long before her repentance—for Magdalen still a virgin, but dreaming of love, and filling her soul with its suave and delicious anticipations.

Ribera stood before this lovely creature, playing with the brim of his hat, speechless, without the power of uttering a word. The merchant who, on his entrance, had suspended his promenade of the apartment, accounted for Ribera's agitation by imputing it to his want of knowledge of the world, and coarsely and clumsily tried to reassure him. This gross assumption of protection recalled the painter from the sort of ecstatic trance by which his senses were held enthralled, and all his natural haughtiness returned to him. He raised his head, as he replied to the merchant's encouragement:

"It was not wealth, nor the pomp of power, nor any of those accessories which seem so imposing to other men, that made me look with downcast eyes; but God always makes himself known to my soul by beauty, and when you saw me discomposed, it was because I was admiring the most perfect specimen of his handiwork."

His glance met that of Laura, and the same emotion was felt in unison, and simultaneously, by Ribera and Panolfo's daughter. It was a sort of fascination they exercised upon each other; and, before they had exchanged a word of conversation, they had learned by the mute eloquence of the eyes that they were mutually adored, beloved and loving. Unconsciously Panolfo ministered to this sudden love; for the more he played off the condescending patron to the haughty artist, with more anxious interest were the eyes of Laura fixed upon the latter, and the more earnestly she seemed desirous to offer him an imdemnity for the humiliation.

"They say that you are not without talent?" asked the merchant.

Ribera bowed.

"But you are poor, and are compelled to labour. It has ever been my desire to support and encourage the arts. We shall see if you are worthy of the interest I intend to take in you."

Ribera knit his brow, and bit his lip, to restrain the natural retort to such low-bred impertinence. Laura noticed this involuntary movement, and calmed the storm that was rising within him, by inquiring, "Are you not a foreigner, sir?"

At the sound of that voice, which penetrated into his inmost soul, the contracted brow of the painter relaxed, and he answered, "I am a native of Spain, from Xativa, near Valencia. But I left my home and family when quite a child, and have never beheld them since; and I now consider myself as a child of Italy, from the length of time I have spent in it, and all the feelings that retain me here. I have sojourned in Rome, Venice, Florence, and Parma, and have left the impress of my footsteps in every corner of this land; wherever genius and painting have flourished, there I have been, like the bee, to gather and increase the honey of the imagination. I now repose myself in Naples, and Naples I will never again leave."

"And what is it," asked the merchant, "that has obtained for us so flattering a preference?"

Ribera again blushed; but he quietly composed himself, and added, "That is my secret."

Laura here interposed.

"Father," said she, "you are too inquisitive. The signor, perhaps, wishes you to understand that he is in love."

"Yes, signora," said the painter;" in love, for once, and for ever!"

It was now Laura's turn to blush, and her discomposure, which she could not hide, still further increased that of the painter.

"Let us quit this subject," remarked the merchant. "You reproach me with being curious, Laura, when you are yourself an hundred times more so. Sit down, sir, and let us talk about business. Do you want to earn twenty-five ducats? In the first place, what is your style?"

"Tell me," replied the painter, "what particular painting you require."

"A sign-board for my warehouse."

Ribera made a movement as if about to rise precipitately; but a suppliant look from Laura withheld him. His emotion, however, was so deep, that he could not utter either a refusal or acceptance of the proposal.

Panolfo continued: "Do you decline it? Let me tell you it is a fine opportunity to make yourself known, and if you have talent, there can be no better way of showing it. If you succeed, all my friends and fellows will employ you."

"Will you leave me the choice of the subject?" inquired the painter. "I can only accept your offer on condition of being permitted to follow the impulses of my own fancy."

"Certainly; I have confidence in you; paint whatever you please."

"And what price do you appraise this sign-board at?" asked the painter, with a bitter and sarcastic smile.

"I have already mentioned that—twenty-five ducats—and I think that the work will be handsomely remunerated. You must begin it. If I am pleased, you shall paint my portrait, and I will double the sum. You see I am a customer whom it is worth your while to secure."

"I thank you, sir," replied Ribera, rising. "If you had left me to fix my own value on the work, I should have probably named five hundred ducats. But there is another way by which we can come to terms. I only ask permission of you to fix over your door, for one day, the sign-board you have ordered, and which shall not cost you a single paulo: you are right; I must make myself known; and I avail myself of the opportunity you now hold out to me. You can announce, sir, that you have just concluded an advantageous bargain with the first painter in Italy. In a short time we will see one another again. Adieu, signora."

Laura lifted her moistened eyes, and looked at him with a glance which seemed to say: "Be what you declare yourself, and Laura's heart shall be the reward of your talent."

Ribera left the room; he descended the stairs slowly; and in crossing the garden, as he passed under the window of the room he had just quitted, a purse fell at his feet. It contained five hundred ducats, and a paper with these words on it: "My fortune and my hand to the first painter of Naples!"

CHAPTER IV.

A fortnight after this interview, an immense crowd had collected from early dawn in front of Panolfo's house, and in a frenzy of delight clapped their hands, and demanded the name of the painter who had exhibited as a sign-board the magnificent picture of *the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew*, which had been attached to the balcony, over the door the preceding night, and had only been noticed at daybreak. At one instant bursts of enthusiasm proceeded from the assembled multitude, which were followed by the expressive silence of admiration in which feelings of a profound terror had no small part. The suffering saint was represented as lying on his left side, his feet tied together, and supported by one of his executioners; his right arm, which was kept in a position perpendicular to his head by a rope, had already received an incision, and the other executioner, whose savage features were distended with an atrocious grin, thrust one of his hands between the raised skin and the bleeding flesh with as much coolness and indifference as a butcher would flay the animal he had just felled to the ground; while the face of the holy victim expressed in admirable union the agonies of his torture, conquered and repressed by pious resignation, and a confident faith in the everlasting reward promised to the martyr who does not deny his Maker. Such a subject had never yet found such an interpreter; and never before had the pencil attained such terrific energy.

The news of this singular exhibition was soon spread thoughout the city, and the crowd increased to such a degree as to fill the square, when the viceroy became anxious to learn the cause of such an unwonted agitation. Attended by Ottavio and his other favourites, he posted himself before the merchant's door, where the crowd was thickest and most excited. Impressed with wonder and admiration, he involuntarily exclaimed—"Who has produced this masterpiece?"

At first no response was made.

"Why does the author conceal himself?" rejoined Montercy. "Let him declare himself, and be sure of my friendship and protection. I only wish that all the grinders of colours in Naples would go to school to him. Once more, who has done this?"

"*Ecce homo!* I am the man," said Ribera, stepping forth from the throng.

"Who are you?" asked the viceroy.

"My name is Ribera—an unknown man yesterday, and to-day whatsoever it may please your Excellency to style me."

"What recompense do you ask?"

"The honorary title of the Viceroy of Naples' first painter."

"It shall be conferred upon you by sound of trumpet. How much have you received for this painting?"

"Monsignore, I refused twenty-five ducats for it from the merchant Panolfo; but he can pay for it in another way. I love his daughter, Laura."

"And you shall have her," said the viceroy; "if the girl is willing, I give you my word you shall be married to-morrow."

And on the morrow the nuptials of the lovers were solemnised. Ribera, afterwards better known by the name of Spagnoletto, in a few years became the most renowned painter of the Neapolitan school, and succeeded in the Count de Montercy's favour all those pretenders who, out of jealousy and fear of his manifest superiority, had so industriously excluded him from the path of glory and preferment. As for Panolfo, who cheerfully and cordially gave his consent to his daughter's happiness, not a day passed in which he did not boast of being the first to discover and appreciate the stupendous genius of his celebrated son-in-law.

HYMN TO SUNSET.

Calm, pensive, prayer-inspiring hour,
  Day's fairest, first of daughters, hail!
Thy voice is song from hawthorn bower,
  Thy breath is balm from primrose dale,
And voice and breath fall sweet when blended in the gale.

Thy sigh the breeze, whose whispers stray
  O'er the lone stream, or lingering die;
Thy smile, the pure, bright, parting ray
  From earth that streams into the sky,
As if its glance would point Heaven's glories on the eye.

O be it mine to walk with thee!
  On dewy footstep through the vale,
When the long shadow marks the lea
  Where willows droop their foliage pale,
nd o'er the stream white clouds on noiseless pinions sail.

Soul-touching hour! about me fold
  Thy shadowy mantle; let thy blue
Pale vestment, with its weft of gold,
  From dewy fringe dim-shining through,
Be o'er me cast, and bathe my spirit in its hue.

And take me by the hand, where'er
  By valley, stream, or upland dell,
Thou goest, with brow serenely fair,
  To bid the bird's green haunts farewell,
Or kiss the young wild flowers that solitary dwell.

And lead me to the mountain crest,
  Gray sentinel of land and sea,
Where thy last beam delights to rest,
  Where thy last look is sure to be,
And I will sit and weave a poet's wreath for thee.

Sweet hour! thy voice, thy breath of balm,
  Thy sigh of breeze, thy smile of light,
Thy waving robe, have each a charm
  That wings my spirit on its flight
To Him who bade thee be—so beautiful and bright.

Edingley. C. P.

MIND AND STYLE.

BY AN IRISH BARRISTER.

An ordinary observer will perceive that of the numerous elements which constitute the fame of writers, one of the most, if not the most important of all, is that which is commonly called Style. It does appear extraordinary that that which is considered nothing more than the mere dress in which thought is arrayed, should exercise so powerful an influence in determining the value of writers, as a little observation cannot fail to establish. If we only consider those mighty minds, who have "commanded the applause of different professions—lives—pursuits—ages—and modes of thinking," and upon whom, therefore, according to the authority of Longinus, the judgment of unquestionable pre-eminence has been pronounced, it will be perceived that all reached their elevation, not so much by the force and vigour of their thoughts, as by the harmony and purity of the language in which they have been conveyed; and that they are all, almost without a solitary exception, marked by a singular beauty and nervousness of style. On the other hand, it is not the less true, as the experience of every day proves, that no weight of subject—no profundity of thought—no accuracy and strength of reflection—no perception, however correct and masterly, can insure, not popularity, but the measure of ordinary consideration to works written in a dry, repulsive style. The works of this class are numerous. They contain many of the sterling qualities we have enumerated—deep and masculine thought—a multitude of fine sentiments, the produce of an elevated understanding; but they possess not the faculty of fully extricating the sentiment or thought from vapour which surrounds it in the mind, and of robing it in the graceful light of appropriate diction. We can easily discover the vigour of their intellectual grasp, and the progress of the severe struggle to weave the "network of silver for the apples of gold," and we can also trace their failure in the cold and arid words they adopted. A few students are, perhaps, acquainted with their contents—they decorated, perhaps, the libraries of the learned, who can appreciate the profound matter they contain, disregarding the immaterial accessory of style—there they may be found; but as to any striking or important influence upon the living world of action—upon the opinions, habits, or tastes of men, they possess none whatever. Like plants possessing some rare hidden virtue, they are passed by as sterile and unproductive of good, until some one more just and observant than the rest draws out the magnificent truths they contain, and clearing them from the dust of neglect and oblivion, sends them abroad in a new and attractive apparel to become the fascination and idols of fashion. How many grand and sublime discoveries in science and philosophy—how many novel and beautiful thoughts in literature lay hidden in forgotten volumes, until some master, skilled in the magical efficacy of eloquent diction, presented them again in a new shape, to instruct or delight the world! This has been made a cause of vehement complaint, and assuredly there is in it a strong degree of apparent justice. They who appreciate more highly profound and vigorous thought than the less valuable acquisition of language, argue that few will be so bold as to assert that the stamp is of more importance than the metal—or that a gilt bit of lead, merely because it is impressed with a well-executed and handsome image of the queen, is to have the currency of sterling gold? Why, they stoutly say, should the architect of a solid and harmonious temple be suffered to pass into oblivion, because the columns are not carefully polished, or the palm leaves of the capital delicately chiselled? Why is a bit of Chinese filagree work to be looked on with admiration, while the imposing majesty of a structure less beautifully decorated is to perish unobserved? Such is a feeble statement of the triumphant case put forth by the advocates of mind, independent of the excellencies of composition. All it contains, however, is not based on truth, or at least they are influenced by motives which prove them not wholly void of partiality. They who observe that a strong understanding is sometimes embarrassed and deformed by a bad style are solicitous to reverse the inference in their own favour, and make repulsiveness and obscurity the evidence of depth, and rudeness of vigour. Such persons can recognise no excellence but in a coarse and bald homeliness, and affect to see all the virtues of composition in cold, plodding expression. With them grace is a derision, and elegance a quality of the most suspicious character—beauty is a trick worthy only of literary mountebanks, and brilliancy of style a heap of burning coals on their heads. Copiousness and energy fare as ill as grace and elegance in the estimation of men, who complacently regard the staring and fleshless bones of their own famished intellects as ample developement of mental muscle, and their naked and unfruitful barrenness as neither more nor less than a generous luxuriance, choked by the very wantonness and excess of its fertility. With such prejudices they calmly contemplate the hollow prejudices of the world in favour of style as a vulgar error of the worst description, and have the sensibility to look with compassion on those whose absence of discrimination and judgment renders them incapable of distinguishing the rich bullion of solid thought from its showy but corrupt and worthless counterfeit. But however individuals may form incorrect opinions, it is very seldom that the whole world is wrong. An opinion very generally diffused, and which has firmly maintained its ground for ages, although it may not in every particular be true, may at least, however, be safely concluded to contain at least a nucleus of truth within it; and if a pure and beautiful style has been invariably valued, and men have been honoured with immortality in proportion as they have cultivated or neglected it, without a very great stretch of presumption one may be allowed to think that it is not altogether so futile as its opponents would represent it. If the greatest men the world has produced in every clime and century—if the deepest thinkers—the noblest poets—the profoundest philosophers—the ablest generals—the most consummate orators—the most sagacious statesmen,—if, in fact, the great dominant intellects of the world are, at least in the immense majority, distinguished by the commanding beauty of their style, it would be wiser and more consistent with truth to endeavour to trace the cause of this opinion, than attempt to run down or depreciate so uniform an attendant upon genius.

But that this is the case must immediately appear from a simple enumeration of the "heroes of literature." A glance at their intellectual character will fully elucidate the fact to which we have been adverting. Bacon has never been thought deficient in intellectual depth or comprehension, and yet through the whole range of literature it would be difficult to find anything more beautifully sparkling and fanciful than his style. It resembles a rich web, stiff with embroidered gold. Few men ever possessed a more exalted military genius than Buonaparte: then look at his style as contained in his written or oral addresses to his soldiers, in his orders in council, or in his ordinary conversation—how bold, energetic, and spirit-stirring is it? It somewhat resembles what we trace of Hannibal in the few fragments of his eloquence which have survived to us in Roman history. Benjamin Constant says of Napoleon, that in the discussions in council which took place after his return from Elba, when certain public documents had been agreed on, he was astonished at the beauty and animation of his expressions. Many of them, grammatically speaking, were incorrect, but they could not be altered without mutilating their force and brilliancy, and it was therefore very rightly determined to send them forth to the world with the stamp of his magnificent mind freshly impressed upon them. Nor was the description different twenty centuries ago, when Quintilian finely said of Cæsar, that he wrote with the same energy with which he fought. In politics, Burke is no mean authority; neither is he deficient in wisdom, learning, or comprehension; in the processes of abstract reasoning, as his philosophical essay proves, not wanting in the strictest severity of deduction. Yet what unites more ease, dignity, copiousness, and grandeur, than his superb style, jewelled and studded as it is with the rich gorgeousness of a beautiful and prodigal imagination? Who, "of woman born," had a more enlarged and varied knowledge of human nature, through all its complex workings —a more pure and healthy morality, a nobler philosophy, or a more masculine general understanding, than Shakspeare; and yet what an astonishing force, splendour, and beauty, pervades his unparalleled style? This curious felicity of expression is not confined to poets, philosophers, historians, generals, or statesmen—it is not the sole property of particular classes of men, but is diffused throughout the whole imperial circle of genius, modified, of course, according to the nature of the subject, and the pursuit or profession of the person who employs it. It is not similar in the general and the poet—in the legislator and historian; but each is characterised by a peculiar mode of conveying his sentiments, which constituted his style. In mathematics, and there is scarce a single exception, the profoundest minds are the clearest and most succinct in enunciation. If you are ambitious to be confused and bewildered, you may easily effect your purpose by taking the ill-digested commentary of an inferior intellect, and you are at once in a labyrinth of perplexities. But if, which is the more probable, you wish to obtain a clear and sharp notion of the subject—one which will continue strongly impressed on your mind, and which will be a source of future discoveries—go at once to the original. From its very simplicity it may cost somewhat more of trouble and meditation, but you cannot fail to find the proposition expressed in the clearest and most consecutive manner, and in the smallest amount of words in which it was possible to express it. Light moves in right lines—ignorance delighteth in curves. Commentators fill the ear with critical and philological garbage—they talk

"About it, goddess! and about it"—

but one may travel a diameter of the earth in a spiral without making any possible advances to the object of his journey. Time is lost, but knowledge is not gained.

There is, however, something more in style than the mere dress of thought—it is not the mere clothing of the sentiment in diction, as some would fain believe. A great portion of an elevated style consists of thoughts—thoughts applied to elucidate, enforce, and adorn other thoughts. How can a thought be adequately conveyed, unless through the instrumentality of other thoughts; so that, in truth, one of the main elements of style is thought. But if it were a mere vehicle, yet the simple expression of new ideas, feelings, and truths, is not altogether so easy a task as to make it despised. Only consider for a moment what a vast multitude of notions float shapeless and unformed through the minds of men, to which no expression has been given, until some man of genius reduces them to order, and makes them palpable by clothing them in words. The enunciation of a mathematical proposition is such a combination of words, each having a given meaning, that the result shall unite the signification of all into a totally new expression. To adjust words into a period, so that the electric current may be complete, is sometimes a task of labour and delicacy. We have often thought, and doubtless so did many more, that the great cause of Shakspeare's popularity is not so much to be ascribed to the grandeur and profundity of his original genius as to the masterly vigour with which he expressed common thoughts, which thousands, millions, had felt as strongly as he, although they were unable to enclose them in a sentence. There is no truth, for instance, more universal and common, than that men of all ages and countries have the same feelings and dispositions, and from the common character of their natures are united by secret sympathies to one another. But it was perhaps never expressed with so much warmth of feeling and truth as in that beautiful line—

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,"

which not only expresses the naked proposition that we are connected by our sympathies, but, as it appears to us, conveys the additional affecting circumstance, that we feel as though we had been bound to the injured by ties of blood. The finest description of a wanton coquette in all literature is that given of Cressida by Ulysses.

> "Fy—fy upon her—
> There's language in her cheek—her eye—her lip—
> Nay, her foot speaks. Her wanton spirits look out
> At every joint and motion of her body.
> Oh! these encounterers that are so glib of tongue,
> That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
> And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
> To every ticklish reader—set them down
> For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
> And daughters of the game."

We never knew any person who did not express his admiration at the force and literal fidelity of this exquisite passage, and recognise in it thoughts and feelings which had occurred to himself repeatedly, though he was unable to give them utterance. Who does not feel the amazing truth of the language of the lip, the cheek, the eye? Before we consigned this description to paper, we determined to test its faithfulness more fully, as an unrivalled opportunity presented itself. We accordingly set off from whence we now write to the neighbouring town of K—ll—y, where fortunately the very queen of coquettes has taken up her abode. There was the Cressid of Kerry in all the full bloom of self-satisfaction, surrounded by a troop of admirers, numerous and ardent as the wooers of Penelope. We did not see the fair one walk, and as she wore her robe rather long, we could not be certain as to the language her foot spoke; but her cheek but too plainly said "soothe me"—her eye "look into me"—and her lip "press me." The very atmosphere around her seemed to be infused with wantonness. She appeared to have no peculiar favourite, for all were equally blessed with her inexhaustible profusion of beams and smiles. Each in her society deemed himself "the only loved one;" but no sooner did he press her unreluctant hand, and turn on his heel, happy in the delightful reflection that the triumph was his, than a "coasting welcome" attracted another adorer, and for him too the flexible tables of her thought were unclasped. Again the same glibness of tongue—the same lavishing of love—the same fervid round of vows and protestations—and thus the poor spoil of opportunity fulfils her unenviable destiny. We were convinced, on a passing reflection, that Shakspeare contemplated nature with a truthfulness never possessed by any other being, and that he was equally felicitous in describing the great and absorbing passions of man, as well as the airy and frivolous qualities that constitute the village coquette.

The quotation of another passage will be excused, because it expresses in a manner philosophically accurate that very difficulty of connecting words, so as to embrace a notion that strongly possesses the mind. The poet in Timon of Athens says—

> "I'm rapt, and cannot cover
> The monstrous bulk of huge ingratitude
> With any size of words."

Shakspeare himself had undoubtedly often felt that gasping and straining of the mind to deliver itself of its conceptions; and had not nature deeply endued him with the capacity for powerful emotions, he would not have painted his sentiments in such clear and glowing words, and left behind him so many truths embodied in language of so much beauty and vigour. The highest order of description is that of the passions, and internal state of man, in which Shakspeare stands far above all men that ever lived, not excepting Homer, who comes next; for Dante, in our opinion, is immeasurably below either in this department of the intellect. The lowest order, on the other hand, is that of external objects—and even in this how few persons succeed! Here, certainly, judgment and taste, qualities purely mental, are employed; but who that has attempted the description of outward objects does not know from experience that the page often halts from the mere want of expression? You see all before you—you have not, as in the description of internal objects, to seek out invisible connexions, forms, and colours, and give palpability to airy nothings. All you have to do is to express in forcible words the effect produced on the imagination by a group of objects standing before you, and their mutual dependence on each other. But though apparently easy, how often difficult to accomplish! A friend of ours, not deficient in the power of expression, has often mentioned, as a proof of the extraordinary beauty of nature—and the truth is a striking one—that he stopped for nearly an hour one night, looking at the moon shining through a broad rift in the clouds. The place was of all others the most favourable to stir the imagination, and mould its working into words. He stood on the summit of a huge rock called the Tunnel, on the beautiful road leading from Killarney to Kenmare,—the lake below was without a wave, and the universal stillness uninterrupted, save by the welcome melody of a distant bugle starting the echoes of the Eagle's Nest. Before him the magnificent range of the Reeks was covered with a mass of dark vapour, whose blackness was, however, beautifully relieved by the delicate chasing of silver around its edges. Suddenly the thick darkness gave way, and the full moon burst out in a flood of glory, realising Homer's noble description of an Asiatic night—

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light—
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene—
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain-head."

This was a sufficiently inspiring sight, and he endeavoured to frame, with the objects before him, a description such as would convey a correct matter-of-fact notion of the scene, but was obliged to abandon the attempt in despair. A curious question would arise here, connected with a subject which has long been a matter of debate: What is the actual genius required in each profession? What is the difference between the language of the painter, the actor, and the writer—

the language of colours, motions, and ideas? And why is excellence in one species of style, that of the writer, more indicative of intellect than that in another? To this it may be answered, that even going so far as to consider all three employed in the mere enunciation of certain ideas assigned to them for that purpose, yet the writer invents several thoughts—uses illustrations, similes, analogies, contrasts, allusions to impress, elevate, and adorn the subject—while the actor and the painter labour to convey their notions of it by means exceedingly mechanical. In all three the conception of the subject may be equal, but unquestionably the mind is infinitely more employed in conveying that conception through the medium of words. Consequently, as the operations of the mind are much more valuable than the mechanical application of gestures and colours, the style of the writer has a clear undisputed superiority over that of all the others. In this also he has a decided advantage, that the domain of words is much more extensive than that of either colours or gestures. Gestures, indeed, are of little or no force without words;—not to speak at all of whole regions from which they are entirely excluded, they rather seem fitted to enforce ideas already excited, than to originate them. They continue an impetus, but they cannot create it. Let them be considered by themselves, and they are mere ciphers. We should consider the man who would throw himself into grotesque attitudes, and indulge in violent gesture without the expository medium of words—on the stage, a silly pantomimist—off it, a maniac or fool. What would Kean be in Lear or Othello, without the language of Shakspeare? Without words, gestures are worthless, but placed behind other figures they swell the value to an enormous amount. And in another view, like instinct, of the nature of which they partake, they have great power within a certain range, but it is a limited range. The field of the painter, though considerably more extensive, is still very narrow compared with that of the writer. In the noblest department, the historical, he communicates nothing new—he can tell nothing that was absolutely unknown before. If the subject be not known to us, the painting is merely a coloured piece of canvass; and therefore, the first question we ask, on entering a gallery—what is this? Even in imagination, which lends such a grandeur, terror, and beauty to our thoughts, how poor is painting—on reflection how ridiculous? What a ludicrous shift it was when Sir Joshua painted a caricature of the devil (such as we commonly see in printships) whispering into the ear of Beaufort? Would he also have painted a dagger in the air, and made Macbeth clutch at it? The finest passage in the "Deformed Transformed" is where the Constable Bourbon stands aghast at the array of ancient glories that encircle Rome—

> "Behold! a thousand years have manned the walls
> With all their heroes! The last Cato stands
> And tears his bowels, rather than survive
> The liberty of that I would enslave!
> And with his triumphs the first Cæsar flits
> From battlement to battlement."

This is a noble conception, but utterly inaccessible to the painter as a subject for his art. He might raise a twelve-inch mound, and stud it with stiff figures in spear and helmet to represent the walls and heroes —he might have Cato too, expiring with his entrails in his hands, but how weak and trivial would it be, compared with the words! How could he express, that Cato perished rather than outlive the liberty of his country? Is not that beyond his art? Or how could he represent in colours the beautiful conception of Cæsar flying from battlement to battlement, to strike an ancient terror into the enemies of Rome? The range of words, therefore, being much more extensive than either gestures or colours, we properly give the preference to the writer, on the same principle that we account him a greater general who is able to manœuvre three or four hundred thousand men, than he who can manage no more than thirty thousand. If indeed we only consider for a moment, how perfectly dependent on physical structure the painter and actor are, and how large a portion of mankind would be almost totally deprived of the noblest interchange of thought, if there existed no other species of language,—it must appear plain that words "exciting the various ideas—names, thoughts, things, beauty, and harmony"—were *intended* to be the great instruments of human communication, and consequently the mode best calculated for the display of thought. Upon many men, and of great intellects too, painting produces no effect. "What an extraordinary collection of beautiful frames!" was the homely observation of Sir Humphrey Davy, on entering the magnificent gallery of the Louvre; nor was he diverted from his admiration of the frames until he came to an Antinous, executed in alabaster, when he exclaimed, "What a surpassing stalactyte!" The exquisite harmony of the sculpture left no trace on his mind—the beautiful minion of Adrian was forgotten in the admiration of the material. But language, though it certainly be arbitrary in the particular form it may assume, seems to us as perfectly necessary as the continuation of the species. *En passant*, it may be incidentally thrown out to the "sons of the physicians," as a subject not undeserving of inquiry, whether there does not exist some curious and secret connexion between the mind and respiration, and whether the amount of mental energy does not bear some relation to the volume of air inhaled, compared with that of the whole body?

The principal sources of style may be reduced to the heads of incidental thoughts, propriety of speech, harmony of sound, and association. (The last word does not fully express all that we would wish to convey—the thing meant is a process of reasoning which is not implied in the ordinary signification of that word.) Of these four heads the last is by much the most important. It includes something of what is found in all the others, and possesses besides a large sphere of peculiar authority. Thus, independent of the intrinsic beauty of a simile, further considerations arise as to the judicious introduction of it on that particular occasion, or, in short, any other, whereby an opinion may be formed of the acuteness, taste, or good sense of the writer. To the same does it belong, whether a daring contempt for the ordinary usage of language may not be natural and noble; and, with regard to the harmony of sound, there is the inference as to the masterly ease of the author derived from accumulated experience of the fact that the finest instances of harmonious structure are found in the best writers, whether in prose or verse. Scott, speaking of the natural flow of Swift's verse, very happily observes, that the fetters of rhyme are no more than a bracelet to the true poet—the graceful compression, instead of constraining, adorns, and teaches his thoughts to move on in even harmony. From a rapid comparison of these heads, the intimate connexion between mind and style will be immediately apparent. Under the first are classed all those thoughts, analogies, and similes which are used to dignify, illustrate, and impress the views which it is the writer's more proper and important design to unfold. And here, independent of the intellect evinced in discovering the similitude, we also take into account the meanness or sublimity of the object from which the likeness is deduced, the acuteness of the observation, the philosophic habits of the writer, and the impressive clearness of the analogy. The first requisite of an author is to express his meaning distinctly, and this he will accomplish almost in an invariable ratio to the energy and vividness of his conceptions. For this purpose, nothing is more useful to the writer than analogies borrowed from the senses. But surely it is a matter of no inconsiderable difficulty to select from the whole compass of nature the only object which can exhibit the desired relation, particularly when it is further restricted by the condition of admitting none but a noble or affecting one. There is a very fine passage in "Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontent," which will illustrate what we have been advancing. "When the people conceive that laws and tribunals, and even popular assemblies, are perverted from the ends of their institution, they find in these names of degenerated establishments only new motives to discontent. Those bodies, which, when full of life, lay in their arms and were their joy and comfort, when dead and putrid, become but the more loathsome from the remembrance of former endearments." Does the beauty of the passage arise from the mere similitude? Certainly not; but from this, that free institutions are thus connected with all that is sacred and tender in domestic life. And from a similar principle we admire the truth of Junius. "Private credit is wealth—public credit is security. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight; strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth." Longinus very finely says of Homer's notions of the gods, that they are the dreams of Jove. Another quality distinctive of great writers, and a cause of much pleasure to the reader, is the new views they take of nature. So strongly marked is this, that there is not a simile or description in a good poet which does not notice things that never were perceived by any others, though the moment they are pointed out, all acknowledge they have seen them before. Here the perception of Homer is prodigious! One is tempted to exclaim with Herder, how did he in the infancy of civilisation attain that total world of things and persons in heaven and earth that lies open in his song? How did he reach that wide comprehension of the universe with its exactest portraiture? But though much inclined to dwell here on the multitudinous merits of the old bard, we must pass on to consider how beautifully nature fares in his hands.

"The waveless ocean, in its noontide slumbers," is surely a very fine idea; yet who is there who recollects the long, gentle, silent heave, as it were, of respiration, which exists even on the calmest day, who does not at once perceive how true and natural the sentiment appears? We must notice here Byron's truly Homeric comparison of the sea to a high-blooded steed,

> "And lay my hand upon thy mane, as I do here."

We once formed a curious notion of the origin of this idea. We thought Byron had in his mind's eye Virgil's phrase "æquora ponti," which, literally translated, signifies the "main" of the sea, or its smooth surface, and that, by a fortuitous change of type, "mane" was substituted for "main," and so originated, as we once dreamed, the noblest sentiment in all his works. But to return to Homer. How many a man has seen a horse just let out of the stable look back exultingly on his sleek and glossy sides, without ever hitting on the warmth and beauty of the description contained in O *δ'αγλαΐηφι πεποιθως*? Who but Homer observed the "huge mouth of deadly war?" and yet nothing can be more just—for to a spectator placed at a distance a battle appears an unintelligible monster, devouring every thing within its reach. How many a person has seen the extended ocean, without perceiving its likeness to the blue floor of the mighty heaven? Æschylus compares the flame arising from the beacon-fires that announced the fall of Troy to a "huge beard." The strength and truth of the expression are equally manifest. We shall quote from Shakspeare another remarkable instance of the principle we have been laying down, the practical illustration of which we have ourselves witnessed. Florizel say to Perdita—

> "When you do dance, I wish you
> A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
> Nothing but that."

With persons of more luminous understandings it may perhaps expose us to some ridicule, when we acknowledge that the application of this simile was long quite unintelligible to our less vivid perception. Some time since, however, happening to be on a steam voyage from Dublin to Cork, we were, as unfortunately is our wont, dreadfully sea-sick; but the horrors of that terrible situation may be safely left to the reader's recollection. If he has ever been on the "bright-blue sea," and has not bowels of granite, the bare mention of that loathsome pest will conjure up an intestine insurrection in his nether man. Off the Toscar Rock the wind at length died away, (so did our sea-sickness,) and it was a beautiful summer evening. The sun was setting in the west, and shot his level beams along the ocean, that lay as smooth and polished as a mirror, except where the steam-boat clove her way through it. Passing by a port-hole, with a heaving stomach, a bursting headache, and a face dismally indicative of sensations by no means pleasurable, and with, Heaven knows, no eye for the picturesque, yet we were arrested by the beautiful shining undulations that started every instant, and spread outwards from the paddle of the vessel. We were sorely pressed for time, yet we stopped for three full seconds to admire the yielding ease with which they flowed on through the bright and tranquil mass of waters. With dry land came an oblivion of all these magical effects, until some time after we again met the simile—its truth and beauty at once flashed on us, and we considered it the happiest and most natural in poetry to express the flowing ease of motion which the harmonious limbs of a graceful woman exhibit in dancing.

From this acuteness of observation results the substitution of the physical for the mental effect, which gives such a vigour and liveliness to style. When Hector says to Achilles,

> "Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?"

there is in it something more than mere figurative language. "Oppress" there, is not a metaphorical expression, as it appears to us. We always deemed it a literal description of the suspended respiration—the thrilling agony—and the whole bodily convulsion that might be expected to be produced by a gaze so ominous and intense. Nothing is more natural in the case of ordinary men; but whether the habitually firm nerves of Hector yielded to the terrible frown of his antagonist, is a question which we should wish to answer in the affirmative. Did not Homer ungenerously throw him on his knees to beg his life? The force of

> "I know you'll swear—terribly swear
> Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
> The immortal gods that hear you,"

is derived from the same source of substituting one effect for another. The instances that now occur to us of highly impressive similitudes are those given by Bacon—"of sparks flying upwards,"—"of straws showing which way the wind blows," &c. But these, with their application, are so well known, that it is sufficient barely to mention them. As, however, the head named "Philosophical Observation" may be reckoned obscure, we may be allowed to explain it by Homer's epithet of war; "*ὁμονος*, impartial." Now certainly, at first sight, this same war seems anything but impartial—there is little doubt that one party must be beaten, and Mars assuredly is one of the last judges that any rational man would feel inclined to select on account of his freedom from passion. What, then, was the meaning of Homer, for he rarely perverted the proper application of terms? Why this? that the spectator of a battle sees but a confused agitation and slaughter, in which men perish without distinction; he does not perceive two parties—all are blended together in a hot and fiery mass. The sum of his perceptions is, in fact, contained in these four words, "the gored battle bleeds." In this sense, "impartial" is strikingly correct. But if he be a philosopher, he observes a scene of the contest of human passions and vices, "never ending, still beginning,"—one of those vast and momentous operations by which so many of the human species are cut off to satisfy some mysterious law of the economy of nature.

By propriety of language is not meant the strict severe use of words in their proper acceptation, though it is plain that ordinary writers cannot attain even that, and it may therefore be regarded as another mode in which style is the evidence of mental power; but by it we mean that happy adaptation of the expression to the nature of the sentiment which represents it precisely, as it is either in its dim vagueness of form, or in all the sharpness of its clear outline. Can anything be conceived nobler and more striking to express the mysterious beauty of the stars, leading the mind into the wilderness of new worlds, than that used by Job? "The sweet influences of the Pleiades." How vague and undefined, but yet how powerful, "influences!" What, on the other hand, can be more grand and startling —"Canst thou send the lightnings, that they may go and say unto thee, Behold us!" What can be more limitless and unmarked than "the world's huge spaces," or that still more indistinct expression, though clear by reason of its very indistinctness—

"The unbodied figure of the thought
That gave it surmised shape."

The power of subduing the expression to the dimness of the original sentiment, is always in proportion to the vividness and intensity of the writer's conceptions. None but birds of extraordinary acuteness of vision possess a nictatating membrane to diminish its power when circumstances require it. The testimony afforded by the structure of sentences or versification seems to depend altogether, if not quite, on experience of the fact, that it generally attends on the superior order of genius; and that our happiest efforts, when we do aim at it, occur when the mind is fully possessed by some noble or beautiful idea. To prove that this is the case, we need only refer to the great master-poets. The sublimity of Homer is astonishing—we are amazed at the crowd of his elevated or touching sentiments, moving forward in a perpetual panorama. Even the last line of the Iliad appears to us, in the simple and subduing sentiment it contains, to be one of the most beautiful of all. How consonant with Hector's character, the keeping of the poem, and Homer's power of producing great effect by the simplest means, is that solemn description of the burial of the dead tamer of horses! But remarkable as are the fruits of his extraordinary mind, they are not more remarkable than the flowing harmony and elegance of his versification, which, notwithstanding the early age in which he lived, has never been approached in the fulness of its beauty: the verse rises or subsides with the sentiment; and so exquisitely do they harmonise, that we almost think a person not acquainted with the Greek language, but possessed of a fine intelligent ear, would, from the reading of the line, almost guess the sentiment it conveys. Of the Greeks, Sophocles comes after in the sweet and pure flow of his verse—he moves on like a clear river, from its source to its mouth, unbroken by a rapid. Even in the scenes where terror is the prevailing sentiment, as where the Furies make their appearance, you can perceive a struggle to break from his habitual sweetness, and to clothe the thoughts in words of corresponding ruggedness. Of all the ancients, Virgil comes next to Homer in versification—he had much of the power of his great prototype, and all of his elegance, with a mind saturated with the finest principles and influences of taste. The passages in which he exhibits his great skill in harmony are mere translations from Homer, argue some persons, and therefore he does not merit that high consideration which we should not withhold from a mind and judgment purely original. But, instead of a fault, we look on this as one of his greatest triumphs over versification. The difficulty of adequate translation is well known—few have ever reached the excellencies of the original. It is a matter of no trifling importance to transfuse the thought of a writer into a different language, preserving the spirit, the idiom, the style and mode of expression—all of which Virgil has accomplished in the passages he has borrowed from his master. And when to these are added a beauty and melody of verse that captivate the ear before the meaning catches the mind, and which Homer himself would not have disdained to employ, we cannot agree with the objectors in the diminution of his renown. Milton also exhibits the same quality; and it may almost be said, with truth, that in him alone, and Shakspeare, is blank verse more than verse to the eye. Read the description of the battle in the "Paradise Lost," or the celebrated "Address to Light," or the trite but beautiful passage, "Sweet is the breath of Morn," and our opinion will receive confirmation. Shakspeare has an extraordinary modulation, but always in accordance with the subject. Can any person of feeling read the following passage, and deny it?

"'Tis not the balm—the sceptre and the ball—
The sword—the mace—the crown imperial—
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl—
The forced title running 'fore the king—
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp,
That beats upon the high shore of the world."

Can anything be more delightfully modulated? Or take this—

"How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commérce from dividable shores—
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degrees stand in authentic place?"

Ancient writers have dwelt at great length on the harmony of the periods of Demosthenes and Cicero,* and traced through their orations a singular propriety. Long before we heard of the opinions of Dion of Halicarnassus or Quintilian, on the harmonious structure of their sentences, the same fact struck ourselves. This is proved by the great number of heroic lines, perfect in their quantities and cadences, that occur in the boldest and most rapid passages of each. In the "Crown" and the "Archias" these instances are frequent. Was this combination the result of chance or dull labour? We should say, assuredly not. Practice, no doubt, was employed; but we may be certain that the finest instances occurred when the orator was borne away on the strong wings of excited feelings, and language, by intense emotion, assumed any form the speaker pleased. Does any reader, for a moment, imagine that the versification of Dryden's noble ode was produced by dull, school-boy hammering of rhymes? Or that Byron could have written—

---

* On the subject of Cicero's modulated sentences, we remember an acute remark made by Mr. O'Connell. He said he had almost invariably observed that the substance of the meaning was generally conveyed in the opening part of the sentence, so that the mind being set at rest, was left free to receive the impressions of the harmonious conclusion of the period. He added that he had sometimes imitated it. And we would have noticed the fact, although he had not mentioned it; for we perceived in many of his most successful speeches, especially in popular assemblies, where he was left free to follow the bent of his own feelings without the parliamentary drag-chain, that he conveyed the substance in the opening of the period, and then wound up at his ease with a humorous illustration, or a dash of his inspiring Irish eloquence.

. . . . "and each, clasped by an arm,
Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm—"

one of the very finest instances in poetry of a richness and depth of corresponding harmony—had not his soul been suffused with the glowing beauty of the hour? Of the sources of style, the most copious by far is the last, which, as has been seen, extends through all the rest. It is this that forms the most contrasted and apposite appearances—the austere and solemn severity of Aristotle's style, and the noble richness of Plato's—the naked, sinewy strength of Demosthenes, and the luxuriant fulness of his Roman rival—the grandeur and learned dignity of Milton's, and the irregular vigour of Shakspeare's—the calm and praying philosophy of Wordsworth, and the passionate enthusiasm of Byron;—from all these apparent diversities this quality deduces the same inference of genius. It is this that forms the style into which the grief or glow of different passions is burned, or which calmly exhibits the sublime idea it contains, or again is stamped with the boldness of a mind thrusting aside everything that stands between it and its object—that impresses the man of judgment and feeling with the superior ability of the writer. All that we call figures, as apostrophes, personifications, &c., depend on this quality for their influence. They are natural products of a great mind, and can only overwhelm a little intellect if it employs them. Why do we admire the famous oath—" O Athenians! you have not brought misfortunes on yourselves. No; I swear to you by the men who died at Marathon, and those who fell in the van of the battle at Platæa!" These are simple words, yet why do we reject for them the philosophical personifications of intelligence, virtue, education, in the peroration of Æschynes? Why are we affected, when Napoleon, a short time before his death, complaining of the cruelty and indignities he had suffered from the kings of Europe, feelingly exclaims—" But I had forgotten that cowardice had taken victory by surprise—its decisions are without appeal?" Why do we look with suspicion on the personification of the Alban Hills in Cicero, and the coloured compliment that the "rocks and solitudes answer to his voice?" Is it not because we suspect, in the latter class, the artifices of rhetoric, and feel, in the other, the strength of real passion, and the true energy of intellect? How utterly ridiculous are not the ordinances of critics to teach the mode of employing these noble figures, as if they were under the dominion of pedagogues, or could be present to any one but a naturally powerful mind! It were far better at once to tell their pupils to be sublime. "*I* call you the friend of Alexander!—I never called you the friend of Alexander!—Athenians! is he not the hireling of Alexander?* You hear the answer!" What rules, we would ask, could have taught this to Demosthenes? What critical canon could have prompted it? What else but intense passion and contempt for his adversary, as well as an unbounded confidence in his own innocence? It is from the same cause that we admire his firm boldness when, in the passage praised by Longinus, he halts in the middle of his argument, and pours a broadside into Aristogiton. We are always affected by real passion; on the contrary, mock passion rarely escapes ridicule. The first requisite of greatness is a capacity of powerful emotion, and violent passions generally accompany strong intellects. Burke used to say, in extenuation of the faults of genius, that it was as difficult to find powerful minds without strong passions, as a great fire without great heat. Newton himself, who is absurdly quoted as an exception to this rule, is a striking instance of it. It is plain from his letter apologising to Locke for having wished his death, that he was a man of violent temperament; and Locke's letter to his cousin shows most sensibly the difficulty of dealing with him. In proportion also to the strength of passion will be in general the fertility and liveliness of illustration; analogies and contrasts, as Locke happily expresses it, "being tumbled out of their dark cells into open daylight by turbulent and tempestuous affections, our affections bringing ideas to our memory that would otherwise have lain quite unregarded."

Another quality which we naturally admire, is the tenacious pursuit of an object, and the selection of an analogy from circumstances least likely to afford one. The African poet, quoted in Denham's Travels, says of the generous Boo Khaloom, "His heart was as large as the Desert." An ordinary person would have shrunk from illustrating liberality by the Desert; but surely the nobleness of the idea is set off in no light degree by the unexpected boldness which drew so forcible a simile from the strongest contrast in nature. One of our fashionable poets would be shocked at comparing the breast of a beautiful young woman to "two unripe apples," or her nose to the Tower of Damascus facing Lebanon. "The huge beard of the flame" would appear to be the expression of a savage; but Solomon, Æschylus, and Ariosto, justly felt that the mind would only turn the more strongly from the simile to all the beauty and tenderness of the first object, to the exquisite symmetry of the second, and the terrible grandeur of the third.

---

* Some of the commentators of Demosthenes remark, most absurdly, on this passage, that the orator, in order to secure the apparent condemnation of his rival, practised a ruse to effect it. He well knew the delicacy of ear that characterised an Athenian audience; and in pronouncing the word μίσθωτος, he strongly accentuated the first syllable instead of the second, which provoked the audience to shout aloud μισθὼτος, and so Demosthenes says, "You hear their answer." This extravagant nonsense is only worthy of critics. It is quite clear that if Demosthenes had taken the votes of the assembly after the exordium alone, without going into his case, Ctesiphon would have been acquitted, so plausibly and beautifully was it contrived. From the commencement he carried the feeling and sympathy of the audience with him; and it is not to be wondered at, when he called on the Athenians, who had so often witnessed his exertions against Philip, and were too acute not to be sensible of the treachery of Æschines, that they simultaneously responded to his call, and declared him, what in truth he was, "a perfidious hireling."

In short, it would be impossible to enumerate all the points in which style and mental power touch each other. Enough, however, it is hoped, has been stated to show that the universal prejudice of the world in favour of style is perfectly just, and that the latter is either thought itself, or the direct result and consequence of thought.

CUPID AND THE HARP.

BY WASHINGTON BROWNE.

The harp, on which Apollo played,
Stood near him in the myrtle shade,
For a brief season unessayed,
Whilst he reclined;
And through it in soft eddies strayed
The warbling wind.

Young Love came there by chance, and saw,
And touched it, forth sweet sounds to draw,
And starting back with pretty awe,
Again advanced, and smiled:
And looking on the poet-king,
As, grown more bold, he touched the string,
When chancing forth fresh strains to bring,
He danced with rapture wild.

There was a tempest in his blood:
Till then within his heart the flood
Of melody had slept;
But now the boy, for very joy,
He waked it—till he wept.

He smiled like heaven—and like its rain
He wept—his tears mysterious pain
To pleasure wed:
Then first 'twas his true power to know—
Then first he saw heaven's luminous bow
Bright overhead.

Away in scorn his bow he threw,
Away the doubtful shaft he drew,
Away the ample quiver too,
Trembling with bliss:
He felt his own song's empire wide,
"No more my power shall be defied—
Henceforth I'll sway all hearts," he cried,
"By this, and only this!"

New York, 1838.

FATHER-LOVE.[1]

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

CHAPTER III.

We turn to "the old baronet," of whom the cousins have so often spoken, in order to give our own impression of him. It is no defamation, unless indeed the truth be a libel in story-telling as well as in law, to say that, about forty years ago, there were a good many Irish gentlemen, so called at least, in Ireland, who lacked some prominent features of the character to which they pretended. Squires, baronets, nay, lords, might at that time have been found in that country, whose education was imperfect, whose mental habits and tastes were common-place, if not coarse, whose brows were aristocratic chiefly by the assumption of a vulgar frown, whose manners, when they would be dignified, were only overbearing, and whose earthly glory seemed limited to the achievement of spending in inelegant dissipation double (treble, quadruple, if they could) the amount of their rent-rolls. And if no highly-titled individuals exist around us while we write, as instances of the wretchedness which such characteristic and rude habits sooner or later entail, generally speaking, upon their possessors, yet can we at this moment fix our eye upon more than one or two miserable beings of the stamp alluded to, who once lived in splendour, partly borrowed, to be sure, on credit, in fine patrimonial houses, tended by crowds of servants, and flattered by crowds of admirers; but who now possess, in their unhonoured old age, nor roof to cover them, nor menial to obey them, nor former equal and companion, still more mean, to give them a night's lodging, a meal of food, a second-hand coat, or even a second-hand look, as they creep, in all but rags, about the roads of their once-hereditary grounds, paupers on the charity of the cabin peasant, or as they skulk through the streets of their native city, to lay out to the best advantage, in the purchase of some offal victuals, their rare stock of a few chance halfpence. With men like these, however, we have at present very little to do. We speak of them indeed only for the purpose of saying that the Irish gentleman now before us was one of a very different class; and in consequence of some unfavourable allusions made to him in our previous pages by his son and his nephew, it is additionally our duty to place Sir Miles Hutchinson as he ought to stand in the reader's estimation. He was, then, a true Irish gentleman of the old school—lettered, lofty, and graceful in his bearing; and though wise in his generation, as regarded politeness of manner, still of a shade too punctilious for the kind of poodle-coated taste of the present day. In face and in person, nature, by making him fine-featured, tall, and well proportioned, gave him the exterior means of well expressing these attributes. She had done more for him; she had endowed him with a clear mind, a good heart, and well-balanced dispositions. If he had an obvious fault, it was love of predominance in his own family, though in this his philosophical and religious notions concurred to fix him; and then his affections and his graciousness were always at hand to qualify or to make amends for any over-rigid exercise of parental authority. His nephew has truly said that he unexpectedly inherited the considerable property of which his father was the sole creator, to the prejudice of an elder brother, who, by the way, James Hutchinson did not add, had during his life proved himself unworthy of becoming the representative of his energetic and moral parent. But the circumstance of the younger son having been his father's heir only a few months before the old man's death, afforded to Miles Hutchinson opportunities for taking possession of great wealth, and eventually of a title, with a superiorly gifted mind. Early led to contemplate the building up of his own fortunes by his own almost unassisted endeavours, he had in fact studiously devoted himself, after a full collegiate course of honours, to a learned profession, from direct practice in which the unlooked-for event alluded to eventually called him. Not being a tasteless spendthrift, like the other specimens of Irish grandeeism we have noticed, and having been charged with miserly dispositions by James and by William Hutchinson, it may be inferred that he really had a touch of "the old gentlemanly vice." Such, however, was not the fact, and this his nephew, at least, knew perfectly well. Liberal almost to excess he had been to his ill-starred son William; nor did he hold his hand until the extravagance of the silly and criminal prodigal, involving the interests of himself, his wife, his father, and his expected posterity, became boundless, and not to be calculated in its effects.

---

[1] Continued from p. 16.

We will enter Sir Miles's house upon the evening, and at about the hour, that James and William Hutchinson conversed together near Essex Bridge, Dublin. We find him sitting on a chair in the middle of a spacious dining apartment, his whole manner and expression abstracted and sad. Tables are laid, as if for an expected supper-party, which had not arrived in time; and chandeliers and lamps that had been lighted hours before are burning untrimmed and unheeded. At the back of his chair stands an old respectable-looking man, full dressed in black, and his features also are stamped with sorrow and depression—he is Sir Miles's faithful serving-man. "Bear up, Sir Miles, bear up awhile, and all will be well and happy yet," said this person.

"I cannot, Martin—I cannot. I will say to your gray hairs, and in recollection of your long and honest services, what I would not say to the world—my heart must perish at last under the load of grief, ay, and of shame, heaped upon it by that wicked and sinful son."

"Ah, my dear master!" sighed the old man.

"For, to that world itself—that prying, pitiless world—I have other words; he will mend, I say; or perhaps I try to laugh lightly, and seem to make little of his crimes. But most to his wife—his poor young wife—the flower he has cropped and cast away—to her, Martin, in particular, I wear a smiling face; and yet her tears drop on my very heart. She is good—so feminine—so woman-like in every thing a woman ought to be—so loving, so trusting, so forgiving, and so wretched—God knows I could almost sit down and cry with her, if I durst do so, in preference."

"My own old eyes run over when I look at her, sir," said the attendant.

"And affliction does not now come to us single-handed, Martin. The present prop of our house shakes to its very base; and amid our utter fear and trembling for it, the future hope—the new-born one—the child of hours—is doomed to die, as you see, Martin, before we can say it lives."

"No, my dear master, do not say that; I have told you that there is some chance for the infant yet;—the Dublin doctor says so."

"Well, at all events, to provide against the worst, we will change our mind, Martin, and give it a hasty christening; and then the few late guests who live too far away to have been put off, and who, you inform me, are kind enough to wait the chances of this sad night above stairs, can sit down to supper here. I have strayed into the room, indeed, to see, with your help, if, amid our confusion, the tables were as they should be. Poor child! poor child! we can afford you but a cold and mournful merry-making. But see to it, Martin. And above all, my good Martin, until all these untoward things are over one way or another, I charge you to look happier in *her* presence. Let us show her smiles, poor young thing, while we bless her first-born; though, indeed, we might more fitly baptize in tears the gasping issue of a family upon all of whose children the hand of grief, or of shame, or of death, lies heavily. Need I ask it?—you got no tidings of my unhappy son in Dublin yonder?"

"No, Sir Miles; I asked after him at his usual haunts and lodgings, but could hear nothing of him."

"Well, Heaven's watch is over him. Let your young mistress be informed I wish to see her here, to lead her to the drawing-room to our friends—hush—I think I hear her gentle, small foot coming this way,—yes—you may leave me, Martin."

As the old man respectfully retired through one door, Fanny rapidly and nervously, and yet softly and gracefully, entered at another. She was a very pretty, slight young creature, fully realising in her appearance the description her father-in-law had just given of her; and the attire that she now wore, that of the undress of a youthful nursing-matron—loose flowing robes of white gauzy muslin—was much in character with her whole expression. The moment she saw Sir Miles, her handkerchief was held to her eyes.

"Blessings and happiness," he said, extending his hands towards her, and leading her to a chair—"blessings and happiness, as thick as the flowers in the spring, fall on you and around you, my own good, dear girl!—Now, now—what is this?—showers still? Come, your pretty urchin is thriving again; he will soon make a holiday round about him, in which nothing gloomy can or shall be permitted. Shame on you, Fanny, that are the happy mother of that fine imp, and—but do tell me why is this?—not a smile, not even a word yet, for the old grandfather, growing garrulous just to make you look cheerful?"

"Oh, dear father!" she sobbed on his shoulder.

"He'll mend, my child,"—he tried to smile—"our scapegrace will mend; he is not deaf at the heart, after all; think what a rough school he had of it on the wide sea. Our united voices yet must reach him, Fanny—my threats and commands, and reasonings, and discipline—and your tears too, and your good and fragrant prayers. I am his father, to enforce him to it—you are his wife, to woo him to it; and all will be smooth and delightful, Fanny, my darling."

"But oh!" she continued to sob, "the little boy! my poor little boy! he can never live—not even through the night! I know it well—my heart tells me so, though nurse and the doctor would strive to hide it from me."

"Tut, my child, I must not give you credit for half the penetration you would lay claim to on this point; I absolutely do not think you wiser and more skilled in the symptoms of a sick cradle than myself, old nurse, and our first Dublin doctor, altogether. Come, come—the precious brat will and must do well, and we will make a Christian of him this night after all, you know. I expect our reverend neighbour every moment; and although one of the godfathers we had fixed on, my old friend Blake, will not now be at hand, we can manage to do very well without him; and, by the way, Fanny, have you quite made up your mind as to the name the young stranger is to get?"

"My mind was always made up on that subject, you know," she answered.

"'Tis to be William, then, after all?"

"Certainly—his father's name."

"Well, I suppose you must have your way—though, indeed, his father deserves no such compliment from you. Tell me, Fanny, my dear, have you lately heard from the scamp?"

She slightly started, changed countenance, and grew embarrassed, as she answered, "Not very, very lately. At the same time a letter, directed to her, in, as Sir Miles saw, her husband's handwriting, slipped from her bosom, and fell on the carpet. She stooped eagerly, snatched it up, and hid it again.

"Well, well; I see, Fanny; and I do not want your secrets from you. Still I should like to know, if you have no great objection, what that very note is about."

She did not answer.

"Will you be so kind as to tell me then, if I ask you the question, what it is *not* about?"

She only grew more fidgety, and still remained silent.

"Listen to me, Fanny; I have had my suspicions of the nature of his dealings with you lately, and, without quite gaining myself the character of a very intermeddling old man, I must say that I do think, for all our sakes, you ought to be explicit with me upon the subject I mean. Do not speak yet. Listen to me again. You are the child, the only orphan child, of a most esteemed and respected friend; and, first, by virtue of my love for him who was your father; next by virtue of my long guardianship of you—though that has passed by; and last, on account of your alliance with my family, you are my care, my treasure, mine own daughter, as much as is your husband my own son; and therefore no injury of a kind which it would be my duty to shield you from, shall he inflict, if it be in my power to prevent it, on you."

"Injury!—injury on me?—and from William? Who talks of such a thing?—who thinks of such a thing?"

"No matter; you will not let me see the note, that's certain; so, Fanny, I have but one method to take with you. I will assert to your ears some things that I believe to be facts, and you will not contradict them—your noble habit of speaking the pure simple truth will not allow you to do so. I will assert that——"

"Dear, dear sir," she interrupted, "assert nothing to me at present—say nothing to me unconnected with the one present affliction—my little boy—that will be the better way."

"I will assert, Fanny, that William Hutchinson has been applying to you for your permission to make away with the ready money settled upon you by your father's will, and afterwards insured to you upon your marriage."

"Dear Sir Miles, do not, I again pray you, distress me, for this night at least, with matters that I am really unable even to contemplate, much less to discuss."

"And further, Fanny, I will assert that he has already duped you out of a portion of that fortune. You are silent, as I predicted you would be; and it is so, then. Good God! this certainty of my worst fears is dreadful; and how much has he plundered from you? But I forgot; you are sure still not to answer me, and I must pursue my plan. He has taken away a third—a half—I say he has. Nay, you must not leave me, dearest child." She had arisen, and was about to withdraw. "I would not willingly distress you—God knows I would not—but these things I should know; your own good sense will tell you that I should; and they are terrible things indeed to be made so sure of. Gracious Heavens! and must you be silent to my very next question too? He has deprived you of the whole of your independence."

"O sir! this is unkind—ungenerous—cruel!" she burst out crying, and spreading her beautiful little fingers over her face.

"I *am* answered, then, with a vengeance! All!—it goes beyond the very worst I could have believed him guilty of. It stuns me. Wretched—lost man!" Clasping his hands, he looked upward with a severe brow, "Just Providence——"

"Ah!" half-screamed Fanny, suddenly catching his arm, "you are going to curse him! But do not curse your son before that Heaven which is to judge yourself!"

"Spare him the wrath to come," continued Sir Miles, in a deep though not unbroken voice; "and even upon this earth do not visit him with the curse of irreclaimable, unrepentant vice. And yet for a season, O just God! for a season punish him. His heart is very foul—chasten it, chasten it!"

"Pity him and change him," prayed poor Fanny in her turn, dropping on her knees; "soften that young—and perhaps wayward—but not obdurate heart into its own natural mildness!" She was thinking merely of a moody change in his manner to her, rather than of his real sins; "but spare him, spare him—visit him as the sun when it would thaw the frost—not as the rude wind when it would dash the young, tall tree to the earth, splitting its tender limbs, and leaving it up-rooted and shorn!"

Her father-in-law looked at her with eyes now mild, and almost smiling in fond admiration. "And you do not hate him yet?" he asked, taking her hand to raise her—"no?"

"Hate William, my husband! the choice of my girl's heart, and the noble father of my sweet boy? Hate him! what mother ever did it?"

"But he has deeply wronged you, Fanny."

"No; he has done no wrong. A little neglectful, perhaps, he has been. I have had no joy from his voice, indeed, during my late pains and fears—no father's welcome for my poor baby—nay, though he even leave me here, at present, to take his son alone in my weak arms, asking God's care for it—yet only let him come, now or in future, and smile upon me, and stay by my side, and you will see, sir, if I—I—but tush, sir; I cannot speak it—and why need I?" She relapsed again into showers of tears.

"Why, indeed, Fanny. Come to my heart, child. And it is from such women as you, Fanny, that we derive the image the most like upon earth unto the goodness, the love, and the tenderness, that in a most bountiful conception framed you. Men are too stern—too egotistically just, perhaps—towards human weakness; but ye forgive out of love and out of charity; ay, and out of power too, a true woman is merciful! Darling, dry up your tears, and come with me to the drawing-room."

A few minutes after, he led her by the hand into the presence of some half dozen ladies and gentlemen, who, making kind and due allowance for the afflicted state of the family, had for some time patiently awaited them. The baronet's bearing had a lofty and fine expression as he came among them; and there was also in his manner a touching tenderness—the result of the conversation below stairs—towards the fluttering but most graceful girl by his side. Indeed, so full of her was his heart, that, permitted by perhaps an excess of his usual habits of formality of speech, he allowed himself, while naming her to an old friend and relative, to whom Fanny had not previously been presented, to become almost encomiastic and oratorical about her.

"The young mother," he said, "whose little one we register, to-night upon our earthly list, and in the Book of Life in heaven; a sweet and pure vessel of my blood and honour—a chaste source, whence my old name shall surely flow as clear as the clearest stream; the mother of my child's child—my good, good daughter."

The clergyman spoken of by Sir Miles not having yet arrived, though momentarily expected, the party descended to their late supper.

"It will be all the better," resumed Sir Miles, after he and his company had taken their places, his face still flushed, as his feelings were still occupied with an affectionate enthusiasm towards Fanny, left unprotected and uncountenanced upon this solemn occasion by his own son—and this necessarily heightened his anxiety to show her all love and honour—"it will be all the better, my friends; for now upon the threshold of our holy purpose, and before we have a right to toast a welcome to the new guest this lady introduces to us, I request you to drink with me to her own dear and cherished health—bumpers!" The toast went round. "As to her husband, who ought to be, and would be here, to bless his child to-night, only that most urgent and unexpected business keeps him in Dublin——"

He stopped speaking, as old Martin rapidly entered the room, pale, and almost trembling with agitation.

"O my dear master!" whispered the old man, having gained the back of Sir Miles's chair.

"Martin, the baby is dead!" screamed Fanny.

"No, madam, no—no such thing, thank God!" he answered.

"Then my son—my son—*is*——?" questioned Sir Miles, also whispering.

"Not dead, Sir Miles; but as I met him, of a sudden, just now, in the half light of the hall, he looked so grim and so white that he frightened me. And see—see!"

As he pointed to the door, William Hutchinson, scowling, indeed, haggard, disordered in dress, and looking over his shoulder, slowly strode into the apartment. He seemed totally unconscious of where he was going, or of the presence of others around him. His father turned almost as pale as he, while slowly rising, and then standing still, he fixed his eyes on him. At the same instant Fanny, again screaming, but now joyfully, glanced from the table, and threw her arms round his neck. The guests looked on, or else exchanged looks in great wonder.

"What! is it you, Fanny? What's all this? What brings us all here? Ha! lit up for company! and a jolly supper-table laid out too—and lots of guests—and—you, Sir Miles!"

His manner, as well as his speech, still betokened some great abstraction from the occasion and the persons near him; his eyes kept rolling wildly towards the door by which he had come in; and the last words addressed to his father were accompanied by a start backwards, as Sir Miles, having slowly followed Fanny from the table, suddenly stood before him.

"Here, sir," whispered his father, drawing him aside; "your hand is bleeding, and, as I can see, from a good gash across the palm. How did that happen?"

"O nothing, nothing!" answered William, trying to smile at his ease, though the smile was a ghastly one, as he held up and looked at his hand, working its fingers; "some trifling accident, I suppose, though I forgot how it has occurred, I'm sure."

"Why is your cheek so white, William? and why do you look so frightened?"

"If I do, I am not aware of it."

"And is this your visit to your father's house, after so long an absence?" continued Sir Miles, sternly.

"And is this my welcome to my father's house, after so long an absence?" retorted William, savagely.

"Well, sir, enough for the present. Go to your wife there—she needs your help, perhaps; and, if you can, a word to comfort her. Go to your wife."

"Thanks for the permission, father," sneered William, as now, a little more self-collected, he walked to where Fanny was sitting, at one side of the apartment.

"Go, sir," continued Sir Miles, "we shall have time to speak by and by." He reapproached the table. "Excuse me, my friends, but I had just a word on business to exchange with William. Before he came in, I was about to request your excuses, too, for his necessary absence." He stepped quickly back to William, and said in a whisper close at his ear, "Do not build too much, sir, on my feigned forbearance before our friends here." He readdressed his guests aloud, forcing a smile, "But you see he comes to us sooner than we expected, anticipating my apology;" then he whispered a second time, "I am aware of some things which shall make my future favour to you slow and cautious. Another toast, my friends!" And with an affectation of jovialness, which but poorly concealed his flurried agitation, Sir Miles again took his place at supper.

William Hutchinson noticed his last words only with a sulky and indifferent "Pshaw!" He was relapsing into the disagreeable, indeed frightful kind of abstraction, which had marked his first appearance in the supper-room. Poor Fanny having at length seen his wounded hand, had been bandaging it in terror and trepidation.

"Fanny, what o'clock is it?" he growled, as he passively, almost unconsciously, submitted the hand to her attentions.

"Very late, William—about two o'clock—why do you shiver, and turn round from me, and keep your eyes straining towards that door, as if there was something in the very air which you listened to?"

"I will go to bed—hark!"

"What *does* startle you so?"

"No—nothing—my fancy."

"But there *is* a something," she resumed, starting up. "*I* hear it now—the weak, wild cry of my child—the sound that will come to a mother's ears quicker than to any!" And she darted out of the room.

"What?" also questioned his father, from the table.

"Nothing!" answered William, suddenly turning round, and seating himself with the party; and he continued speaking, with looks, a voice, and a manner, of strange, incoherent excitement. "Come, I will give a toast too—a sentimental one—nothing like sentiment. Come, ladies fair, and gentlemen, fill up. Health, wealth, happiness, and honours to us all! our noble selves! and mines of gold to us!—Fill up—drink off!" He stood up, and extended his glass, and—"What's that now?" he continued, muttering, as a great peal of knocking sounded at the hall-door of the mansion.

"Major Blake," announced old Martin, entering the dining-room. The glass fell from William Hutchinson's hand, and dashed to shivers on the table, while he himself continued standing bolt upright, his previous terrible nervousness now stricken, as it were, into the rigid quietness of despairing certainty.

Major Blake almost immediately after appeared on the threshold of the door-way, accompanied by another military officer.

"Well, Mr. Smyth, is the man here?" demanded the major of his companion, speaking rapidly and eagerly.

"That is the man," replied the lieutenant, pointing solemnly and sadly towards William Hutchinson.

"Great God!" resumed Major Blake under his breath, "what is to be done? Pray step back, Smyth, and keep the men out of sight a moment."

The officer obeyed, and some soldiers who had been seen outside the door, in the hall, retired from view.

There was now real confusion on all hands. Every one stood up, staring or whispering. The master of the board advanced slowly to his old friend, Major Blake; his face was marked with a miserable omen. The friends exchanged a few words apart. Sir Miles started —almost jumped upwards, swervingly, as if a bullet had cut through him. The confusion still increased; and to help it to its utmost, after the ringing through the house of a woman's shriek, of a cadence so appalling, that every listener quailed to it—Fanny tottered back into the room, her arms extended, her eyes staring, her under-jaw dropped, and falling forward upon her father-in-law's breast, was just able hoarsely to mutter, "I knew it—ye could not deceive me—the little boy is dead!—and whisper, Sir Miles—poison! poison! the doctor says, poison! and can prove it. Go to him, and see—go to him!" when she fainted in his arms.

"Ay?" questioned Sir Miles; "ay, indeed, Fanny? Here, my good women," calling to her maid and nurse, who had followed her as far as the hall; "convey your mistress to her chamber—quietly, very quietly." They took Fanny from him, assisted by one or two of the ladies present, and bore her away still insensible. When she and they had gone—"Ay, indeed, Fanny?" resumed the baronet, speaking to himself—"and the doctor says even so? Well, we shall hear what proof he has to give; but there is no time for that now; other business presses us closer." He turned to his guests, assuming, with extraordinary success, much dignified self-possession, and addressed them: "My dear friends, I'm doomed, it seems, to spend this whole night in making apologies to you for very untoward interruptions to our festivity. But you are able to judge yourselves, partly at least, how impossible it now has become for me any longer to have the pleasure and the honour of entertaining you on this occasion. I must indeed absolutely turn you out—so, good night—good night—and may we soon meet again under happier circumstances. Good night."

The room was soon cleared of all but Sir Miles Hutchinson, his son, Major Blake, and Lieutenant Smyth. William still remained motionless where he had been standing when the knocking sounded at the hall-door. Sir Miles closed, latched, and locked the door of the eating-room.

"Now, Major Blake," he began.

"By heaven, Hutchinson! I do not know what to say, or how I am to act," said his old friend.

"Say and do whatever is your duty," answered the baronet.

"Would to God I had myself recognised at the moment of the unfortunate occurrence the face and person of the offender; but it was my friend Mr. Smyth who came up with him first, and then the crape got off his face in Smyth's presence only, and he escaped again; and Smyth, having never seen him before, did not know his name, though he was able to track him to this house in my company, after we had called up the soldiers near at hand. What, I ask again—what *is* to be done?"

"First, Blake, let me hear the charge a little more distinctly, and then we can easily decide what *ought* to be done. If William Hutchinson deserves it, call in the soldiers—that's all; and afterwards I will say nothing, but—God help me! God help the father who outlives his own child's honour!"

"I say amen to that, Hutchinson, from the bottom of my heart; I am a father myself—and—old friend—my nature yearns for the father's agony you must now experience."

The veteran wrung Sir Miles's hand, while his hard-edged gray eyes moistened.

"I thank you, Blake," said the baronet, returning the manly pressure; "and now let us go on. I thank you."

"Thus it happened, then. About half way between Dublin and Howth, not more than two hours ago, three men, with crape on their faces, and disguised in cloaks, stopped the postchaise in which Smyth and I were travelling from town. We jumped out upon them, and there was a scuffle. Two of them immediately fled; I pursued those, leaving Smyth and the third man struggling together. Coming back from my useless chase, I saw that third man also running fast away from my companion, and I followed them too. Before I could join them they were struggling again, and, after a moment, I saw the man fling Smyth upon the ground, and at last race out of sight."

"Then *you* are not able to identify William Hutchinson as that man?" questioned Sir Miles, his features expressing a slight release from his terrible fears.

"No; but Smyth speaks now, you know," answered Blake, sighing heartily.

"Ah, yes—I forgot;—proceed, Mr. Smyth, I pray you, sir."

"I do so very unwillingly," said the young man; "and I have but a few words to say—indeed I said them before;—that is the person with whom I struggled," again pointing to William. During our last encounter I twitched the crape from his face, and saw his features too plainly."

"Why, 'twas a dark night!" cried Sir Miles.

"It was night—that's certain," said William Hutchinson, suddenly turning round with a horrible smile; "it was night—but the merry young harvest moon shone out as clear as day!"

"Monster! you confess it, then?" exclaimed his father, drawing back.

"Even if he did not," resumed Smyth, "there is additional proof. During our scuffle together he seized my sword. I drew it quickly through his closed hand, and I believe a mark of it remains."

"You confess?" repeated his father.

"Confess!—and why should I not? Would you make a mean villain of me, as well as a daring, dashing one?" bellowed William. "Would you teach me to lie, palter, and equivocate, as well as to cry—'deliver!'"

"O you disease of my pure blood! And do you exult in it? What dream can he have been dreaming, Major Blake? What maniac's fit is on him, as silly as it is wicked? He would correct our old planet, I suppose—give new laws—would he—to time and motion. Pray, tell me now, sir, how many sage legislators, like himself, may have got up the promising plot."

"There was no plot!" resumed William Hutchinson, the savage fever increasing on him; "listen, unnatural father, and wince! There was no fine young patriotism. I wanted what your miserly hard-heartedness had denied me. I wanted—guineas!—guineas!—and I did my best to get them. And now you have the story right."

"Almighty heaven!" exclaimed Sir Miles, clasping his hands; "reptile! you utter a falsehood! Speak again."

"Sir! Being my parent—by nature so—but, I repeat, most unnatural—treat me more like a parent, or—I may forget."

"Hiss away, adder! It *is* a lie, Major Blake,—I say it is! Fallen as the wicked boy may be, he belies himself now! Speak *you!* Let me hear *you* say it!"

"*He* has spoken," answered Blake.

"Blake, mercy!—have mercy upon a father's heart. He *has* spoken, as you say,—but not the fact!—not the fact!"

"The fact, Sir Miles."

"The fact!" echoed William. "And now let us have done. Why do we stand here talking idly? Dispose of me—my brain and my breast are jarred. Let me have some rest; in sleep, or in silence, or in solitude, or in death—no matter which. Take me out of this house, Major Blake. Farewell, father! Over-careless and over-prudent father!—see in me the fruits of your early neglect, and your tardy, your unreasonable coercion. My young blood be on your head!"

"Silence, obdurate man!" cried Major Blake, observing that his old friend stood pale and shaking, unable, in the utter horror that fell upon him, to utter a word.

"Tell my old nurse, the sea, to hold her tongue, when a good stiff south-wester is lashing her back," roared the half madman.

"Have a care how you defy *me*, sir, as well as your father," continued the veteran, his indignation aroused, and yet more as a friend sympathising with Sir Miles than as a public functionary, from whose decision in the present case there could be no appeal.

"Defy *you?* Ay, you, or any man. What have I to fear but what I know? Do you think all your gold lace makes you awful before me there? What more do you want of me than what you have all made me? My life! *'tis* yours. Why refuse me, then, the utterance of a few harmless words? Words can't waken the father in *his* heart—no fear of that. See!—there he stands, able to plead for me, and to save me; but nature abandons him, as in my boyhood—childhood almost—he abandoned *me!*"

The afflicted father was at last able to speak. Having stepped backwards into a corner of the apartment, he had bowed his forehead upon his locked and uplifted hands, and perhaps prayed to Heaven for presence of mind, and power to form some good and necessary resolutions. At all events, again advancing forward, there was now upon his brow something like the effect of such a prayer.

"My son, my son," he said, in a solemn and awful voice, which, with a great effort he kept from becoming broken; "do not, by such raving words, peril, in Heaven's face, your immortal soul. I was not, I am not, such a father to you. Your young blood my fall, indeed, upon my aged head, but it will be for my shame and anguish—not in judgment." He turned slowly to his old friend, and while he addressed him, there appeared, through all his habitual dignity of manner, a kind of beseeching, humiliating admission of loss of importance and self-reliance—a consciousness of participation by the father in the shame come upon the son, which it was pitiable to see; and he spoke almost under his breath, and, while he ended his appeal, bowed very low.

"I am a suitor to you, Major Blake, thus far, seeking not, asking not, to turn justice from her course one single jot. I would yet request you, major, in my character and in my responsibilities as a gentleman, as your friend, and as a civil magistrate of our country, that this guilty man—my son—may remain here in this house, for the present, guarded by one of your soldiers, as my prisoner, to be produced by me to-morrow morning whe rever you appoint a court-martial to try him. This is my request; and should you feel no difficulty in granting it, I shall be most sincerely, most gratefully, obliged to you, Major Blake."

"Oh, Sir Miles, don't consider yourself my debtor for so very slight an indulgence; he is your prisoner—do with him as you think fit."

Bowing again, Sir Miles unlocked the door of the room, withdrew, and returned in a short time, followed by old Martin, who held a key in his hand, and by a soldier bearing his musket—one of the men whom Major Blake had desired Lieutenant Smyth to remove out of view in the hall.

"I have told this soldier that he would have your orders, Major Blake, to obey me, for to-night and to-morrow morning, in this house."

"Sir Miles Hutchinson, in what he says, has told you what you are to do, my man," said the major, nodding to the soldier. The human machine put his hand to his cap.

"Remove *him*, then, to the place I told you of," continued the baronet, addressing old Martin; "and, soldier, you will guard the door of the place in which this servant locks up your prisoner—the young gentleman yonder," pointing to William Hutchinson; "remove him, Martin."

"I protest against this partial course!" vociferated William. "Claiming the usages and the privilege of even the commonest felon, which I am, I ask to be conducted to the proper prison built for me, and for my worthy brother felons, at the expense of the county. I will not stay here to be the victim of a cold-hearted father—such a thing were monstrous. Do not outrage nature in this manner, but let me quit his house at once."

"Remove him," his father repeated, turning his head away, and making a signal sideways to his old servant.

"Answer me then, father—upon what sentence do you command me away from you? I need not be told that it must be just as you choose to shape it—for life or death?"

"Remove him," still said Sir Miles, now turning quite away.

"Come, then!" roared the desperado; "and from this hour, between the father and the son—come!—let all that can part man and man part us for ever! Worlds—if there are more than one—your great, vague desert of space—time—life—death—your dream of eternity itself, if such a dream can come true—ay, hell and heaven—or, what is a better, ha, ha! than all together—hatred!—hatred!—let that be the abyss between us! Come!" He rushed out of the room, followed by Martin and the soldier.

"And now, Blake," said the father, tottering to his friend, his hands again clasped, his features convulsed, his voice gasping, his whole self-possession gone, and his whole frame failing—"and now, Blake, we are alone, and that bad son cannot hear us—I supplicate you! you *are* a father. Nay, hear me out—by your own son—by our early friendship—by our gray hairs in common—and by our tears, too, in common—for I see you are a man as well as a father—and can compassionate me, and weep for me. Oh, pardon!" he fell on his knees—"pardon, Blake—do not drag him to shame—public—recorded—ineffaceable shame—shield us from that! And thou, Father of fathers," he ran on, now turning his face upwards, while Blake vainly endeavoured to raise and calm him, "melt this man to my prayer. Whisper mercy to him—the mercy he may yet crave from thee. Suffer me not, in my last years, to be—to—oh, save—save!"—He fell prostrate at his length on the floor, having fainted.

* To be continued.

THE MEMORIES OF SONG.

BY MRS. ABDY.

OH ! song has many memories,
And they rest within the heart,
Till bid by a tuneful voice to rise,
Then forth to the light they start,
Waking long banished thoughts and ties
By their sweet and potent art.

I love to list to that simple strain,
It is passing dear to me,
I sang it free from a care or pain
When a babe at my mother's knee,
And it gives me back the glow again
Of my joyous infancy.

That choral song, with my playmates gay,
I have poured in childhood's hours,
When we homeward sped at the close of day,
Laden with wreaths of flowers,
And my heart responds to its gentle sway,
Like a rose to the summer showers.

That lay I sang in my girlhood's spring,
To a dazzling throng around;
But my voice was faint and faltering,
It had not its usual sound,
And my eyes with tears were glistening,
And I bent them on the ground.

That hymn was sighed in murmurs low
By my dying friend at even;
But earth no more shall her accents know,
For the boon to her is given
To raise her sweet thanksgivings now
With the seraph choir of heaven.

That solemn strain first met my ear
When the abbey's aisle I trod;
How I paused in silent awe to hear,
How I soared beyond the sod,
And seemed to breathe in a purer sphere,
And to draw more nigh to God !

These thoughts oft come my spirit o'er,
And they seem my mind to soothe,
Each gives in turn from its precious store
Records of love and truth;
And the sunny season they restore
Of my bright and early youth.

Oh ! Time the magic cannot chill
That to spells like these belong,
And I smile amid the strife and ill
Of the world's debasing throng,
For my heart renews its verdure still
In the Memories of Song.

SHAKSPEARE FANCIES.[1]

No. III.

PORTIA AND JOANNA BAILLIE.

In Shakspeare's tragedies, and the generality of melancholy tales, such as Corinne, there is a concentration of interest; in his comedies, and in ordinary stories such as Waverley, there is a multiplicity of character. Bassanio has dignity conferred on him by his being the object of Portia's love and Antonio's friendship; but others beside the heroine and her chosen one command and obtain our sympathy—the generous Antonio, whose honour, liberality, and prejudices render him the type of an English merchant—the Jew, Shylock, emblem of his tribe, imbibing the spirit of cunning, hatred, and revenge, from the slave-like treatment incident to their degraded position in society; and, when they develope the instructions of insult, hooted at instead of lauded for their proficiency. Shylock bestows importance on his daughter and Lorenzo; over Jessica, too, is flung a dearer charm—by her power to recal Rebecca of Ivanhoe, the Jewish maiden of later days and more absorbing interest. It was through the same streets, also, that Shylock roamed in quest of his child, as Brabantio silently hurried in pursuit of Desdemona.

Portia is not cabined in a thronged city, like Desdemona; nor yet, like Juliet, prisoned in the castle of a smaller town, with its court-yard and high walls: fresh country breezes fan her noble brow, and send the lustrous flush mounting to her cheek, dilating the thin nostrils of her clearly defined, beautifully formed, but not too prominent nose. Her figure is not fragile, like that of the town-bred Desdemona; nor low, child-like, and merely budding into beauty, like that of the infant Juliet. She is tall, but moderately so; not taller than Desdemona, though more portly and commanding. Her countenance is sunny and brightly happy: it has less of the changeful than Juliet's; and her glance is not so fiery, passionate, and soul-subduing, while it displays a more permanent consciousness of talent. Juliet has the fascination of unknowing childhood; Portia, the attraction of magnificently developed maturity. She has not the sentimentalness of Mrs. Hemans, the concentrated pathos of poetry, the purely chosen language, like the essence of warbling rills which drop undefiled on polished pebbles: she has, rather, the masculine style and reach of conception of Joanna Baillie. Her genius is not, like that of Juliet and Lady Wortley Montague, comparatively untutored; nor, like that of Mrs. Hemans, apparently laboured: her attention is devoted to the matter rather than the manner.

Comparisons are not always odious; they are sometimes delightful. Know yourself, and you know all the world. You are aware what your own feelings would be in a given case; and, by comparing the difference of developement which you and the object of your study exhibit on such occasions, you may estimate the probable variations in remaining instances. Shakspeare's heroines are so chosen as to embody every species of interest, and placed in developing situations where we have seldom an opportunity to contemplate our fellow-creatures, thus affording us means of delicious instruction without which we must otherwise continue. We fancied ourselves intimate with Juliet when we completed the study immediately devoted to her; we found ourselves more intimate when, by coming to know Desdemona, we were able to trace their varieties of character; we shall be still better acquainted with her when we have studied Portia. Each study, while throwing light on one particular subject, will necessarily illumine others; each in succession will yield more pleasure than the previous one, as the possession of two objects of love is more valuable than that of one, of three than that of two.

---

[1] Continued from p. 50.

Portia's eye is hazel, not dark brown like Juliet's; her tresses are auburn, not flaxen like Desdemona's. Her marked and finely arched brows are almost as dark as Juliet's, expressive of energy, though her looks are lighter. Recollections are pleasing; and the Prince of Morocco reminds us of poor Othello. The former boasts of valour, which the latter possesses; the former, without true love, is confident of his merits; the latter doubtful. But if the prince were incapable of Othello's disinterested affection, he fancied himself capable; and belief is better than scepticism; sincere folly, than scornful worldly wisdom. His harmless confidingness, arising in part from complacency, interests us; and we sympathise with him when obliged sorrowfully to bid farewell to his mistress; not so with the Prince of Arragon, whose self-sufficiency is too arrogant and unloving: his leave-taking displays mortified and huffish pride - that of the Moor wounded vanity and real grief, for the loss of the portion as well as of the bride; all sorrow, with the Spaniard, was merged in disdain of the slighting of his deserts.

I should not like to see Shakspeare's plays acted—they are too good for acting; in the glare of scenes and attitudes we lose sight of the sterling ore of the piece, and might be nearly equally contented with unsubstantial tinsel. How painful to have our loved conceptions falsified—the author's delicate touches rendered coarse—the goddess of our affection degraded to a vulgar mortal—axioms of pure philosophy spoiled by mincing affectation or unmeaning pomp of delivery—texts for the rule of life made similarly unattractive—and feeling phrases robbed of their power to touch the heart! The theatre is not so popular as formerly; cultivation is more diffused; refinement is more exacting; we cannot away with merely one good actor in a corps. What could Mrs. Siddons herself effect, unless well supported? However enraptured with her, we must lament her choice of a profession, and regret that her superior talents had not found a more fitting and a nobler field of action. The love of representing such pieces as their abilities can design, is a passion amongst comparative barbarians; but when a great object for which to exist takes the place, in higher grades, of a simple desire for amusement, such is no longer a matter of paramount importance. Music is a science in which, with moderate ability, a sufficient proficiency to fill secondary parts may, by persevering study, be acquired; it is so also with dancing; but we cannot be taught to act pleasingly, unless we have superior natural qualifications; and nothing causes more disagreeable sensations than to witness the performance of a vulgar actress or an awkward actor. It is a question, too, whether, if we did possess the necessary attainments, they might not otherwise be more wisely employed.

Portia's situation is a more important and independent one than that of Juliet and Desdemona. If the first wins, and the second beseeches our admiration, Portia commands it; yet she is so good-natured, sweet-tempered, and bountiful—so well inclined to love others, not, like some women, attracted only by men; so courteous, hospitable, clever, and well bred, that no one envies her high estate: all are thankful, rather, that she possesses it. She acts more, talks more, than even Juliet; she cannot think more than Desdemona. We may suppose that Portia and Bassanio had previously met frequently in society; and that she calmly and considerately, yet with ardour, exhibited her preference; not irresistibly carried away, like Juliet; nor merely permitting the flow of feeling, like Desdemona. Portia was always mistress of herself, and of those who approached her; she swayed by intellect, because conscious of her powers. Juliet ruled by instinct and impulse, not aware of how or wherefore she did so. Desdemona only influenced, but permanently and continuously. Nerissa, as was fitting, is able to converse with Portia—to utter repartee—not a dictatress, like Emilia, nor a fond, vulgar hireling, like the nurse.

Portia's first conversation displays as much discrimination of character, and power of communicating her ideas, as Miss Baillie. Why, with her surpassing genius, has she not succeeded in becoming popular? There is a kind of presumption in woman's, I do not say merely attempting to develope male characters, though I might almost do so; but in her endeavouring to hold up to light the whims, oddities, failings, and weak points of those men who are in other respects superior. The most talented females fail in such efforts; women cannot write without experience; their portraits will have an artificial, studied air, if intimates are not the originals of their pictures. Madame de Staël is found wanting in her heroes. Noble talent is sometimes inadequate to obtain that popularity which a tithe of the ability compasses, if exerted in a more taking form It obtains a vast deal, it is true; placing the possessor on a proud eminence; and Miss Baillie is the first of female writers; for, in that line, none has approached her excellence; and it demands greater capacity, and more varied acquirement, than any other. Nevertheless, excepting by means of a song set to music, or some unexcelled household stanzas, like those on the kitten, where she cannot overreach herself, she is not a familiar, fireside pet. Her volumes are scarcely to be seen, unless in large cities; the superior few have read, admired, and appreciated them; but the majority are simply acquainted with her celebrity, though ignorant of the masterpieces which have established it. And thus, with those who are worthy to associate with her, Portia is supreme; but to the generality she is not so deliciously lovable as the favourite Juliet, nor so softly, sadly interesting as Desdemona; yet she is a more majestic creature than either—the stately queen of goddesses!

"Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum tibi."

Mrs. Hemans often fascinates our sympathies; we feel that she feels while she writes. Miss Baillie is more independent; like Channing, she towers aloft; and though she has far more power of transporting herself and others, by fancy, to distant regions, yet she does not convince us of the reality of her personages as Mrs. Hemans does of the genuineness of her own sentiment. She is free from Mrs. Hemans's affectation of style; is she wholly so from that of matter? There are some who will tell you their style is natural, though it reads affectedly: and simplicity is more readily attained by study than by carelessness. High-flown sentences are devoid of that finished, yet simple gracefulness, which is the *chef d'œuvre* of art. It is much easier by grand words to produce rolling and magnificent sounds, than by a combination of unassuming ones to compose sweet melody. There are others who, by writing just as they speak, are pleasingly natural, if not harmoniously musical; yet if their subjects are, by themselves, deemed of vital moment, thus licensing them to endless speech, their advanced essays will be inflated—naked truths can no longer be plainly stated; they must be enlarged on—newly trimmed—lent a different face—their dress turned inside out—aided by novel comparisons—unheard-of illustrations; which is all artificial, while the authoress persuades herself she is as unadorned as ever. There is none who will not, if she is heedless, exhaust herself.

"I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise." Juliet would not have spoken so frankly; or if so, not so unexaggeratedly and unpoetically, not so unblushingly and uncoquettishly; a dear excitement must have led her to divulge her darling secret: but if the hidden current once glanced into light, it would then sparkle bubblingly, and hurry murmuringly onwards, regardless of restraint. Portia was not thus whirled rapturously forward; no consuming passion, no rosy-faced consciousness did she exhibit. She judged discreetly, and had so much wisdom in her ways, that she hardly suspected love had thralled her. And she *was* the independent, able creature, framed not only to survive, but actually to triumph over, misfortune, though her cheek might pale—her step, still firm, be less elastic—her manner, though cordial, less warm—her spirits, though cheerful, less buoyant—her temper, though even, less joyous—her occupations, though constant, less suddenly and vigorously undertaken. Desdemona, instead of thus asserting her opinion, would have reddeningly and timidly inquired that of another, with which, when she had heard it, perhaps venturing to believe she agreed; if not, to ask the speaker whether she really thought, or interrogatingly to remark, surely you do not deem so? Portia understands the duties and common events of life; she has ability to comprehend those, too, which have not fallen under her own observation; her freedom from wild enthusiasm has allowed years to mature her judgment; she is therefore versed in the rules of propriety and their reasons, naturally and without an effort conducting herself accordingly, yet rationally anticipating very different demeanour from persons misguided by passion, worldly interest, and want of principle. There is a playful, frisking *laisser aller* in her bearing, during the scene of her introduction to us, just such as in Miss Baillie's—"Uprouse ye, then, my merry, merry men,"—playful, pleasant, unforced; permitted with harmless satisfaction.

This scene discovers her philosophy too; her keen, cutting good sense; still rendering her a fair type of the authoress: her ideas are not girlish, like those of Juliet; nor womanish, like those of Desdemona; and her candour is like that manifested by Miss Baillie, when she confesses her longing that her plays should be acted, in other words, popular, and her calm sorrow that they are not so. The style of each is free, bold, and uncrippled; (the mode of thought noble, dignified, and untrammelled;) not abounding in set phrases—not discovering any constitutional inability to utter aught but satinet syllables, and cramped ideas to correspond, cast but in one mould, pretty, it is true, yet devoid of the charms of ease and variety. Portia's eloquence is not a resistless torrent like that of Juliet, whose ideas and language dazzle us by the brilliancy of metaphor, rather than instruct us by the sobriety of truth: too strong a light sheds a false glare on surrounding objects—twilight diffuses a hazy but indistinct charm—the temperate medium of ante and afternoon developes truly; figures stand out clearly, distinctly, and unflattered in their ugliness or beauty, except that the halo of light, like that of poetry, encircles them. No intercourse is so charming as that which admits us to the confidence of an agreeable person; and Portia, as well as Miss Baillie, can be delightfully confiding; not raptly ever, nor, like an engrossing "selfite," developing profound truisms, to fathom which to their depths, years of pondering devoted by third-rate ability would be requisite; but, from a higher order of talent, only grasping comprehensive moments which concentrate the experience of ages. Her resolute determination to abide by her father's will, without a shadow of intention to appeal from it, denotes her unflinching principle, for which she assumes no credit, deeming it simply a thing of course; just as there is no merit in spelling well, though a great defect in doing so incorrectly. We can imagine Miss Baillie a like person; but spirited personifications of moral beauty are rarely able to embody such as themselves. Erring, frail children of humanity sometimes appreciate, as with a passion, the noble character which inspiration teaches them to depict. The Lady Jane Montfort is very good; but where are the airy charms of nature, the essence of life, and quintessence of attractiveness?

Portia's is pleasant satire, for it is merely lively truth; it has no venom. She has not the evil qualities of a professed wit, for she evinces that she is not one by her acknowledgment of—"I know it is a sin to be a mocker." Some Neapolitans are, to this day, if report speaks truly, more knowing in horse-flesh than in other sciences; and Germans are grave, searching for truth in the bottom of a well; and Frenchmen merry and imitative; and Englishmen stupid in society;

and Scotchmen shrewd; and Saxons dull: the first of Portia's suitors priding himself on his jockeyish talents; the second on his reflective; the third on his social; the fourth on his nation's worth, which rendered it unnecessary for him to play the agreeable; the fifth on his pedigree and wisdom; and the sixth on his appreciation of sensualities. Yet the Englishman is nervously sensitive to the opinion of others, and unwisely desirous of attaining outward perfection; not from a wish to afford pleasure; but lest this sensitiveness should be wounded; heaping, in consequence, undecidedly together the fancies of hundreds on his single person. He has selfish pride; the Frenchman feminine vanity, who is anxious to please, not because he thus insures the gratification of others, but because the contentment of his associates will be reflected on himself, encouraging him to greater, and therefore more successful efforts, yielding him influence over those by whom he is liked, and with self-importance inflating him, the frog, who puffs and pants to ape the size of a cow. Still there is a *bonhomie* about him which is more attractive than the exclusive selfishness of the Englishman: the latter is near-sighted, the former far; Jack Brag would term the latter a wet blanket—a gloomy condensation of damps; while the former glitters in a tinsel robe: darkness and gravity belong to one, light and laughter to the other; there is no congeniality between them; they despise, and almost avowedly hate each other. The Englishman, however, thinks he believes his rival beneath his hatred; while the Frenchman admits *him* to be above it—that is, wholly out of his sphere, and scarcely worthy of a thought, because incapable to emulate him. The first deems his competitor a frivolous child, grovelling amidst sublunary trifles; while the last considers *him* in a youthful dotage, vainly attempting to career on unsubstantial clouds. The former gives his opponent credit for tact in availing himself of valueless nonentities; the latter allows *him* to possess talent, but unaccompanied by discretion to use it aright: the former wavers as to the path he shall pursue, and, like a solemn ape, often aims after that which is beyond the scope of his ability; while the latter, like a spruce parrot, gaily smirking in the conceit of pretty plumage, everywhere fearlessly intrudes his speech.

Both of these the German contemns; the reflections of the Englishman are too material, not sufficiently abstract, dealing too much in illustration, too much depending on mere utility, and not exaltingly pointless and aimless. The Frenchman he esteems totally irreflective, glancing at, without thinking on, subjects. In his turn, he is admired by the Englishman, who deems, however, that a combination of his own qualifications would vastly improve him. But if the Frenchman believes the Englishman doting, he judges the German to be melancholy mad, and an awkward, stupid clown to boot, who must pore over everything, labouring upon trifles, and comprehending nothing by a glimpse—wading through bogs, instead of lightly skipping over them—scrutinising each particle of chaff, instead of tossing them rapidly in the sun, and discovering the seed by his beams. The Neapolitan shrugs his shoulders at all three, and, though every man will have his taste, imagines that people must confess *he* has the best of the matter, for whom life is alive, and nature gay; from whom sad tameness, miserable drudging, and vexatious harassing about incomprehensible things, are at a distance. And those three properly scorn him, while they enjoy complacency of spirit, seeing that he elevates corporeal above spiritual gratifications; but when depressed, as all are at times, they pretend that he is to be envied, because free from ambition by silence to obtain respect for his wisdom, or by his social valuation to grasp the perquisites of such dominion, or by his brutish toiling to ascend a tottering pinnacle of eminence.

The Scotchman sneers at all round; and well he may, for he combines the means of success possessed by the former four. He relishes a vacation devoted to pure amusement, however limping may be his essays to act the sportsman; he savours objective thinking, like the Englishman, and boundless conception, like the German; and in discoursing, he can lay on a thick coat of flattery, which sometimes outdoes the less clumsy and more graceful address of the Frenchman. He mingles national, family, and personal pride; and he has not equal art with the last-mentioned in concealing meanness; while his self-complacency, admitting of no abashment, is less passable, less refined, so to speak, and more offensive. He is just capable of strong feeling, while that of the Frenchman is evanescent, who is good-natured and polite, however, so long as his own claims are uninterfered with. The first lover seeks in Portia a mother of his children, and manager of his household, to be permitted to act as she wists; the second seeks her as a useful and ornamental doll; the fourth as a goddess, to be worshipped and left lonely, though a suitable partner of his state, and the subject of approbation to his connexions. The wife of the Scotchman will be his companion and adviser, mingling with his, those attainments which by pains taking have been mutually acquired; and, if serviceable, she will be well treated. The Saxon is careless of all the world, as well as of himself, deeming no one worth the trouble of a sentiment either of esteem or scorn: to exist as if without a soul, and to die also like a beast, is his destiny; the most wretched portion allotted to any. Yet he displays a heedless confidence in his own merits; and, not having much happiness staked on the issue of a request, is almost indifferent to a refusal; while he dreams, all the time, that he has as good a chance of, and right to, being favourably heard, as any other candidate: still he would not put aught to hazard, unless for the sake of the one god of his idolatry. The first grows fond, from habit, of her with whom he has long associated; the second reasons himself into attachment; the third addresses himself to courtship, because the lady is the fashion, of station and influence, or because she has abilities to grace either situation, and his flame burns quickly, hotly, and angrily; the fourth in one or two interviews is fascinated, allowing imagination then to feed on the fancies they have kindled; the fifth, perceiving the advantages of the match, steps forward to propose it; and the sixth is advised to the proceeding by a crony, forthwith acceding to a belief in the damsel's attributes, and to the opinion that no time should be lost in the business.

" It was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called." True; but the insertion of "as I think" is feminine: there is no necessity to waste thought in deliberating the truth of a known fact. However she might resolve to bear herself, the female still peeped forth: here was a lengthening out of the sentence devoted to her lover, that she might, as it were licensedly, meditate the longer on him. She frankly exhibits a girlish entertainment in counting and scanning her followers; and unaffectedly discovers a depth of affection in the cheerful, contented, respectful manner, though at heart a little sorry, in which she speaks of her father's will. We can conceive him something of an oddity, shrewd, merry, and happy; when peevish or cross, smoothed to order by his placid, entertaining, and high-hearted daughter, who loved, while she noted, his clever eccentricity, on which her taste for mental philosophy revelled. A glad fellowship was maintained between this pair; such an equal communion as was unknown to Brabantio and Desdemona, Capulet and Juliet. No confidence was withheld, for as yet there was no love affair to hide. There is more of sensuality, and less of imaginativeness, in Portia than in Desdemona; and the former is desirous of a comely husband.

It is meet that Antonio should be introduced shadowed in sombre, as his part is always dolorous, relieving the brilliancy of the other actors. He is the only man who rises grandly before us, gaining, at the same time, our respectful affection. There is nothing harsh or ungainly in his character; his failings only render him more amiable; and we are interested by his causeless melancholy, the foreboding of ill; being naturally inclined to sympathise with the sufferer, rather than with the successful. His dependence for happiness on the love of others attaches us—and his disinterested attachment to Bassanio, on whom he lavishes princely bounties, feeling it far better to give than to receive—his liberal mind, not contracted by merchandise, nor deeming it aught but a means to a greater end—and his noble fearlessness of evil; generous animals are ever rashest. So amiable an old bachelor is he, that his acquaintances give him credit for being amorous: we imagine him once to have loved, and been beloved, by a faithful fair one, whose grave was her bridal bed—and sorrow, fidelity to her memory, a happy lot, a contented temper, a wedding to old habits, a sly dislike to run a chance of being rejected, kept him single; and an imaginativeness which led him to fix on youth rather than on congenial years, causing him sometimes to witness the triumphant wooing of his idol by another, he himself having been tardy from a diffident consciousness of unworthiness to possess the peerless princess, who is more loftily enthroned in his fond meditations than in those of the ostensible lover; and a formation to be the consoling, assisting, and more passive confidant, rather than the actor in such stirring scenes; a luxurious indolence, and a pampered inertness held him still unmarried. He is clear-sighted, and untormented by mental ambition; his employment lying in another way, and demanding care for to-day rather than fame for to-morrow. He leads the happiest kind of life, performing the needful cheerfully and well, and pleasantly idling the rest of his days, which recreation, from the contrast of occupation, is the more relished: he does not task himself to never-ending labours; he is not pained by a restlessness of the brain, forcing him to ceaseless toil. Yet, recollecting his disappointment, his loneliness, his hopelessness of changing his state, in the gloom of a moment he terms his fate a sad one. But he is not hence fretful or disagreeable; his temper is one that can rarely be ruffled; and this the rolicking Gratiano knew full well, or he would not have ventured to read him an impertinent lecture. Antonio is without self-sufficiency; for, accepting the joke, he defends not himself; and the self-complacent cannot endure even in jest to be taxed, being inflamed by the very notion of censure.

The light-hearted Bassanio is a finished courtier; neither his affection nor his policy permit him to let Gratiano's accusation rest unanswered, undervaluing his ability and its accuracy. Our heart warms to an extravagant one like Bassanio, from an instinctive persuasion that the prodigal's delight consists in diffusing happiness, augmenting comfort, lessening misery, relieving want, supplying necessities; carrying his fortunes, as in a sieve, to rain them on all more than on himself, who comes in but for the droppings which are whiffed aside in the descent. Universal benevolence is in his heart, and though he is not usually the beau ideal of a superfine lover, yet he is a favourite of woman, who sincerely admires him. He has a voluptuous enjoyment in the gifts of life, health, wealth, beauty, wit, genius; and almost a capability to embody the felicity he savours. But, like Bassanio, he must be honourable to insure esteem, friendship, and love. Between two estimable friends there is always more of ceremony than amongst the base; more of due consideration reciprocally for the likings and opinions of each. The unworthy, who hold each other by the hip, and can at any instant feed fat their ancient grudges, explode formality and courteousness. Besides, it is incumbent on the beggar to have deference for the donor; and the latter, who, like Antonio, assumes no state, commends himself vastly to us. Though Bassanio augurs auspiciously, he is by no means confident of the success of his suit; only the foolish are so.

And we should not be without a certain regard for Shylock, who gives zest to the piece, and has many good points; his virtues are his own, his failings originate in circumstances. He is an untiring thinker; a perseveringly unwearied doer; self-sacrificing and self-denying; shrewd, witty, talented, ambitious; one that, only for his nation, must have reached a prouder estate than the more popular Antonio, who had not the same perpetual vigour and emulation; happy coincidences shared in the attainment of his prosperity, while that of Shylock was attributable to his own indefatigable powers. His forbidding independence interests us—his solid sense—his comprehensive view of subjects—the shameless honesty of his confessions of inmost feelings—his sturdy opinionativeness, coupled with the apparent humility of his sneaking deportment—his deficiency of veneration for those in fame and fortune, contrasted with the paltry admiration of such exhibited by most men—his patriotism, manifested by his heartfelt allusions to tribe and nation—and even his contempt of Antonio's senseless and ill-judged avoidance of interest in his money dealings. Its abuse was to be denied; it was otherwise with its use: he might generously forgive when the debtor was incapable; but by making a rule of the thing he marred the graciousness of the favour; the rich were dealt with as the poor, destroying all sense of gratitude; so that, except self-satisfaction, Antonio acquired nothing by the transaction. And Shylock hated him for his folly, as he esteemed it; and for his superiority, which left him unassailable. He was his rival, and he outrivalled him; he was a mark for praise, while he himself was a butt for contumely, which, as he was fond of profit, he returned with compound interest, inasmuch as his capabilities were greater than those of his persecutors.

Shylock would be an opposer of the second covenant of grace; he trusted to himself, and exemplified a preference of that of works. Antonio had goodly faith, which brought forth fruits. His adherence to truth, even to the disadvantage of his suit, we honour; and we are fain to admire the subtlety and readiness of his opponent. But Antonio's was not an enlarged philosophy; he treated the Jew mercilessly, cruelly, brutally; still he is hardly to blame, for he believed himself right: he was not, like Shylock, instigated by personal hatred, so much as by a hatred of the sin; yet fleshly temper partly lent the stimulus. We are too anxious to condemn the man who thinks differently from ourselves; we are orthodox, forsooth, and void our spitefulness on the heterodox; and we are not always as excusable as the merchant by the ill conduct of the object of aversion; even when his deeds are as faultless as those of human beings can be, we shake our heads doubtingly, and fear that, in spite of external smiles, he is rotten at core—a whitewashed sepulchre, in a word. The noblest characters are prone to this falling off: presumption is the bane of charity, though a staple commodity, and of use in its own way, writing sterling after the honesty of many folk whom it inflates. It, as it were, bespeaks solidity; a man must, in a measure, act up to his pretensions. Unprincipled scoundrels seldom find fault with the crimes of others; they stand too much in need themselves of forgiveness: when persons judge harshly, they are of some worth, or of much notable hypocrisy, which last, nearly as cleverly as genuine morality, faces society. But let us, who are arrogant, abate our pride; we, who, whatever we may affirm, cannot abide ridicule, are rendering ourselves the bitter scorn of those whom we slightingly run down. We never know, besides, when we may want those whom we neglect, as Antonio stood in exigence of Shylock; therefore, from interested motives, if not from principle, we should bridle our tongue, our actions, and, if possible, our thoughts.

We like Antonio's uncrouching inability, even when in his power, to be more civil to the Jew; his face to face acknowledgment that he regarded him as a foe, which was more than the latter had courage for. Iago had positively no grounds of offence, no incitement to revenge, so that we cannot tolerate his guilt; while we voluntarily make allowance for, and more, almost pardon, almost relish, and certainly enjoy, the behaviour of Shylock. There is a small, droll, acute, laughable wit in the nature of the bond, with which, as the piece is a comedy, we may make merry, and over which, in any case, a vicious hunchback would chuckle. Antonio, whose conscience is pleased, cannot conceive of another harbouring such incredible malice. Bassanio, a less excited spectator, and of greater reach of intellect, suspects a sinister design; and we esteem his entreaties against its completion, though he intercedes to his own detriment. A sensitive person, appreciating the extent of service about to be performed, could not, let him be ever so interestedly inclined, avoid expressing his sense of obligation, and insight to the danger incurred by the creditor, who, blinded, as it were, by the passion of generosity, sees, and feels, and comprehends, no sight but the delightful. How triumphant is the craft of the Jew, while he laughs, not only at Antonio's beard, but at that of the more intellectual though less experienced Bassanio, persuading and overpowering both. The first believes—the last thinks it perhaps unreasonable, needless, and unwise, for his own welfare, further to doubt; resigning his advocation with a good grace, and deeming he has done enough to establish his foresight in the opinion of others, to exonerate his conscience in his own, and to manifest his affection in that of Antonio. But he is not insincere, for he still harps upon the strangeness of the occurrence. We are often dull prophets in our own concerns; and headstrong, because deceived by self-love: how can others, against whom we have no present injurious plan, foster ill-will towards what we so fondly cherish? Positive prohibition, which Bassanio did not essay, might, it may be, have better served the interests of the merchant. The internal merriment which Shylock experienced in the defeat of those who had trampled on him conferred a handsome premium on his villany. Yet who can hate him? He is our brother in misfortune: we are all good haters when tried; but we are so only at intervals; whereas he was fain to endure one continued martyrdom.

How tantalising is Shylock; and how much greater command of his temper does the well-bred Bassanio discover in his communications with him than the favourite of nature, Antonio! An uncertain position in life often qualifies ill humour. The Jew positively clings to his own style, because such obstinacy gladdens him and vexes Bassanio; he is like a nettle, stinging all who approach him: besides, why should the *millionnaire* bend to an embarrassed man? There is as much cleverness and drollery as malignity and venom in his discourse. How pleasurable is our secret and veiled pride in an object despised by the world, but which we esteem precious beyond valuation!—and thus we can imagine poor Shylock's elation of spirit while he dwelt on "our sacred nation." Antonio, being good-natured, less eagerly railed on the Israelite in private places, but when stimulated by a host of merchants, who regarded him as their prince, and enjoyed the abasement of Shylock, who envied the success of the latter, and hated him especially for his good fortune; when encouraged by the air of enjoyment, and applauding voices of these associates, he was sometimes spirited on so far as to entail on his conscience a hesitation as to whether his conduct had been altogether right, soon however to be quieted, such is bigotry, because the injured object was only a Jew. And for a like cause, in such circumstances, neither were the laws of hospitality of any avail; even in his own house he felt and exercised his power to taunt; an incident at the time apparently little heeded by Shylock, but which was stored up in his accurate memory, in due season to be fearfully revenged: by like unjust treatment we may raise the devil even in a guileless child. Shylock suffered more personal annoyance from public attacks; he hated Antonio, however, more for his domestic ones. How clear was his brain!—and he was not utterly devoid of principle; he respected his country's rites and traditions, and he talked himself into believing that he should be doing well to pursue a like course with any of his honoured patriarchs. He would cheat, and deem it a fair trial of skill; he would extort; and so much as men, pressed by necessity originating in their imprudence or misfortunes, found themselves impelled to give, he would consider commendable to accept: but he would not steal. Every dog will have his day, and Shylock is not so simple as to let his pass unappropriated; Antonio must submit to a proper teasing and rating; yet such seeming innocence as he displays in his justification, withal, nearly betraying himself by the cunning glimmer of mischief which twinkles in the corner of his quick, contracted eye.

If we are conscious of personal defects, and sensible of their possibly disagreeable effects, we will not allude to them, unless in presence of the most intimate friend; and never in conversation with her whom we love, excepting we have first ascertained that such feelings are mutual; and even then, only when long habit has bred sweet familiarity. He, with the widest capacity of love, does not vaunt of his ability; he feels that his powers are beyond the force of words to express. When congeniality of soul has been manifested, he may discuss the hitherto unimagined fathomlessness of the charmingly mysterious depths of affection. Those of common capabilities are not aware of the deficiency of language; they fancy everything may be uttered; and in this case it is truly so, for their speech is exaggeration, rather than the contrary; the grasp of their comprehension is limited. The truly courageous boast not of their prowess; their bravery, to them, is less surprising—they recollect the moral effort of each essay, and they trust in being enabled henceforth to uphold their fame: their gallantry is produced by a combination of mental and animal qualifications—that of the boaster is more of a mere corporeal matter.

He who is nervously anxious as to the sequel of his attachment will not remind the lady of his imperfections: disagreeabilities announced disgust more than those on which we are silent; custom may lull a person to forgetfulness; mention the unpleasant theme, and every painful association is vividly recalled. Portia, though alive to a lack of beauty, might, and probably would, lose sight of ugliness in intellectual worthiness. One of superiority, who has been often loved, will be dumb on such topics to the queen of his affections until he has won her. Why should he put her, the peerless, on a par with others? And might he not be suspected of doing so, if, when he asked her love, he brought on the carpet that of others which had been given him? Others have adored me, then why should not you? After she has offered herself as a willing sacrifice to him, he may narrate such anecdotes. Every bagatelle in which he has taken part, every unimportant affair with which he has been connected, is now of intense interest to her; and that he has been sought by others, now enchances the value of his devotion to herself.

How courteous to the Moor is the gracious Portia! Unwilling to wound his vanity, her speech infers that his appearance will not tend to his disadvantage. Then she casts from herself the onus of a refusal, which might render his intercourse with her unpalatable, to lay it truly on her fate. She teaches him that he is not to expect her to select him, nor to be hurt if she does not exercise her powers of choice, seeing that the ability does not lie in her to act on the spur of such selection. She consoled him by permitting him to fancy that her inclination towards him was possibly strong. She asserts everything agreeable, which may be stated with truth—that she had no greater, but a rather less leaning to the six previous suitors than to himself, none of whom had hazarded all for her, as the Moor was about to do: at least a vast deal was staked on the event, which bound him, if unhappy, never more to think of marriage. Even for so much he thanked her. A genuine lover would have demanded far more; until he secured it, never dreaming of resigning things to the issue of the caskets. The Moor dwelt more on the portion and person than on the mind of his lady. Portia has a firm confidence in destiny. She regards the testament of her father as demonstrative of his wit, rather than of his rash folly. She is persuaded, with Nerissa, that all will go right—she knows that all is ordered, and she believes that everything will be for the best.

The man who is silent as to his feats entices an imaginative woman far more than he who blazons every meritorious act. There is nothing left for the fancy to feed upon when, unasked, the particulars of each laudable deed are detailed. It is only eminently weak women who care to have set forth all the wonders which, for their sakes, their mighty lovers will perform. Others are too happy in the strength of that affection which is centred in themselves; if there is a needs-be for action they relish exertion, otherwise they think not of demanding it. The Moor displayed such confidence in his advance to the caskets, and in comparing himself with Hercules, and the candidate who should supplant him with Lichas, as Juliet could not have borne, though Portia found it easy to support, because she had a fixed consciousness of her own deserts. Those, like Portia, or, on the other hand, the very humble-minded, can best content themselves with self-importance. Juliet, alive to all the impediments of excellence, would not calculate on herself, and could hardly tolerate others counting on their merits. As the Moor was by no means sentimental, Portia was not at all so in her consolations. Yet it is evident that he dwells more on the probability of success than of failure. Portia, with woman's thoughtfulness and good hostess-ship, has dinner served in previously to the trial, guessing that either joy or sorrow would equally destroy the keenness of her prince's appetite, and that either termination might deprive her of her charming liberty of demeanour. By the first she would be transformed to his slave, comparatively; by the second she must likewise be restrained, fearful, if she developed her fascinations, to heighten his grief, or to appear, in his eyes, careless and almost glad of the event, which would be impolitic.

Bassanio is a complete gentleman; not juvenile and bashful, nor absorbed, like Romeo—selfishly devoted to the one whom he loves, and neglectful of all the world beside—not rough, and never endeavouring to please the female sex, like Othello. We fancy him about thirty years of age, comely and portly, with a bright, handsome countenance, rather than regular features; of the medium height, with a careless ease of deportment, and a courteous attention, withal, to those who seem to need his services; a favourite both with men and women, and an avowed admirer of the latter; still, not at all the foppish, feminine, lady's man; an agreeable converser, without being a great talker; of general information, without particular taste for one profession over another; of fully as happy a temperament, for a man, as Portia for a woman, though his circumstances were not entirely so prosperous; of less depth than Romeo, but, as he had more readiness, he would more quickly establish his fame; and if Romeo might to a greater degree fascinate the few, Bassanio would be more likely to attract the many: the latter had more tact, and an ambition for popularity, of which the former was devoid, who aspired but to the admiration of congenial spirits; Bassanio had more equanimity, and was more fitly framed to create the happiness of society; Romeo was a more picturesque lover; Bassanio, in the opinion of the crowd, a more amiable husband.

What self-deception Shylock exhibits in his parting admonitions to Launcelot Gobbo! yet it was not so much that, as an instinctive and practical love of imposing on others, of believing in and demonstrating their folly. It is a luxury to praise ourselves, without being verbally contradicted by our auditor, though he may revenge himself by a mental reservation; a luxury to depreciate others in comparison of ourselves, almost fancying at the same time that we gain the point of establishing our own supremacy; and it may be so in our own case, though certainly not in that of the listener, such chat always militating against the speaker. We rise in arms against similar ill usage of friends, knowing that, as the orator abases them, he will, and does, lower ourselves. So brimful of cares is Shylock's brain, that he says, as well as thinks, twenty things in a breath. Some imagine that this doing of all works at once saves time; but they are egregiously mistaken. The man who receives one message will remember and execute it more clearly and satisfactorily than he to whom a score are in a heap delivered, to be jumbled confusedly in his mind, and, when occasion demands, separated or mingled as chance dictates. Besides, the employer, whose ideas are fixed on the second topic while he broaches the first, must, of necessity, make himself but indistinctly understood, though unaware of the imperfection. What lessons might there not be read to the housekeeper from Shylock's mismanagement! Save a penny and lose a pound was his, and is many another's system; as well as incessant fault-finding: do this, and it pleases not; leave it undone, and you are farther still from the goal of affording satisfaction. Few can, and none will, if he can avoid it, put up with hard-hearted stinginess and perpetual grinding.

Instil hatred of others into your child's heart, and, ten to one, you are but teaching her to dislike yourself. We will not be guided by dictates against which our judgment rebels, though it might suit our purpose, if uninterfered with, so to tutor ourselves, or even to instruct another. We revolt against that yoke which is inflicted, not for our benefit, but to our injury, and purely to increase the means of effecting ill possessed by our tyrant. Shylock, now in private, shows differently from the comparative dignity of his interview with Antonio and Bassanio. No man is a hero to his valet; but he is characteristic, which is better. Over-anxiety narrows the understanding. Youth is generous too; and even when there are grounds for condemnation, he will not see them, finding it pleasanter, and more gratifying to self-love, to believe that others act towards him from kind, rather than mixed motives. Youth is apt also to resist the dominion of his wonted ruler, being more inclined to credit the word of a fancy stranger than that of him whose good qualities are at least equally established with his failings; and forgetting that the evil we know is in general less to be dreaded than that with which we are unacquainted. When he grows older, and learns the falsity of the world, he will more duly appreciate the value of a parent's regard, however imperfect: he is bound to his offspring by nature, circumstance, and interest; his selfishness and pride are enlisted on behalf of the child's welfare; habit, example, prejudice, and inclination, are in the infant's favour; and if the father regards himself before his son, the latter, too, is his own first consideration. Because some few first-rate mothers are self-sacrificing, we are not unreasonably to anticipate, every one's being such, especially our own, nor to deem ourselves peculiarly ill-used if she is not. In parents beyond measure attached to their children there are generally drawbacks of another kind, which place their sons and daughters pretty much on a par with those of others; they retain them too much under their own wings—too constantly beneath their eye—they cook them, and nurse-tend them into delicate health; deeming them prodigies of perfection by nature, they allow them no advantages, except merely what they themselves are capable of communicating without trouble or expense—no going from home is permitted, to improve their manners, confirm their morals, and extend their ideas—they feed them on prejudices, and nurture them in exclusiveness—they render them unfit to be the companions of men of sense, and irremediably mar the masterpieces of God.*

* To be continued.

WINKLE'S JOURNAL.[1]

(OMITTED IN THE PICKWICK PAPERS.)

My dear Boz,

Having gleaned from my private journal a few anecdotes of my former life, I have much pleasure in transmitting them to you. I should have done so sooner, had I been aware that your intention was to publish the papers of our late club. I have not the vanity to suppose that my writings, or memoirs, can be worth giving to the world; but should you be disposed to correct their style, in order that they may assume a less misshapen appearance, they are much at your service. I feel well aware that after the elaborate twenty numbers you have offered to the four quarters of the globe, these few additional papers will be read with feeble interest. However, such as they are, my dear Boz, they are truly at your service.

"Ever your sincere friend,
"NATHANIEL WINKLE."

CHAPTER I.

" A story I've heard in my youth,
You'll judge if it's serious or funny meant,
I don't mean to vouch for its truth.
Once a man ran away with the monument;

" Then off like a colt scamper'd he,
The watchmen they miss'd it and follow'd it,
So, lest he detected should be,
He made but one gulp, and he swallow'd it."

Old Song.

Early one fine April morning Sam Weller came into my room at the Old Hummums, and awoke me, requesting me to accompany Mr. Pickwick to Cheltenham, stating that his master was not altogether well, that he felt pains in his side, that his digestion was out of order, and that he had resolved to try the effect of the Cheltenham waters. Mr. Weller said—

"Master has taken two insides, and one out, as far as Oxvurd, by the Slap Bang, as goes at two o'clock from Vhite Orseseler."

I said, " Mr. Pickwick is not seriously ill, I hope, Sam?"

"Nought particular the matter, sir, as I know on."

"He ate his supper well last night—pray which side did you say pained him?"

"'Twas either the right or the left, sir, as nigh as I can remember."

---

[1] We insert these papers as they have been transmitted to us. Our readers will decide how far Mr. Winkle's Journal is adapted to add to the amusement so extensively afforded by the publication of the Pickwick Papers.—ED.

"What can he want at Cheltenham?"

"Vhy, my master's a man as eats and drinks moderate vell, but he gits some queer tvinges about the liver, and then he says, 'Sam,' says he, 'I've a mind to try vhat some o' them there Epsom salts at Chelt'num 'll do for me.' 'Vell,' says I, 'you can try 'em—not but vhat I'se a great hobjection to them there physical powers;' but master hoverrules my hargumints. 'Sam,' says he, 'they'll be sure to set me to rights, as the old voman said vhen she flung her vet mop at the chimney sveep."

"Ah, Sam," said I, "taking off my nightcap, "that simile sounds more like one of yours than of your master's; however, present my kind regards to him, and say I will be at the White Horse Cellar punctually at a quarter before two o'clock. I trust there is nothing serious the matter with him: I fear, though, he is unwell, by his taking inside places, instead of out, as usual."

"'Tvill be all the same, sir, time ve gets to Chelt'num; them there vaters 'll turn your insides out."

And with this consolatory remark Mr. Weller left me to my ablutions and morning's "toilette." I felt very nervous, no doubt on account of this sudden announcement of my dear friend's illness. had supped lightly on prawns and toasted cheese, but yet I felt nervous to such a degree that I had difficulty in shaving. However, I managed to eat a little breakfast, with the aid of anchovies and devil paste, and some "ot butthered thoast," as a friend of mine pronounced it. After this slight meal I packed my small fortnight portmanteau with a few shirts and extra collars, which latter take but little room, and save the constant change of linen. Having written some letters and cards "*pour prendre congé*," I paid my hotel bill and the servants' fees, which were full a third of the amount. I sent for a coach—no, I'm wrong—a cab, in the which to wend my eightpenny course to the White Horse Cellar. Just previous to the grand pull up at the said cellar, and whilst I was in the act of waving my hand to Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, who greeted me from the pavement, the horse stumbled, and fell slap on his head, throwing me, portmanteau, bag, and cabman, in a mixed summerset on the crossing.

"Gracious Heavens! you are not hurt, I trust?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"No, only a little shook," says I.

"Vhy," says Sam, "you vas shot out, sir, for all the vorld like pebbles out of a vheelbarrow, as the hurchin said vhen a throed down the amper a eggs."

"Boots, bring a brush," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Let I rub 'im down," urged Sam.

"Now, gentlemin," cried the coachman of the Slapbang.

"I ope your honour 'll stand sumut ansome, as the poor old mare as bin a praying in your sarvice, and spoilt her front knees in the bargain," said the cabman.

This was an extra expense I little calculated on; however, I was obliged to give him something to drink the health of the mare's knees, and had the mortification of seeing him, as he turned away, place his thumb and four fingers extended at the end of his chin. "No doubt, to designate that you had given him five shillings," was the charitable construction my good friend Pickwick put on the matter.

Sam was about to threaten him with a correctional visitation, when the coachman of the Slapbang put a stop to further conference, by saying—" Slam to the door, Jack; all right behind?" And Sam had just time to leave the hind wheel for his roost aloft, when its rotatory motion began to remind him of the danger of centrifugal force, by casting a bit of mud in Mr. Pickwick's eye, whose head was still out of the coach window, in the act of warning Sam Weller to get off the coach-wheel.

" Better that in your eye," old Barnacles, " than your livery sarvant down your throat," roared the insolent cabman, ere he evaporated from their sight.

Piccadilly and the park now seemed to pass us like a moving panorama, as the goodly Slapbang pursued its way towards Kensington, and other tons, that schoolboys send old peas to, " Becase 'tis on their vay to Turn 'um green," as Sam Weller remarked to a fellow-passenger, a cross old fellow, who answered him with, " Queen Anne's dead, spoony."

Our readers may have already perceived that Mr. Weller, who was always joking, could not always be original. Indeed, it would be hardly natural to expect he should be so, considering the superficial education he had received; although I believe uneducated men are more apt to be original than those who have read much, and content themselves with the ideas of authors instead of their own, and therefrom use quotations, instead of pumping their wits for inventions.

Far be it from me to write anything to the disparagement of Mr. Weller junior, whom I consider as a worthy chip of the old block, and who would no doubt have rivalled Rochester himself, if he had been sent to Eton and Christchurch.

Sam Weller was not of that nature to be easily put out of his way by any of the rudenesses of his fellow-travellers. He, like a second admirable Crighton, was sure soon to ingratiate himself in the favour of those around him, long before the hind wheel had overtaken the front one, as his father would have said.

Sam Weller, therefore, answered the official announcement of Queen Anne's decease by a repartee nearly as new.

" Hollo, my erald!" says he, " vhat a dust ve make, as the vly sed to the coach vheel." This, together with a friendly slap on the back, and " Don't be crabbed, old crumpet," produced a smile, and subsequent good fellowship.

In the inside of the Slapbang were two other passengers, the one a French gentleman, Monsieur de Beaureste, travelling for his pleasure—felicity-hunting, if I may be allowed the expression—the other a Mr. Vernon, an undergraduate, studying for honours at the next Oxford boat-races.

The French gentleman, with the politeness of a man of the world, did not wait for an introduction to his fellow-passengers ere he commenced conversation. The undergraduate was silent and reserved, as it is the fashion at Oxford not even to save a man from drowning, if a previous mutual presentation has not taken place. However, after some common-place introductory remarks, the fellow-travellers began to thaw into a general conversation. Mr. Pickwick was very kind in explaining to the foreigner the names of places we passed on the road. The foreigner, no doubt an author, travelled with a dictionary, English and French, and made notes in French of Mr. Pickwick's explanations. He was fond of derivations, and of ascertaining the origin of words and names of places—so he entered in his memoranda Hounslow as "Chien de chasse lent," and Salt Hill as "Sel Montagne," with other little curious annotations too trifling to be recorded. Mr. Vernon, who seemed rather a wag, was intent in putting him on a wrong scent, and cramming him with absurdities. He insisted on his entering Knightsbridge as "Pont de Chevalier," and Hammersmith as "Marteau Forgeron;" and, on going down into Henley, he succeeded in affixing the translation of "Poule couche" to this respectable borough.

Henley hill is steep, as all the world knows; though not so steep as it was formerly, before its valley was exalted. About the middle of the descent a pig crossed the leaders, which occasioned the coachman to pull up so suddenly, that Monsieur de Beaureste, who was leaning forwards towards Mr. Pickwick on the front seat, anxious to catch any sound on his ear emanating from my enlightened friend, eager and intent, and little calculating the suddenly-checked impetus of the Slapbang, was sent with his os frontis "plenum sed" on the nose of Mr. Pickwick. The front curl of his wig caught entangled in Mr. Pickwick's spectacles, which were firmly tied on his respectable head, and whose major force, as the two bodies retired from collision, retained dependent Monsieur de Beaureste's fallen crest, which hanging on Mr. Pickwick's face gave him the appearance of a French sappeur—a wounded sappeur I may add—for the blood, streaming from his nose, begrimed the wig with hideous gore. Monsieur de Beaureste of course looked a little the older, and a little the balder, for this temporary privation, which was soon restored to him, with only the slight addition of a little curling fluid from the nasal fountain of Mr. Pickwick, which luckily matched pretty well in colour with the locks of the inconstant perruque. The meeting of these two great orbs produced a Gemini interest between their respective owners, and began a real friendship, that was cemented by future acquaintance.

"All de world's a stage," said the good-natured De Beaureste; "so my wig go to de spectacle at Poule couche. Sare, you not got de catarac in your eye, bot de catarac come from de nose."

"Not the first blood drawn by a Whig," said the undergraduate.

"And de vig very near tore eye," retorted monsieur.

"Go it, my tulip," quoth Mr. Vernon.

"Ah! de two lip vas very close 'gether. Dat is good," said our worthy Frenchman.

"I hope you are not hurt, Mr. Pickwick," said I.

"Big vig—dat is good—capital. Pray vat your own name? Sare, mine De Beaureste—happy to see you in my coentree."

I need not say this came from the French gentleman.

"My name is Winkle, sir. Pray give me your hand."

"My and—dat is ansome—touchez là, mon brave. Vat your name, young gentleman?" turning to Mr. Vernon.

"My name, sir, is Springnot; that's why I sat still when you pitched into your vis-à-vis."

"D——n that ere little son of a pig."

"Who ho, lads!" was a sound that entered the window during this conversation, and no doubt emanated from no less a person than the pilot of the ship, or coachman of the Slapbang.

The inside passengers were now in merry conversation: let us leave them happy, and if my readers are not too proud to come outside for a few miles, I will accompany them. We find, of course, an Oxford man on the box trying to bribe the coachman to let him handle the ribbons; one other Oxonian on the roof, one fat lady, and one thin. Behind sat Sam Weller—I beg his pardon, Mr. Weller, for all coach passengers are gentlemen—the surly gentleman, and a recruiting sergeant of the marines, rigged aloft something like his ship, with pendants of divers colours. He was trying to nail Sam with a shilling. Sam was wide awake, and said, "No go vith you, lobster, in particler." The soldier urged the delights of his marine promenades, and the weight of his knapsack full of prize-money; but Mr. Weller was too old a bird for him, and there was no means of getting the salt on his tail. The cross old man chuckled at the ingenious way in which Mr. Weller repelled the frequent attacks of this amphibious warrior.

The old gentleman advised the sergeant to try his luck with the "boatmen at Oxvurd, as vas a going to pull a match that ere wery evening." The marine smiled, and said, he "vouldn't ave none o' them underdone parsons in his rigement."

"Applepos of a young parson," says Sam; "vhy do 'em call an empty bottle a marine?"

"'Cause its spirit's flown in its country's sarvice, as the poet said to his empty inkstand," answered the aquatic soldier.

"Vell, that's a good un, howivir," said the cross man.

"Vell, I'm blessed if ve don't empty a bottle togither ven ve gits to Oxvurd; vont ve, soger?" proposed Mr. Weller.

"Ay, ay," agreed the merry marine.

Our readers must not suppose, because we are listening to the conversation behind the coach, that the passengers in front were altogether silent.

There was some allusion, in a loud voice, to the front and hind "boots," which Mr. Weller seemed to think was rather personal; but the rhetoric of our Oxford friends soon set this trifle to rights. The coachman was smoking a cigar, which the front Oxonian observing, and looking back at his chum, said something about "march of intellect." The coachman being rather quick of temper and of hearing, said something about his eyes and limbs, "and vhy mayn't a coachman's intellect march as vell as anybody else's?" It was but momentary, for the coachman's anger and his cigar both ended in smoke. The ladies had been very silent; at last the fatter of the twain opened her lovely mouth, and said, "Coachmin, his there ha hinn call'd the Op Pole hat Hoxvord?"

"I never hearn on it by that ere name, mam," replied the Jehu of the Slapbang.

"Vere do you driv to, coachee?" said the thinner lady.

"Ve drives to the Angel, mam," was the coachman's answer.

"His that the hinn with ha harch?" inquired the fat lady.

"Yes, mam," said the coachman; "and if you don't duck your head going under the arch, you' ll stand a chance a' being a archangel in a crack."

"I fear the Hangel his a hinn too expensive, for ve only wants a cup of tea an a night's login."

The gravity of the Oxonians was a little upset by this exhasperated dialogue; one of them hinted, for fear the ladies might err in their choice, they had better go to the Mitre; but the young men were far too civil to please the ladies, who, by-the-by, were not at all bad looking.

The thin lady was "peculiar grumpy," Sam said, and took offence at the word mitre; and the fat woman, who was generally the speaker that called to order, told them "to keep their hadwise till they vas a haxed to give it." Thus did these fair ladies maintain the dignity of the softer sex by repelling the advances of these youths, who, perhaps, some of these days, may one of them be destined to wear a mitre, and become an episcopal ornament of church and state. Many a man who, in the beginning of college life, has been proud of guiding four quadrupeds on the broad road has in latter life himself filled a stall—ay, and with credit and honour has guided his flock in a much narrower and more difficult path. But this is a digression from the Oxford road. Would we could have mixed the conversation of the inside passengers with the externals! the medley would have been a rare amalgamation. The French gentleman, all enthusiasm, had his head out of the window, regretting, seriously, that he could not have it out of both at the same time, so anxious was he to lose nothing of our charming island. At last an exclamation was heard, "By Gar, der is de Oxfort, de charmin seat of de science, him beautiful, veni, vidi, vici, vive le Roi!"

"That ere French mounseer makes use of all the v's in the French lingo," said the coachman, as he threw a shilling to the gaping turnpike-keeper.

Fast sped the Slapbang, and the noise of the wheels prevented my collecting any more of the agreeable conversation of my companions, as the coach rattled over the pavement. The fastidious reader may ask, how did you, Mr. Winkle, being inside the Slapbang, note down the conversation that took place outside the said coach? All I can say in my defence is, that not possessing the power of ubiquity, I trusted to Sam Weller's memory for the recital of such part of that conversation as I have recorded in this chapter. The coach is now halting for the night at the dearest Angel that ever came on earth. My legs are cramped!

CHAPTER II.

"Away, away they rattle,
Jolly dogs and stylish cattle,
Crack the whip, and dash away."
Mail Coach Song.

Monsieur de Beaureste excused himself from supping with his companions de voyage, and calling for a glass of sugar and water, and a tookpick, retired to bed, having promised to meet Mr. Pickwick at Cheltenham in less than a week. Mr. Vernon took his leave, and a porter with him, to carry his luggage to his worthy governor's house, who was then residing in Oxford for the benefit of his son's education. The Angel Inn resembled an ant heap, so constant was the ingress and egress of black-gowned and black-capped youngsters. So many were the various rings for and calls to the very few waiters, that every one seemed requiring, and none satisfied. Mr. Pickwick and myself humbly craved for cold meat and pickles; but a good two hours revolved on the coffee-room clock before that simple demand could be gratified, and then not such a thing as a potato to be got with it. Being thus, as it were, starved, I said, "Mr. Pickwick, as we can get nothing to eat, let's turn our thoughts to drinking;" and we literally were obliged to appease our appetites with punch and biscuits, mere seamen's fare. Such hardships are scarcely to be credited in the enlightened age in which we live. A gentleman sat at the next table to us, whose benevolent and learned expression of countenance quite captivated us. We inquired his name of the waiter, who told us he was no less a personage than Dean Coplestone, the head of Oriel. As I had been at school with this most erudite and learned character's nephews, I ventured to make myself known to him, and had little difficulty in persuading him to join our party, and to assist us in the suction of the liquid prepared. The fame of Mr. Pickwick had previously reached the dean, so we were soon as cordially united as three legs of a tripod. It would be difficult to describe the charming evening we spent; we conversed in Latin and Greek, which latter the dean had nearly all to himself, as Mr. Pickwick and myself had quite forgotten that mellifluous language. I reminded the dean of the comprehensive verse we had made together at his brother's school on the subject "Echo." I had made the latter part of the verse, or stolen it from the Gradus, I forget which, and the dean afterwards made the three first words. It ran thus—

"Visa licet nullis, auditur ab omnibus Echo."

What could be more conclusive, more pithy, more short, "multum in parvo?" Nothing more could be written on the subject; and whilst other boys were being flogged for sixteen bad prosy verses, I came off with "éclat" for my joint-stock concise line.

The dean invited us to Oriel the next day; but our object was to drink at the fountain of Cheltenham the waters of health. We were compelled, therefore, to decline this polite and pressing invitation. Midnight was fast drawing on, and the dean's wig was getting a little on one side. Some young men near us were talking at us in a most unbecoming way. The words "old full-blossomed cauliflower" reached the dean's ears; whether the dean thought this vegetable was applied to him or not, I cannot divine; but certain it is, that after this remark he took his hat and cane, and wished us a good night's rest. I was vexed at this, as the conversation of Mr. Pickwick was just getting animated, and would in all probability have instructed the dean in some new lights. We rang, and ordered candlesticks and a warming-pan; we were then shown to a double-bedded room, which the chambermaid assured us "was the only single room in the ouse left."

We each had a glass of egg flip, and then, feeling thirsty, drank some toast and water, which latter must have disagreed with us, for we both passed a feverish and restless night. The next morning, whilst Sam was shaving Mr. Pickwick, we were much annoyed by his informing us of his having treated the marine sergeant to so much gin and water, that one of his majesty's best red jackets had been spoilt by the reaction of that liquor—the deceitful qualities of which Mr. Pickwick tried in his kind manner to impress Sam's mind with, earnestly exhorting him to reform his evil ways, and to enrol himself as a teetotaler in the Temperance Society, which Sam replied he should be happy to do as soon as his master would set him the example. Servants are really very provoking, as if they could not discern a palpable difference between gentlemen imbibing a certain portion of soft cordials, and their depraved habits of swallowing beer, purl, gin, and such other corrosive and pernicious liquids. The gin palace is a pandemonium, the sink of infamy and iniquity. "I do not hesitate to say," said a learned divine, "that without gin and its votaries, the calendar of crime would be diminished by one half. Do away with gin and beer, and there would not be a single poor man in England." Ireland and Scotland are quite another matter, for that's an affair of whisky. Alas! when will man understand the benefit of abstemiousness? Our breakfast was light, as usual—chocolate, oysters, and broiled turkeys' legs. At the next table to us sat our friend Monsieur de Beaureste, taking coffee, and fingers of dried toast.

"How pernicious this strong coffee must be!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, after having exchanged friendly greetings with our Gallic neighbour.

"I shall stop von veek here to learn de mistress of de Oxfor," said the Gaul.

"Our coach does not go to Cheltenham till the middle of the day," said Mr. Pickwick.

"We had better walk out together, monsieur," added I.

"Vid all my art—I shall get my ombrella, and join you in de pig's vispare." Saying this, monsieur disappeared with a bow.

"It is astonishing how well he speaks English," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Perfectly astounding," echoed I.

Monsieur soon returned, singing Malbrook, and joined us for a short exploring perambulation.

Weller asked leave to accompany us, not having seen anything of Oxford, except the tap-room of the Angel. On first sallying into the high street, Sam could not help exclaiming, "Vonderful old colleagues these here buildings; some'ut like petrified sponges."

"He not speak de English vary plain?" remarked monsieur, in an inquiring tone.

"No—silence, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Bless my art, tis vary old place de Pompee look quite moderne compare to dese olle cheeses."

"Ah! and Cesar too," said Sam Weller, "put me in mind of the nigger who said, 'dim two dogs, Cesar and Pompey, very much like massa, 'specially Pompey.'"

"Silence, pray, Sam—pray hold your tongue," interposed good Mr. Pickwick.

"Vat him say, Cesar no build Oxfor?" inquired monsieur.

Two stage-coaches racing through the town prevented Mr. Pickwick's trying to explain matters. It was lucky it so happened, as the task was of no ordinary difficulty. Having visited the library, Mr. Pickwick proposed to Monsieur de Beaureste to go to the theatre. But this was overruled by monsieur declaring he "would not vaste his valble time in de playhouse; he vas sick to death of de Kean, de Kemble, and de Moder Goose." Mr. Pickwick took some pains to explain to monsieur the nature of the academic theatre, and that the gravity of the dons did not admit of comedians within the precincts of their learned establishment. At last monsieur exclaimed, "I honderstan, he call thetre cause he not thetre—'*Lucus e non lucendo.*'"

"French agin by George," says Sam, "as the girl said ven the little pig cried 'oui.'"

"Do be quiet, my dear Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, who always grew very endearing when he was losing his temper.

The church of St. Mary, or rather the clock of St. Mary's church, reminded us that time and stage-coaches wait for no man. We therefore bent our steps toward our angelic hotel. The morning being very fine, we took inside places, but preferred going outside. The inside of the coach was empty, with the exception of a little girl two years and a half old. She held on her lap a reticule, on which was a large card sewn, and on the card was written in legible characters, "From the Green Man, Oxford Street, to the care of Messrs. Matthews and Gardiner, Grocers, High Street, Cheltenham."

"Poor little interesting creature!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, "sent thus to travel with no more care than if it were a cod's head and shoulders. Is the little dear hungry?" And the kind-hearted man rushed into a pastrycook's shop, and there buying eighteen-penny worth of things most unwholesome, "provisioned" our little inside passenger, who remained a little Alexander Selkirk—"monarch of all it surveyed."

Mr. Weller had retained the box seat of honour for Mr. Pickwick by the simple process of throwing a great-coat thereon. Now-a-days that seat is not so easily obtained, especially at Oxford, where a silver key must be employed, as if it were a private box to another stage. The roof, as it is termed, was divided into three, though not into three equal thirds, inasmuch as a lusty Welch cattle-drover took to himself one half for his third, the other half being equally divided between Sam Weller and myself. The hind part of the coach was empty—a practice common in the partial loading of coaches, as it is the fashion for the learned in these matters to despise the laws of mechanics, and overload the front wheels because they are nearest the cattle, little reflecting that the lever of the hind wheels is much the longer, and is therefore capable of bearing the most weight with ease to the horses, or propelling power. The coachman's ideas in these cases are paramount, and therefore not to be overruled, even by Mr. Brunel himself, who, if he were to give his opinion on the subject, would be voted as great a bore as his tunnel. In this manner was our coach loaded; Mr. Pickwick and the fat coachman, the fat drover, Sam Weller, and myself, and all the luggage in front, and on the hind seat inside, to balance us, sat my little Alexandrina Selkirk, two years and a half old, with her little bag and a shilling's worth of sweets—all that was left by this time of Mr. Pickwick's purchase. It was evident to any scientific eye that when this mass was set in motion the hind part must bob up and down, like a mallard's tail in a duck-pond, when the old bird chooses to take a fit of plunging into his head. These lucid ideas seemed to strike the enlightened mind of our friend Monsieur de Beaureste, for he made some remark to the coachman about "too big in de coupe, and not enough in de rotonde." To which the coachman remarked, in an under voice, to Mr. Pickwick, "That ere poor gentleman, sir, von't be long out of Dr. Fox's hands, I reckon."

"You will find us at the Plough," said I to Monsieur de Beaureste.

"Adieu!—good boy!—I shall have de pleasure to join you in a vick—at de Plow, at de Plow," said monsieur, kissing his hand to us.

"God bless you, my dear friend—good-by," said Mr. Pickwick.

Sam touched his hat, our coachman cried "Let 'em go, Bill," and our angelic host, who chanced to be standing at the door, condescended to make a bow—an honour seldom conferred except on four-horse post-carriages, whose owners order wax-lights at two shillings a pair.

Our four prads, reined up like peacocks, stepped out faster than ever those feathered horses flew with Juno's car. The whole length of Oxford was passed like a hop-step-and-a-jump, a thing much to be regretted, for travellers with minds would like to dwell longer on such classic ground, where the eye revels with delight, and the idea with association. The undertakers' men, sitting athwart the plume-pegs of the slow hearse, are the only people who can thoroughly and intellectually enjoy a drive through Oxford—they alone having time sufficient for contemplation.

"'Tis dreadful," said I, "to be thus hurried through so interesting a scene."

"I gets through it slow enough betimes when I'm driving my cattle up, and to gootness I wish 'twas faster," said the fat Welch drover.

"That must be slow vork," said Mr. Weller; "some'ut like the fly in a glue-pot."

"And to gootness yes; like a mite in toasted cheese," responded our learned drover.

"Cheer up, old boy," said Sam, "you'll soon be bringing your black-orned cattle up, like gent'men in landaus, by the railway."

With this and such like common-place conversation did we while away our time, occasionally descanting on the merits and demerits of each component part of our team, till a tall and slender steeple rose conspicuously before us. Mr. Pickwick, on catching sight of the spire, inquired, with his usual thirst for information, "What is the name of that town or hamlet in front of us, with its graceful spire rising from the curling smoke?"

"Vitney, sir," said the coachman, "celebrated, sir, for blankets, and such like, and a rug, sir, as is called Vitney rug, 'cause it's made at Vitney."

This interesting fact I could not help entering into my note-book. I should advise all travellers to make similar entries, as, on referring to them, they will prove a source of entertainment and information. I wish I had noted down all I have forgotten—I should have enough to fill a book.

We changed horses at Witney in the bare time it took us to drink a glass of ale all round. Sam Weller was ordered to look at the child inside, to see if all was right. Unfortunately they had neglected to write on its direction, "Keep this side upwards." In consequence of this the animate parcel had fallen in an oblique position asleep, and had become ill, owing to Mr. Pickwick's bitter sweets and the untoward motion of the coach. So it was agreed that Mr. Pickwick should resign to me his seat on the box, and himself come on the roof, and hold the child on his lap for the benefit of the "rewiwing" air, as Mr. Weller called it. Sam therefore handed the child up to Mr. Pickwick, saying, "Now, bless ye, sir, take care, don't let un fall, or he'll break all to pieces, like a bit a chany."

The coachman, good man, had a kind heart, and did his utmost to make the poor child comfortable; he was a father himself, and felt for the dear little traveller's situation, and as he wrapped the cape of his coat over its little knees, I saw him smile, and a tear of kindness stole down his weather-hardened cheek. How often in a rough exterior do we find a kind heart, as the lapidary does a precious stone in nature's most uncouth casing!

And now again the horses fly from out their clothing, which, in its turn, flies in the hands of four tenacious lads, who for a moment gaping stand, like four ensigns bearing their checked banners in honour of our departure. A few of the busy, a few of the idlers, gaze upon us and our wake, which is marked by a transient dust, emblem of mortality. Ere the chimes of the church-tower have finished their melody, Witney and its modest low roofs have vanished from our sight. The coachman's tear had made our little party melancholy and silent, but anon our Welchman opened—"Nice mild ale, and to gootness at Witney; not like our Welch ale though; and them flannels they make such fuss about, not like our Welch flannels."

"Your Velsh flannels be made o' cotton, bayn't 'em?" said Sam.

"And to gootness dey spin the wosted thread."

Here a smart clap of thunder broke the thread of the Welch drover's discourse; however, nothing daunted, he broke out again.—"Put me in mind of de two Jews travelling down my country, dey get nothing but toasted cheese at all the little public-houses by de roadside,—dey get harty tired of dis—one landlady offer 'em some rashers of bacon, ay, and to gootness, on de gridiron. After good deal to do, de

Jews' belly get de better of der conscience; down dey sits to take hearty meal, ay, and to gootness, first mouthful dey put in come a rousing clap of thunder wossa na this one. Out dey spit de bacon, one says 'O gosh! not vorth vhile to finish de meal, if all dis row 'bout de bit o' bacon.'"

"Ah, poor Jews! they, like other men, are not exempt from troubles," said I.

"Their felicity was but of short duration," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Felicity, sir? vat's felicity, sir?" inquired Sam, with his usual thirst for information.

"And to gootness! don't you know?" asked the Welch drover, with a look of astonishment.

"Not I, my dictionary, do you?" retorted Mr. Weller.

"Not a fool born, not I,—and to gootness I do," resumed the erudite Welch drover.

"Vell, pump it out then, wot is it?" urged Mr. Weller, impatiently.

"Felicity?—ay, and to gootness, felicity is some'at inside of a pig," explained the worthy drover.

"Vell, I never thought o' that afore," said Mr. Weller; "ve lives and larns, as the larned pig said vhen he swallowed the halphabet."

"Now, gentlemen, look to the right," said the coachman, "there goes a covey a birds—the land is full o' game."

"Be 'em feesants or partriges?" inquired Sam.

"Both, sir," replied the coachman.

"La! there goes a bunny!" exclaimed the dear little child.

"No, my little dear, 'tarn't a bunny, 'tis ha are, that ere. You'll see a many on 'em bamby, my little honey," said the good-natured coachman.

"The country abounds in game, coachman," said Mr. Pickwick; "pray to whom may it all belong?"

The coachman answered—"Some belongs to Lord Dinivers, sir, some to Lord Shaborne, and some to the Lord knows who—that latter part's poacher's share, sir."

And with such agreeable conversation did we pass the disagreeable downs, or rather ups and downs, previous to arriving at North Leach, when, on going down the hill into the said town, the dear little child, with a naïveté, or rather intelligence, beyond its years, touching the coachman's elbow, asked, "Please sir, aent you a going to put on the drag?"

The coachman said, with his wonted good humour, "Yes, my little dear, if you likes it, I'll clap on the skid pan directly." Then suiting the action to the word, he complied with the simple request. "Gentlemin," said the coachman, "ve passed, a little time back, I should ha' told ye on it then, only my hoff leader vas a pulling so ard, a hold habbey, a curious hold place on the banks of that ere merryandrewing stream, for all the world like a corkscrew. The habbey's called Minster; there is a queer tale about that ere habbey, in a book called the Hold Henglish Baron, as a gentleman passenger told me on once—I can't call it to mind now—about some lady as drowned herself in that ere bit of a sarpentine—wo-ho, lads, I must take the chain off."

And the chain of the story was broken at the same moment. I was prepared to note it down, but I never got another link of it.

The coachman, an excellent cicerone, resumed, "Here's North Leach, gentlemen; formerlie there vus a celebraated doctor as lived here, and them of the south used to send up for im now and then on any partickler grievous case, and from that ere time to this the place ave a been called North Leach without any halteration, as I know on."

Whilst the horses were being changed, slight refreshments of ale were taken, and a few jokes were cracked by our crew with Mr. Day, the landlord of the inn, who, I was informed, had been for many years on the turf, and was a very sporting character. He had known Sam Weller formerly in London, and a few jests were bandied backwards and forwards about Boots, Day and Martin, and such like absurdities, that I did not think worth entering in my book. The character of the conversation during the rest of the road, from North Leach to Cheltenham, had not enough Attic salt in it to be recorded. Suffice it, therefore, to state, that in about an hour's time we entered the beautiful town of Cheltenham. So white, so fair did it look after London, that 'twas as if it had been kept wrapt up in silver paper, and only uncased for our arrival.

The coach stopped at the Plough. The Welch drover was no plough-man, and went to seek a less haughty ensign. The child was placed, with its little appurtenances, under the charge of a light porter, with Mr. Pickwick's fostering recommendations, to which our good friend superadded a kiss, and we learnt afterwards with satisfaction that it reached its destination in safety.

We were each of us shown to a comfortable apartment at some distance from each other. The coffeeroom was to be our rendezvous for dinner, to which we repaired, after a slight "toilette" and ablution. Our dinner was good, I may say excellent, and to it we did ample justice. Seated at the next table to us was one of the most agreeable men I ever met in my life. I learnt from the waiter that his name was Springer. When the cloth was removed, he, with most affable good-nature, offered to bring his bottle of port and join us, which offer we gladly accepted. This polished gentleman, in a very short time, educated us in the preliminaries of a Cheltenham life, and requested us to lose no time in making acquaintances, and thereby rendering ourselves as happy as possible. He informed us, that there was a splendid ball at the rooms that very night, and he made us promise to go; and also told us, that if we wished soon to get into society we *must* dance, and he would undertake to introduce us in a becoming manner. Mr. Pickwick shook his head at the idea of dancing, but Mr. Springer assured him that after another bottle or two of wine waltzing would become quite natural to him. The wine was very grateful to us after the fatigue of the coach, and many and deep were the glasses we drank: besides, Mr. Springer was such a very agreeable fellow, that he would have made a temperance society merry. We drank bottle after bottle, till the coffeeroom clock struck ten, and Mr. Springer felt compelled to warn us that his engagements to dance were numerous, and that he was as punctilious in keeping these appointments as the renowned General Thornton was in London. "I've known that general, whose age I will not mention, never miss dancing or waltzing all the season, and most nights waltz or gallop home along the flag-stones, to the amusement of the watchman," said Mr. Springer.

"Bless me!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Ah! and I hope I may live to do as much," said our game friend, Mr. Springer.

Some young men at the opposite table were talking about the dance of death, but as they did not allude to us, we ordered coffee without the pistols.

Mr. Springer observed that "as putting on our hats was a bad thing for our head-dresses, we had better send for a fly."

"And what should we do with this harmless little insect?" inquired Mr. Pickwick in the simplicity of his heart.

As I had been at Brighton, I sneezed in my coffee-cup to avert Mr. Springer's attention, and spluttered my coffee over Mr. Pickwick's knees, but as they were luckily clad in black, the consequences were not material, and my friend's mistake and knees were covered together.

"I beg your pardon, my dear Pickwick," exclaimed I, still pretending to cough, "I could not keep my coffee—off—e."

"I hate a pun, sir," said Mr. Pickwick, still mopping his black kerseymeres.

I regret to say Mr. Springer was laughing, also the young men at the table opposite, which, for an instant, occasioned a slight burst of feeling on the part of my worthy friend Mr. Pickwick, but it was soon over, when Mr. Springer, recovering himself, in the most gentleman-like way proposed a glass of Curaçoa. This Dutch beverage warmed our hearts and made us quite comfortable, when the head waiter announced "The fly is ready."

Mr. Springer, giving us the precedence, and taking to himself a small opera hat and cane, followed us into our entomological vehicle, addressing the words "Asssembly Rooms" to the menials. So short was the distance, that our fly flew there in no time, and it seemed to me of little use to have got into it for the trouble of getting out of it again so quickly. *Mem.* it was charged half-a-crown in the bill, as it was a private fly—but no matter, it saved our head-dresses.

We entered the ball-room, and were presented to the master of the ceremonies before we had time to know where we were. I do not think I ever bowed so low in my lifetime—I very nearly lost my balance, and had considerable difficulty in regaining the perpendicular. I might have taken a lesson from Mr. Springer, who made three bobs to my one, and proved himself to be the most graceful man I ever beheld—his leg was so beautifully formed, and his pantaloons so hermetically adhesive, that it looked as if he was covered with court plaster. I do not know if it was the coffee, or the bow to the master of the ceremonies, that overcame me, but I certainly felt a little queer, and it looked as if the lights were waltzing, as well as the lighted. I began to wish some fellow would turn the gas off the main, and put us all in the dark, as was once done at Birmingham; but this was an uncharitable wish, and a little later in the evening I heartily repented of it. I drank abundantly of tea, and afterwards felt much less like a teetotum. What became of Mr. Springer and Mr. Pickwick all this time I know not—I had seen each in the dual number flitting before my eyes, but now I caught sight of them in reality, either engaged in a quadrille opposite each other. The lighter body of Mr. Springer seemed to fly off in a much more extended orbit than the graver Mr. Pickwick, who appeared only to revolve on his own axis, while Mr. Springer's orbit was as incalculable as that of a comet. I rubbed my eyes, and found his dancing perfection. A small circle of admirers were grouped around the dance, all gaping with wonder at his surprising grace and agility. We thought his feet never touched the boards, but that he dangled from the ceiling by some invisible means. I am not versed in dancing terms, and cannot therefore describe what I saw performed, but I know I shall never forget it. Mr. Pickwick did not appear to have a perfect idea of the necessary squares, triangles, and circles that ought to have been described on the given area; but no matter, Mr. Springer actually executed his own share, and Mr. Pickwick's also, so that my friend had a perfect sinecure. I made up my mind that if I danced, I would dance opposite Mr. Springer, who would no doubt aid me in a similar manner. The fiddles now pulled up as short as a carrot, as Sam Weller would have said, and I heard a few murmurs of "bravo," that's something like dancing," &c., as the group dispersed. Mr. Springer led his fair lady to her seat, and bent a bow over her, graceful as the weeping willow. Mr. Pickwick followed, but his bow had more of the sturdy oak nature about it, which, no doubt, is the most becoming kind for an Englishman. Mr. Springer's quick eye did not lose sight of me for a moment; there was a fascination in it that rivetted me motionless to the spot on which I stood. It seemed to sparkle forth "By Jupiter! I have you—you sha'n't escape me—dance you shall, willing or not." It was of no use to rebel—the wisest way was to resign myself to my fate. Thus, cowering under the glance of Mr. Springer, and subsequently led by his protecting hand. I was marched up in due form to be presented to Mrs. Fitzherbert O'Toole. I had scarce ascended from my descending bow, when three similar descents were required of me—one for Miss Fitzherbert O'Toole, a second for Miss Janetta Fitzherbert O'Toole, and a third for Miss Wilhelmina Fitzherbert O'Toole.

Mrs. Fitzherbert O'Toole seemed quite a woman of the world, and began talking to me with extreme volubility, and a strong Irish accent. This condescension on her part set me much at my ease, and spared me the trouble of asking the ladies to dance, for their mamma said, "Mr. Winkle, I am delighted to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance. I hope we shall be great friends; you'll dance the next three dances with my daughters, and I'll claim you mysilf for the next waltz."

I was confused, and muttered something about never having waltzed; but Mrs. Fitzherbert O'Toole, like a true lady of fashion, caught not my sounds, but seemed bent on talking them down.

A prelude was now played by the band, and Mr. Springer flew off in a tangent, exclaiming, "Excuse me, I'm going to dance with Lady Mary Deerhurst."

Mrs. Fitzherbert O'Toole resumed, "Now, Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Winkle, to your places with my two eldest daughters, the first eight brs are played—be quick."

The two young ladies named locked us firm up to the elbow, and at a run conducted Mr. Pickwick and myself to a ring of chalk described on the floor, with some brass stanchions, and ropes on two sides of it. I confess I felt as nervous as if I had been led into a ring for a prize-fight, with the young lady for my backer.

"Willy," said Miss Janetta, for this latter was my partner, "we dance opposite you, darling."

"To be sure we do," responded Miss Wilhelmina, who, it is useless to add, was Mr. Pickwick's partner.

Luckily for us, the side of the quadrille fell to our lot, so that we had an opportunity of studying our parts a little from the dance beginning "at t'other ind of the circle," as my partner prettily expressed it. There were only eight of us in each ring, and outside a crowd of spectators, kept off by the ropes. The top of the quadrille was formed by two officers of the Gloucester militia in uniform, who, after the custom of officers in general, had selected two very pretty partners. The two Misses O'Toole also were as pretty as the daughters of the Emerald Isle generally are, so that, in point of beauty, ours might be termed the crack quadrille. Mr. Springer this time belonged to the noble set, which, of course, was at the top of the room. Ours was about the centre, and I rather think attracted more spectators than Mr. Springer's contre-danse.

One of our officers was remarkably fat, the other was very tall and thin. I ventured to ask my pretty partner to what regiment they belonged. She answered me, with the sprightliness of her country, "I belave one belongs to the double, and t'other to the single Glos'ter Militia."

I had neither time nor inclination to talk or to listen, for I was intently occupied in studying my part by gazing at the officers, who marched their performance in a most stately manner. Some people call dancing pleasure, but, for my part, I felt about as happy as a young bear at his first lesson.

A slight little "Now then," and twitch of the hand from my partner, prompted me that it was time for myself and Mr. Pickwick to exert our locomotives; but as there was no tram-road marked out to guide us, I felt like a boat in a whirlpool. Suffused with blushes, and with eyes cast down, I suffered the ladies to tow me about as they best pleased. Mr. Pickwick, with his usual modesty, must have had his eyes down too, for by chance we butted stern on against each other like a pair of sportive lambs; both inside and outside the ring, we were annoyed by hearing laughter; we saw nothing, but towards the end of the round we were both seized by both hands of our fair partners, and felt ourselves quite at home in a little short poussette.

I must do Mr. Pickwick the justice to say he acquitted himself much better than I. He had had some previous practice, for he had danced before, opposite Mr. Springer. I felt much annoyed, and could not listen to anything my Terpsichore had to say. I was too busy watching the manœuvres of the officers. I thought I heard the thin one say to the fat one, as they crossed each other on different tacks, "These chaps are enough to club the regiment." At any other time I should have taken this expression up, but business was pressing, and I had no time to lose on trifles. A stentorian "L'Eté" from the leader of the band sprung Mr. Pickwick and me both off the ground at the same time. Miss Wilhelmina kept her feet still, but her hands in motion, telegraphing me with her bouquet, something about a false start; but as my object was to dance, and not to stand still, I would not understand her. I kept pawing the ground like a bitted courser, nor did I see any reason to cease, till Mr. Pickwick and my partner pulled up. It seemed to me perfectly natural, that as long as my partner was under weigh I could not remain at anchor.

"En avant deux," twice repeated from the orchestra. Miss Wilhelmina, all grace, like a solitary snipe, had it all to herself, Mr. Pickwick remaining idle in his turn. My partner twice tried to push me into action, but I backed out: thus Miss Wilhelmina, like a true Irish girl, danced the en avant deux quite alone. I had the satisfaction of seeing the lookers-on with much graver faces this time than before. "Evident signs of improvement," thought I to myself.

"La Poule," cried the chief fiddler, and I saw the officers obey the word of command by pulling at their partners in a row. This seemed to me much the easiest manœuvre yet, and I felt confident of success in it. I was really anxious to begin. When it came to my turn we formed the string very well, and I here introduced an old pendulum step of mine that I had learnt at school, and I may without vanity say that it went like clock-work. I could plainly see those outside the ropes looking satisfied. I even received a compliment from Miss Janetta Fitzherbert O'Toole.

"La Pastorelle" was now commanded from the gallery, and this appeared a dance of diabolical invention. The fat officer was left alone in the middle of the ring, and he looked as miserable as a fugleman in front, with the lines going to fire blank cartridges at him. Happy did he seem when he got mixed up with the others, and safe back in his place. It now came to the thin officer's turn; he, on the contrary, certainly liked it, and looked as composed as if he had been reading "Zimmerman on Solitude." Now it came to Mr. Pickwick's turn; fear seemed to have paralysed his legs, but his arms were as agitated as if he really had been in the prize-ring. They then assumed two turns like the fans of a windmill, and then the whole body of Mr. Pickwick rushed forward towards me in an agony of despair, and said, "Poussette, my dear Winkle, poussette." I could not resist; I gave him my two protecting hands, and ended his pas de seul for him with two twirls of poussette.

This trait of feeling and good fellowship seemed to affect all around, for I saw many a handkerchief raised to many a fair face, to hide a tear or a laugh.

It now came to my turn, and I grieve to say I sulked; and neither prayer nor entreaty on the part of Miss Fitzherbert O'Toole, or threats from Mr. Pickwick, could make me start. I believe nothing less than a bundle of straw placed under me, and set fire to, would have got a pas de seul out of me.

After this dilemma I ended the quadrille so demeritoriously, that Miss Janetta felt obliged to take me to a retired seat in the tea-room, to scold me well for being "so naughty a boy," as she termed it. She said—"Ah, sure, Mr. Winkle, it's too bad of ye now, putting us all out, and robbing us of the gavotte; smell this bottle, ye "high-woman, ye—sure it's thif's vinker." I thanked her, and excused myself in the best way I could.

I had now a little spare time to breathe, and in turn to criticise the faults and to admire the graces of others. I was led by Mr. Springer to observe the noble quadrille, where we were the most likely to see correct taste; but, to tell the truth, there was nothing very extraordinary there. I was begged by the master of the ceremonies to admire the grace of the Marquis of Worcester's dancing. There he was, handsome as the statue of Apollo, with the advantage of having his limbs much more pliant. All he did was right, no doubt; he danced with his knees bent, as if he was afraid of touching the chandelier, and his legs as wide apart, as if he had been an equestrian statue without the horse, and he threw his head first over one shoulder, and then over the other, with an agony of ineffable grace. I liked it so much that I determined on it to found my basis for future study, and I always practised it whenever I could find a Psyche glass to be my "vis-a-vis." The dance was over, and I was now chewing the cud in my mind, when Mr. Springer begged to remind me that Mrs. Fitzherbert O'Toole expected me for the next waltz. Mr. Pickwick interrupted me as I was about to excuse myself, with "Impossible, my dear fellow, you cannot do another rudeness to this respectable family to-night. Waltz you must—'tis not so difficult—'tis just like poussette."

And, meekly resigned, I suffered myself to be conducted to the sacrifice. I had an idea of a circle, and I thought that if I placed one foot firm on the ground, and spun round like a pair of compasses, letting the other leg fly out, that this might do. A moment's reflection, however, showed me the fallacy of this argument, for what was to become of Mrs. Fitzherbert O'Toole if I indulged myself in this equatoriale evolution? Mr. Springer, who was as quick as thought, guessed what I was thinking about, and having ascertained the point, good-naturedly told me "that my system was theoretically and practically right. "Catch firm hold of Mrs. Fitzherbert O'Toole by the waist—she's a good weight—begin twirling, and she will form, as it were, the fixed leg of the compass, and as the speed increases you will fly out like the other leg, as before mentioned," explained good Mr. Springer.

"What a consolatory kind creature you are," said I, not a little proud to know that my system was correct. With confidence, therefore, which is half the battle, I presented myself, the moment the fiddles began, to Mrs. Fitzherbert O'Toole, nothing daunted.

We got into the thick of the crowd before we started, and then I caught hold with both hands of the thick of her waist; and round she went, faster and faster, like an unwinding capstan, with the cable running out, till what Mr. Springer said was quite true—I flew out like the off-leg of the compass, till I almost assumed the horizontal

I was getting giddy. "How's this to end?" thinks I to myself. End it did, however, and somewhat abruptly, for when Mrs. O'Toole pulled up, I fell flat on my waistcoat and nose. The fall seemed to me quite natural—how could it be otherwise? Mrs. Fitzherbert seemed glad to have shaken me off, but I consoled myself, thinking she could not have gone round without me, for I acted as the fly-wheel to the steam-engine. I was on my legs in an instant, or I should have had a couple or two over me, and off I bolted, without looking right or left, to the refreshment-room. Mr. Pickwick soon followed, and appeared particularly out of humour with me, as if I could have helped it. He requested me to come home to bed, and not expose myself any more. In any other place but a ball-room I should have lost my temper with him—as it was, I agreed to go home, simply because I was tired of the ball. Mr. Springer came running up to know if I was hurt. "Oh, no!" said I, and the waiter was at this moment handing round milk-punch. Mr. Pickwick and I took some, and offered some to Mr. Springer; he replied, "Thank you, no—I am not in the lacteal way," and then made a pirouette and left us abruptly. This was George Brummel's system, always to take leave of his friends with a joke. "It leaves them with a smile on their countenances, and consequently with a pleasing impression," said this celebrated man. I have no doubt in my own mind that Mr. Springer would have preferred the milk-punch to the joke, but he was acting upon system.

We were soon in the lobby, soon in the street, and assailed with "Fly, your honour!" "Cheer, your honour!" but turning a deaf ear to these requests, we rung the Plough up, and were in a few minutes in bed, and asleep.

SNATCHES OF SONG.

No. II.

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

'Tis vain! 'tis vain! nor brighter climes,
Nor sunny skies can wean my heart,
From the one worshipp'd form it shrines,
Conceal'd with more than miser's art!

'Tis vain! 'tis vain! no change of scene
Can win one thought that's claimed by thee;
Thou'rt the lone spot, still fresh and green,
In the drear waste of memory.

'Tis vain! 'tis vain! nor change of place,
Of time or season, can impair,
Or from my inmost soul efface
The one lov'd image sainted there!

THE COURTIER OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.[1]

BY MRS. C. GORE.

CHAPTER XI.

But while the pursuits and projects of Lovell House were thus methodically ordained, in the wide world of national destiny great events were come to pass. Time, "the setter up and puller down of princes," at length brought back to the British throne a prince of the contemned line of Stuarts; and the people of England, so eager in bestowing the crown of martyrdom upon Charles I., proved equally enthusiastic in bestowing a temporal crown upon Charles II. He who had removed the speaker's mace from the House of Parliament as "a glittering bauble," slept in a royal grave; and in place of the austere simplicity of the Protector, another glittering bauble was decreed to his royal successor!

The kingdom, from one extremity to the other, rang with loyal acclamations; and Charles, while listening to the addresses, proclamations, attestations, and declarations of his faithful people, was fully justified in his ejaculation to General Monk, "'Tis sure my own fault that I came not before; since not a man in my dominions but seems to have been wearing his heart out with wishes for my restoration!"

The details of those earliest days of unquiet sovereignty are not for our pages. Even the king, though arrived at the sober age of thirty years, grew almost sick of his calling, so perplexed were his initiatory councils by the difficulty of propitiating the adversaries by whose overtures he had been brought back, and the friends by whose evil counsels he had been kept away—between soothing the impatience of injured royalists to whom he had nothing to give, and of Cromwellians from whom he had everything to take away. As rough a contest was necessary to enable his majesty to re-establish prelacy in his kingdom, as there had been for General Monk to re-establish his majesty; and every now and then "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" was suddenly brandished by the hand of some inspired millennarian, in mortal combat with the constitutional swords of justice and mercy.

Nor were these struggles and contentions between the frogs and their log always of a nature to be described in the ironical tone of the fabulist. While Monk had peremptorily and rashly silenced in parliament those sage propositions for a modification of the kingly power, which might have secured the house of Stuart from the humiliation of being driven a second time from the throne, at Breda King Charles had made conditions of his own invention. From the promised indemnity he had excluded all those whom parliament might adjudge to have been aiders and abettors in the death of Charles the Martyr. As a son, it was pronounced impossible for him to pardon the slayers of his father—as a sovereign, to pardon the slayers of an anointed king; and the kind-hearted and merciful prince considered himself fortunate that warrants of execution were not forced upon his signature by the ultra-royalists, for much more than half a hundred of his subjects. Providence, as if indignant at this revengeful spilling of blood, laid the heavy hand of retribution upon the royal family; and while all this hanging and heading proceeded, within six months of Charles's accession to the throne, his young and promising brother, the Duke of Gloucester, and his eldest sister, the Princess of Orange, were conveyed to the grave of their ancestors.

---

[1] Continued from p. 92.

A stroke far deeper, however, than even the loss of her children, awaited the haughty heart of Henrietta Maria, when, overlooking the offences committed against herself in exile, she visited the re-royalised kingdom of her son for the purpose of "looking after her dower." It was scarce a sufficient consolation to her vindictive spirit that the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, were dislodged from their graves, dragged on a hurdle to Tyburn, suspended upon the same gibbet, and their heads decapitated, and placed as a ghastly warning in front of Westminster Hall—so long as she was compelled by the will of the king to salute publicly at court, as daughter and Duchess of York, the offspring of Chancellor Hyde and his low-born wife!

But heart-burnings, public or private, could not last for ever. In process of time, the king and his minister had executed all they dared, and spared all they chose; while the people were enabled to compute to a fraction at how many millions cost they were to purchase back their well-beloved sovereign. The revenues of the crown were settled—the Penderels duly rewarded—the religion of the land was by law established—the royal oak consecrated—and the husband of Mistress Palmer—that mother of many dukes—elevated to the ennoblement of partnership in a royal firm. And when at length the direful tragedy of kingly retribution had been crowned by the farce of dragging Sir Henry Mildmay, Wallop, and others, on hurdles to Tyburn, with halters round their necks, his majesty, weary of legislating for the past, began to be of opinion that it was time to enjoy himself for the present, without much regard for the future. He found that he had angered the royalists by showing them too little countenance, and the republicans too much. He found that he had offended the republicans by showing them the rigour of the law in place of the rigour of the gospel. All were discontented, so long as he strove to please them; and he consequently set about the more welcome task of pleasing himself.

To assist such an office, good and faithful servants and loving subjects, fair and unfair, were more readily to be found than for the arduous duties of regulating corporations, passing acts of uniformity, or conjuring out of that weakest of strong boxes—the Exchequer—the sum of 1,200,000*l.*, indispensable to stop the mouths of the most clamorous of his majesty's creditors.

In addition to the "sweet little Barbara," Countess of Castlemaine *in esse*, and Duchess of Cleveland *in posse*, there were the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Rochester—the handsome Sydney—the pompous Earl of St. Albans, and his vain and giddy nephew, Harry Jermyn,—the Earls of Arran and Ossory—and the dissolute Killigrew, who governed the privacy of their prince as readily as Clarendon, Ormond, Southampton, Sandwich, Nicholas, and Morrice, his public measures.

In spite of debts and reminiscences—nay, in spite of the spectacle of that hateful window from whence the last Charles Stuart had stepped from the throne to the block—Whitehall was now the gayest and noisiest of any royal caravansary in the civilised world. Courtiers and courtesans, musicians, jugglers, and mountebanks, found ready entertainment within its walls; all the king's subjects, in fact, were welcome there, saving those threadbare cavaliers, who, having sacrificed all but their swords in the royal cause, were received with the coldness due to needy dependents. Too old to frisk and caper in the king's pastimes—too poor to game or dice at the king's bank—too proud to pick up the crumbs that fell from the king's table—sneered at by ushers and pages, and gravely assured by ministers that the regicides had been executed, and Oliver's remains insulted only to do them pleasure—nothing remained for them but to retreat unhonoured to their provinces, to eat the bitter bread of humiliation for the remainder of their days.

Among these postulants for the favours of the court, Sir Richard Lovell disdained to class himself. More truly rejoiced at heart by the event of the royal restoration than those who had flung themselves into the Dover road, or beset the antechambers of Westminster, to offer their gratuitous gratulations to the prince whom none of them had wagged a finger to aid in restoring to the throne of his ancestors, Sir Richard and Lady Lovell contented themselves with stimulating the slumbering loyalty of the tenantry by liberal donations, and festivities in honour of the great event. Not all the entreaties of good Mistress Corbet, now resident in London as carekeeper of the establishment of her son, could induce Lady Lovell to visit the metropolis, and witness the splendid rejoicings of court and city—not all the invitations of his early friends, the now Lords Anglesey and Hollis, could determine the old general to witness the triumph of the cause for which he had sacrificed so largely.

The veteran felt keenly that it was not from *them* those pressing invitations should have emanated. The smiles of Barbara Grandison, or the buffooneries of Killigrew, need not have effaced from the recollection of Charles Stuart the words wrung from him on the field of Worcester, on beholding the mangled remains of one of the best and bravest of his adherents; that "never king had lost a better subject, and that never subject's memory should be more honoured than that of the brave Lord Lovell, should fickle fortune ever again establish the throne he had fallen to defend."

"Was it for a few peevish words spoken by hot Dick Lovell in reprehension of faults that might have moved the man of Uz himself to break bounds—to efface so sacred an engagement?" cried the veteran, when discussing with young Master Shum the motives of his refrainment from court. "Nay, nay, nay! 'tis not in visitation upon any error of *mine* that his majesty disdains to show the slightest token of honour to our family. The fellow wants heart. Charles Stuart (that I should have to say as much of the Lord's anointed!) is the god of his own idolatry. Dick Lovell, and every other Lovell, hath slipped out of his memory: and though 'tis affirmed that this continued sojourn of my graceless nephew in Italy, when everything conspires to recal him to England, is on business undertaken at the king's instance, I do verily believe that the device of the sheaf of arrows (given to our house, as you may have heard, by Richard the Crusader, in gratitude for a rescue of his person, effected at peril of his life, by Wilfrid the first Baron de Lovelle) hath no more favour in his sight than a cook's cleaver, or a jester's cap and bells. For five centuries, Master Shum, hath the loyalty of our line been recorded. Heralds, histories, and tombstones tell of our service to the kings of England. But 'tis as well, perhaps, that the honours of the house will wither in my unfertile branch; for, as I am a christian man, had I a son to train in the way he should go, it should be as the friend of the people, rather than as the slave of the throne."

"If I might presume to advise your worship's excellence," whispered Master Shum, looking cautiously round the steward's room of Lovell House, wherein those dangerous doctrines were broached, "I would fain remind you that the best house in the land hath eaves-droppers: and that words like these, unhandsomely repeated at Westminster——"

"Might bring down on the head of the old cavalier the same measure of vengeance which yielded to the scaffold the nobleman who at Scone did place a kingly crown on the proscribed head of the second Charles Stuart!" cried Sir Richard Lovell. "I know it, man—I know that all record of my faithful service is as fairly evaporated as that of certain bonds for sums wanted by the king at primero at St. Germains with Rochester and Killigrew; but economised with hard self-denial by Dick Lovell out of the noble income remitted to his use by his lady niece."

"And have you then no document to show for these loans?" demanded the punctilious auditor, with an air of interest.

"Had I parchments thrice engrossed and attested, I would shred them into tailors' measures rather than molest my sovereign with reminders of a debt he seems inclined to forget," cried the cavalier, twisting his gray moustouche. "But, in sooth, I have not so much as the tinder that flitted from the brasier wherein I flung the bonds forced upon me in requital by the king; when, on certain propositions wherewith it is needless now to entertain you, I was moved to indignant contempt of a signature once loved and honoured as the sign-manual of my sovereign!"

"It was a rash and unadvised proceeding," observed the formal young auditor; "since, without such evidence of the credit, I fear the sums in question can never be legally recoverable."

"Who talked of recovery?" cried Sir Richard, almost in a rage. I spoke of this only in extenuation of my ill-blood towards this new-fangled court. The king had forgotten his obligations; and though I do not forgive his ingratitude, God witness for me, I forgive him his debt. What want I of coin? The noble creature who hath adopted me as a father, and whom I love as dearly as ever father loved a child, provideth for my wants and wishes ere I am conscious of their existence. Substance hath she, even to abounding, that I am relieved from scruple or delicacy touching acceptance. It is not in worldly gear the dear soul is wanting, and as neither the reformation of her scapegrace lord nor her enfranchisement by divorce is likely to be accomplished by my reconciliation with the court, no fear of old Dickons sacrificing one tittle of his self-respect by prancing at Whitehall among the ropedancers and led captains that grace the mummeries of the new court."

But while such were the contempts of a few stanch cavaliers, who kept aloof without being missed or sought for, hundreds and thousands of giddy-witted courtiers were not wanting to swell the pageants of Whitehall, and augment the embarrassments of the king.

"What news to-day, mad wag?" demanded the Duke of Buckingham of Tom Killegrew, as he sauntered into the gallery leading to the saloon preceding his Majesty's apartment, one fine day in April of the second year following the king's restoration.

"None of any moment," replied the licensed jester of the royal circle, "saving that our Rosana, having thrown aside her palmer's weeds, is coming into bloom with the daffodils, having graced the royal supper-table last night in a suit of gold-coloured breast-knots, which tint is henceforward in her honour to be denounced 'king's yellow.'"

"'Tis an ill-boding colour, if the old proverb run true!" cried Buckingham, with a contemptuous smile; "but what then? Rowley, like the man in the play, doth 'defy augury,' even as this wanton minion doth defy jealousy. But hast thou no rarer *hors d'œuvre* of scandal to supply me with appetite for the royal breakfast, to which I am bidden a guest?"

"No scandal, an't like your grace," cried Killigrew, brushing a grain of dust from his pourpoint of scabious velvet. 'Tis rather a melancholy fact than a tattling jest, that Harry Jermyn, (who hath ever the fortune to inherit the cast suits of the Duke of Buckingham,) whether the livery be that of Mary of Orange, or the fair and universal Shrewsbury, is like to have the colours of the latter plucked from his sleeve by no less a personage than sober Tom Howard,—a man sage and methodical in his loves as others in their devotions. But your grace will need no whet for your chocolate and pasty this morning," continued Killigrew, changing his vein when he observed the Duke change colour at his news. "All the evil-speaking, lying, and slandering, that all the states of Italy can furnish, await you at table. Lovell arrived last night, some ten minutes after the hour of his majesty's *petit coucher*, and is at this moment enjoying the honours of his majesty's *petit lever*."

"Lovell!" cried Buckingham, knitting his brows with a still darker expression of displeasure; "it is true, then, that Rowley hath been in close communication with him touching the jades at Parma."

"What jades at Parma?" demanded Killigrew, with an air of surprise, that announced him less forward than the arrogant Buckingham in the secrets of his master.

"Nay; a mere purchase of Spanish jennets for the stud-house," said the duke, striving to cover his indiscretion of speech.

"Parma, methinks, is a somewhat outlaying market for a commodity that Watteville would have made it his diplomatic pride to purvey to his majesty!" cried the cunning Tom, too shrewd to be put upon a false scent.

"His majesty may not be minded to accept either gifts or loans tendered him by the ambassador of Spain," replied Buckingham, with ready evasion.

"Still it does not strike me that because a Spanish branch of royalty ruleth in the duchy of Parma, its brood-mares, as well as its infants and infantas, must necessarily partake of Spanish blood," persisted Killigrew, directing towards the countenance of Buckingham a scrutinising glance.

"Trouble thyself no farther with the pedigree of either the jennets or the princes of Parma, excellent Tom!" cried Buckingham, with an ironical smile. "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* Horseflesh is not the branch of learning in which thou art required to administer to the education of the court."

With all his disdains, however, the Duke of Buckingham was not sorry to have been forewarned by the badinage of the master of the revels of the encounter thus awaiting him with an individual against whom he entertained one of those peevish animosities which spring, like fungi, out of the natural dry rot of a throne. At Breda, jealousies had arisen between them from a defeated suit, or some such courtly toy; and having secretly rejoiced at the unaccountable vagary which carried Lord Lovell post into Italy at the moment when his royal master was carried upon the shoulders of his penitent subjects into Whitehall, his grace had recently heard with regret of a renewed intercourse between Charles and his wayward favourite.

The Duke of Buckingham had means of knowing with certainty that the proposed match between Charles and Donna Catherina di Braganza, strenuously promoted by his ally, Cardinal Mazarin, as a means by which succours might be forwarded to Portugal without compromising the existing amity between the courts of France and Spain, had met with vehement opposition from the Spanish party, whereof the Earl of Bristol, uncle to Lord Lovell, was a persevering upholder; and while Hyde, Ormond, Southampton, and Nicholas, concurred in forcing upon the king's acceptance the offers made by Portugal through its ambassador, De Mello, of a dower that comprehended a footing in three quarters of the globe, (by the cession of Bombay in Asia, Tangier in Africa, and free trade with the Portuguese colonies in the New World,) Vatteville, the Spanish envoy, tendered, on the other hand, a dower of equivalent extent with the hand of one of the infantas of Parma. Buckingham had reason to suspect that the king, rendered personally averse to wedlock by the still ascendant influence of Lady Castlemaine, and the recent birth of her son, had commissioned Lovell to discover objections against the fair fame or fair persons of the princesses of Parma, just as he had empowered others to spread rumours of the probable infertility of Donna Catherina.

Eager that such might prove the case, and prepared to bury in oblivion his former enmity, provided he found that Lovell was opposed to his uncle the earl touching the eligibility of conceding to the views of Spain, the duke assumed at once the familiarity of a boon companion, when, long ere the well-frothed Barcelona chocolate was discussed, he heard Lord Lovell frankly assert the elder infanta of Parma to be the ugliest princess of her size, and the younger the biggest of her ugliness, extant in christian Europe.

" 'Tis rumoured," cried the young lord, ripe with the flippant impertinence derived from foreign travel, "that the stairs of the cathedral have been worn down an extra inch by the heavy ascents of this ponderous piece of piety, and her royal kilogrammes of 'too, too, solid flesh;' while, as to her sister, (under your royal pleasure, my liege, who have the happiness to call cousins with her highness,) I have heard it sworn that Mignard, when employed at the court of Parma in copying Correggio's pictures for the cardinal, made sundry valuable studies from her royal hideousness for the faces of fiends and imps in his picture of the Temptation of St. Antony!"

"Nay!" cried Buckingham; "*I* have heard it averred that the Duchess of Parma makes excuse for the uncouthness of her progeny by protesting that she was frightened by ——"

"Enough, enough!" exclaimed Charles. "No need to paint the devil or the infantas blacker than they are. Small persuasion is needful to determine me to adhere to my engagements with De Mello. Whatever cup we quaff from the dose of matrimony must have its bitters; but methinks I shall swallow my physic more patiently from the high-gilded Lisbon chalice."

"Which, I pledge my George and honour, will prove aught save a chalice of tears," cried Buckingham gaily.

"But all this talk of wiving and wedlock must be wormwood to thine ears, friend Lovell," exclaimed the king, suddenly drawing upon the new-comer the attention of Buckingham, Lord Falmouth, and the young Earl of Arran, who formed the royal breakfast party. "I have a notion, Arthur, that nothing short of my sign-manual would have recalled thy wandering steps to a kingdom that contains thy malapert and bumpkin spouse?"

"Your majesty is ever happy in your guesses," replied Lovell, his cheek flushing with mortification at finding his private affairs thus exposed to comment. "The words 'native country' have a tender and majestic sound; but when applied to a country containing within its limits no foot of earth we can call our own, and some five feet five of wife we could willingly call some other man's, i'faith the temptation to look upon its face is somewhat of the slightest. I beseech your majesty, however, to believe that I have been crying 'God save the king!' for the last two years, with strength of lungs to be heard from Messina to Whitehall; and that nothing but virulency of wife-hatred could have surmounted my desire to breathe the same ejaculation less audibly, but not less fervently, at your feet."

"*Wife*-hatred!" exclaimed the Duke of Buckingham, greatly surprised. "Have I the sorrow to behold in Lord Lovell another *martyre par l'Eglise?*"

"Married—and how long, pray, my dear Lovell?" demanded the Earl of Arran, equally astonished.

"Somewhere as long as the besiegement of Troy, if my memory serve me," interrupted the king.

"Ten years! Why, you must have usurped the privilege of royalty, and been noosed in leading-strings!" cried the Duke of Buckingham, casting an envious glance upon the handsome person of the young lord.

"And, now I remember me, you may even add two more to the cipher," resumed the king. "The match was made on the eve of Wor'ster, (was't not, my dear lord?) where my friend's good service savoured little of leading-strings, though some year or two younger than the boyish and inexperienced prince he defended at the hazard of his life."

"Your majesty's memory, like a poetical dedication, embellishes my poor deserts," said Lord Lovell, deeply touched by these proofs of recollection on the part of one, the great fault of whose easy nature was unimpressibility.

"Married twelve heinous years, yet still retain that enviable freshness of complexion and evenness of brow!" exclaimed the flaunting Buckingham. "A blessed encouragement for the laudable designs of your majesty!"

"Away with ye, George!" cried the king, with a hearty laugh. Oddsfish! I would not hesitate to wed with all the infantas of Spain, Portugal, and Parma, (with De Vatteville's protégée, the red-headed Princess of Denmark, to boot,) so I might enjoy the connubial estate on the same free and easy terms upon which my friend Lovell yonder hath played the Benedict."

"So, so, so!" replied the duke, with awakened curiosity. "Have I then a lesson to learn in the art of ingenious deconjugation? Never did it enter into my simple conjectures at Paris, Cologne, or Breda, that the modes or mien of my young Lord Lovell were those of a married man."

"*Un homme est fils de ses œuvres,*" replied Lovell, with a sneer. "My alliance was none of my own doing,—*ergo* I am *de facto*, by no means a married man. I hold it doubly hard, moreover, that my Shropshire lands—mine from a dozen generations—should become escheated by my banishment, and fall to the maw of such cormorants as Whalley and Pryme; while my wife, who, as part of my goods and chattels, ought to have been also an escheat, seems strapped to my shoulders everlastingly, without chance or hope of riddance."

"And what is become of my old Wor'ster friend, Sir Richard?" demanded the king, in an embarrassed manner, of Lord Lovell.

"I should rather put that question to your majesty," he replied; "seeing that, as he hath ever chosen to side with my crocodile of a wife, I have long discarded him as an uncle. I trust your majesty may not have discarded him as a subject; but 'tis some years since I heard mention of his name."

"Then I should say that the old fellow was gone dead," cried the king, swallowing at a snap a *bouchée aux huîtres*, much as one of the spaniels at his side would have swallowed a fly; "or I should most assuredly have distinguished his rubicund face among the legion of musty cavalier visages that for twelve months after my accession beset the court. Lovell, thou wert a lucky knave to be spared the spectacle, and the sound of 'I that fought with your majesty!'—'I that bled for your majesty!'—'I that forfeited my lands!'—'I that lost a leg!'—'I an arm!'—'I everything in the world!'—Heaven save them!—not so much as the loyal old gentlewoman, who had been at the pains of preserving the currycombs and leathers used in the royal stables of my late gracious father of blessed memory, but came down upon me with claims for pensions and indemnification! I who, God wot, had debts enough of my own upon my hands, was modestly requested to discharge the debts of some millions of my subjects!"

"'Tis to old Dick Lovell's credit that he disdained to make one of this ragged regiment," said Lord Lovell, coldly.

"We were on none of the smoothest terms on parting at Paris," cried the king. "The old knight, when in good humour, used to fight me over that skirmish at Madeley Bridge till it became my Bridge of Sighs; and when in ill humour, never ceased from reprehending me for keeping loose company in the guise of Mistress Lucy, of virago memory, and his own still more graceless nephew."

"I thank his kinsmanly affection," ejaculated the young lord, with a sneer: "I have asked none of his news these five years past: and if I sometimes take occasion to inquire touching the health of my mawkin of a wife, 'tis with a view to my personal deliverance. I have hopes afforded me, however, by the doctors of Bologna, (to whom t'other day I submitted translated copies of the deeds by which her meek-mouthed Barabbas of a father and his crop-eared attorney finessed me out of my Northamptonshire estates,) that the band may yet be broken."

"Northamptonshire!" exclaimed the young Earl of Arran, with a start that all but dislodged the rosewater of his *rince-bouche* into the yawning morocco boot of the Duke of Buckingham, beside whom he was seated. "Does your lordship mean that the 'mawkin,' 'bumpkin,' and what other opprobrious names you have assigned to your lady-wife, can be the self-same lovely Lady Lovell of Lovell House, by Thrapstone, whose charms have set the midland counties into a ferment?"

"I confess to Lovell House and Thrapstone," replied his lordship; "of the ferment I know nothing more than is reported by the gallantry of my Lord Arran."

"Impart, impart, Dick," cried Charles, eagerly, addressing the earl. "What can'st tell us concerning Lovell's Elfrida?—hast seen her?—What knowest thou of her by person or renown?"

"By both wonders, my gracious liege. Lady Lovell's renown is that of the most beauteous, most beneficent, most prudent of her sex. For her person, I would, sire, you had been present when I beheld it for the first time."

"Ay!" cried the king, in a tone of interest, encouraging him to further disclosure.

"It happened," resumed Lord Arran, "that soon after the marriage of my sister with Chesterfield, I was proceeding post to Bretley on a visit of congratulation, when, having taken my rest at a villanous country inn, whereunto the unsavouriness of a Spanish *posada* were a banquet, I was proceeding by a short cut across the country, per counsel communicated to my grooms by the filthy Boniface by whom I had been entertained, poisoned, and robbed on the king's highway, when lo! as I entered certain pastures of a plain betwixt Thrapstone and Arundel, there came upon me a train of gentles with grayhounds in leash, and a sufficient array of mounted serving-men to assure me of the quality of the party. A hearty-looking young country gentleman was at its head, who doffed his beaver to me courteously in passing. Then came a pretty blushing thing, in a sad-coloured riding-suit: and lastly, a fair creature, mounted on a thorough-bred mare, as black as jet, in the highest condition, and with a cross of the Arabian——"

"Curse the mare!—the lady, the lady!" cried King Charles, really interested in the narrative.

"The lady, sire, habited in a velvet skirt of Lincoln green, with a sable riding-hat and feather, which, as her impatient mare pressed on, streamed wildly in the wind, was in person and bearing all that your majesty can conjecture of the fair Hippolita, when side by side with Theseus."

"Tut, man! my majesty can conjecture no such apocryphal divinity," cried Rowley, impatiently; "describe her, with your leave, in unmetaphorical flesh and blood."

"Figure to yourself then, sire, the bloom of my sister Chesterfield, the liquid glances of my Lady Shrewsbury—the fine bust and shoulders of fair Mistress Palmer—the graceful dignity of her Royal Highness the Duchess—the freshness of Mistress Robarts—the——"

"On my royal word, I'll do no such thing," cried Charles; "the very surmise of such an angel on horseback would carry me straight down a coursing to the good shire of Northampton, against which Fotheringay Castle and the fate of my fair great grandame supply me with an ugly prejudice."

"The face of the young Lady Lovell, my liege, would obliterate impressions twice as gloomy," cried Arran, with enthusiasm.

"And you are satisfied of a surety that this said young Lady Lovell is no other than the wife of his sullen lordship there?"

"I am certain only, sire, that the lady is resident at Lovell House. More I would fain have learned of her; but my brother Chesterfield (who is an occasional visiter at Laxton, within reach of her domicile) informed me that she was a lady of rare merit, who, on family troubles arising out of the civil wars, chose to live in strict seclusion. Above all, he protested that a giddy-pated courtier like myself (as the earl was ungraciously pleased to define me) would find no favour in her sight."

"Umph! Methinks the adventure might have been worth the attempting," said Buckingham, coolly.

"My life on't, it had been tried in vain!" cried Lovell, reddening; "this woman hath neither heart nor soul, but only a fair body inspired by the very incarnate demon of obstinacy."

"With your lordship's good leave, no woman is conscious of having heart or soul till she is taught; and, *sans vous offenser,* if I rightly disentangle this very confused romance, beginning, where romances usually end, with a marriage, Lady Lovell hath been spared all indications likely to develope the latent tenderness of woman's nature."

"I had as lief labour to infuse tenderness into an iceberg or a haystack, as to a woman drilled, *bongrè malgré,* into wedlock by the manœuvres of a doting father," cried Lovell, waxing more and more irritable under their bantering.

"Ay, if the dad were to *share* the education of the damsel," persisted Buckingham, provokingly; "but where the lady presents so fair an apology for the family fault——"

"So handsome an excuse," added Arran.

"I should *then* be of opinion——"

"My Lord of Buckingham, so dainty that scarcely less than a royal shrine is supposed to merit his devotions," interrupted Lovell, "would, I imagine, be the last man in England to desire that the heirs of his name should have to call a Leicestershire grazier grandsire."

"Faith! so their right were established to call *me* father, I should scarcely look beyond," cried the incorrigible duke. "And I have only to entreat, my lord, that (my duchess waxing infirm) should you ever put away this peerless and injured fair one by legal repudiation, you will deign to give me timely notice, that I may be one of the first to inscribe myself on the list for a chance of becoming your lordship's successor."

"Book yourself then to-morrow, by all means," cried Lovell, already heated with the Spanish wines, which, towards the close of the breakfast, had been liberally imbibed by the party; "for it is my intention, my lord, to betake myself instanter to the Court of Arches for all the succours which law or church can yield to annul this incomplete marriage."

"What if I summon the lady to court, and use my best eloquence in persuading her to lend amicable aid towards the furtherance of the suit?" demanded the king, jocosely. "'Tis little to be doubted, Love, (if I may still honour thee with a *soubriquet* which thou so grievously beliest,) that the lady is, no less than the lord, desirous of release."

"Unless the caprice of woman's nature has operated a change in her ladyship's views since the old knight joined us in Paris, full of the wonders of her magnanimity in having redeemed him from the bondage of the Philistines, and sworn to live and die a virgin bride, there is no hope that even your majesty's powers of persuasion will work the miracle," replied his lordship.

"I would fain hazard the attempt," said the king, eyeing his favourite with half maudlin derision. "It were poetical justice that, in requital for your ridding me of the infanta of Parma, I released ye from the iron bondage of lawful wedlock."

"I must still presume to doubt the efficacy of your majesty's intervention. "The royal touch may work a cure for the evil," quoth Lovell; "but I find it nowhere set down that it can yield relief to the sore disease called matrimony."

"Meanwhile I challenge the trial," cried the merry monarch; "who knows but it may discover to me a hitherto unsuspected prerogative of the crown?"

"No difficulty in raising pretexts for citing the lady to appear at Westminster," exclaimed the Duke of Buckingham. "In these days of sequestration and committees of inquiry into sequestration—of land-taxing and hearth-taxing,—it will go hard but my lord commissioners may make or find some tangle for disputation, excusing a subpœna."

"If I know her, she will not come," cried Lord Lovell, tinkling the jewel of the order of the Golden Spur, appended to his cloak, in manifest vexation.

"A thousand pistoles that she will," cried Buckingham; "so mettlesome and Amazonian a beauty cannot but jump at a pretext for visiting the court. Nay, citation and subpœna apart, I double my stake that, per force of polite rhetoric, charged only with a gracious message from our liege the king, (whose messages, even to his obstreperous Commons, are ever gracious,) I will make my way into Lady Lovell's enchanted castle, and allure her, within six days' space, to Whitehall!"

"A bet—a bet!" cried Arran, as the king, by rising from table, gave the signal for breaking up the party.

"With all my soul!" cried Lovell, now dizzy with the unaccustomed strength of the sherris sack he had unwittingly swallowed.

"I have your lordship's permission, then, to dare the adventure?"

"*Permission?*—and my best wishes towards your success!" cried Lovell, with emphasis.

"Cousin of Buckingham, be not too bold!" cried the king, setting his wig and pourpoint in order, before he proceeded to the council-chamber.

"'Be bold—be bold,' and yet again 'be bold,'" quoted Lord Arran, in Spenserian strain. "Bring but to Hyde Park the lady of the black mare, and I promise you that all existing countesses and duchesses shall hide their diminished heads."

"*Au revoir,* then," said the king, kissing his finger-tops *à l'Italienne* to his noisy companions; "a week hence we meet here to decide the wager."

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.[1]

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I ONCE heard my father, when speaking of the various excellent qualities of the dog, relate the following circumstance, amongst others, in illustration of his remarks. Captain Lyon, another of his early companions in arms, was mortally wounded at the battle of Bunker's Hill. The captain had a little spaniel that had shared in all the dangers and fatigues of its master, till the morning of that fatal engagement on which poor Fidele was left behind. The dog, who had shown symptoms of extreme impatience, running about, and uttering a low but continuous cry, no sooner beheld Captain Lyon brought in by the soldiers, and laid upon his rude couch, than she sprang upon the body of her dying master, licked his face and hands again and again, and when life had fled, still lay upon the cold remains, till the attendants, coming to perform the last offices of humanity, drove her away. She then set up a melancholy howl, and creeping under the bed, was found there, on the following morning, stretched out perfectly dead.

The wife of Captain Lyon was a young lady of considerable personal attractions and most amiable manners, and had (like Lady Harriet Acland) followed her husband during the campaign. On the fatal day of his death she stood on a hill, and witnessed the whole of the dreadful conflict: but I have already said enough on these painful subjects. After the interment of her brave husband, she sailed for England, accompanied by Captain Lyon's faithful servant; and shortly after her arrival in this country, my mother, in going on a visit to Winchester, met accidentally with Mrs. Lyon, with whom she had been previously well acquainted, at an inn on the road, where they were both resting for the night. Here she related to my mother the different trials she had undergone since they last met, and the most painful and afflicting one of all, which had brought her back to her native land, clothed in the weeds she then wore. The various circumstances of Mrs. Lyon's narration, which were highly interesting in themselves, were doubly so to my dear mother, as my father was still in America, exposed to continual peril; and she sat up nearly the whole night, listening to her friend. Amongst other things, Mrs. Lyon related the anecdote of poor Fidele. My mother happened then to have with her a little dog, which my father had given to her a short time before he sailed, and which was of course a great favourite; and I have heard her say that the sight of this dog, when she heard Mrs. Lyon's simple and affecting tale, brought so forcibly before her mind the death of Captain Lyon, and the dangers to which my father was himself exposed, that her feelings at the time were almost insupportable.

The fidelity and attachment of the captain's valet, who accompanied (as I have before stated) his widow to England, deserve to be recorded by a better pen. Mrs. Lyon said that, at the time she sailed from America, her confinement was drawing near, but she hoped to be able to reach her native shore in time for the necessary preparations. The trying events, however, through which she had just passed, hastened the period, and she had not been many days at sea, when she was delivered of a fine little boy, the infant she then had with her. Without a friend of her own sex, or any attendants but the surgeon and the faithful man-servant, the situation of a delicate young female, at such a time, may be easily conceived. The poor soldier washed and dressed the infant, brought nourishment to the mother, and so fearful was he that his mistress's health might suffer from want of proper attention in airing her linen, that he always wrapt it round his own body to dry before he brought it to her. But unhappily the straitened circumstances of Mrs. Lyon would not allow of her properly rewarding such disinterested attachment, or even of retaining him in her service. On landing in England they parted,—the honest fellow, with tears in his eyes, begging her to take some of his dollars, for fear her own purse should be exhausted before she could reach her friends.

---

[1] Continued from vol. xxii. p. 317.

It was at this early period, while my father was in Canada, that he first began to turn his attention, when opportunity offered, to those pursuits of natural science for which he had so strong a predilection, and for which he was afterwards so much distinguished. He first commenced with shooting any of the more curious specimens of American birds that fell in his way, a few of which he stuffed and preserved with his own hands, but with no further intention, at the time, than that of presenting them to my dear mother, should he live to return to her, as memorials of his past adventures, and proofs that, when far away, his thoughts had often travelled back to her across the wide Atlantic. When my father did return to England, the interest which he had always felt from his boyhood in the works of nature, animate and inanimate, had been much excited and increased by the wildness and grandeur of the scenes he had traversed abroad, and the novelty of many of the feathered and four-footed tribes which peopled those romantic solitudes. Thus what had its beginning in the tenderness of affection was subsequently continued on a more extensive and systematic plan, and constituted much of the pleasure and recreation of his after life. He determined, however, to limit his researches and his specimens to *British* birds and *British* shells, thinking that every collection ought to be as complete as possible of its kind, and being desirous that his own should be the result of his practical studies, in the wide field of nature. It was thus that he gradually formed that very extensive and beautiful collection of birds for which he was so celebrated, and which, after his death, was disposed of to the trustees of the British Museum for a considerable sum, (I believe 3,000*l.*,) and thus becoming national property, was (I am pleased to think) secured from future dispersion and injury. It was thus, too, that he gradually collected the materials for those works, the *Ornithological Dictionary*, and the *Testacea Britannica*, which are still quoted as standard authorities, in those departments of natural science to which they relate.

Professor Rennie, of King's College, who published a new edition of the former in the year 1831, strongly recommends the study of nature to be commenced and carried on upon the same plan in her own unbounded domains. "In books," says the learned professor, "we can only obtain knowledge at second-hand; and this, like a story circulated among village gossips, is more apt to gain in falsehood than in truth, as it passes from one to another. But, in field study, we go at once to the fountain-head, and obtain our facts pure, and unalloyed by the theories and opinions of previous observers." Having not long ago accidentally met with a review of this edition of the "Ornithological Dictionary," I hope I may not be charged with an unpardonable vanity, if I briefly quote the critic's opinion of its merits, pronounced upwards of fifteen years after my lamented father's death, since which many new discoveries must of course have been made. "In this department," observes the reviewer, "and also in British conchology, Colonel Montagu's works have the chance of standing long unrivalled."

My father likewise formed very extensive collections in botany and entomology, to both of which, in conjunction with the other branches of natural history, he had devoted considerable attention and research. Although he was so much occupied in these pursuits, he never adverted to them in conversation, unless the subject was introduced by others. In general society, his topics were as diversified as the company; and it was remarked by those who knew him well, and were themselves competent judges, that it was impossible to gather from his ordinary conversation, which was in a high degree both instructive and entertaining, what was his own particular pursuit, or on what subject he excelled the most. He wrote several essays and treatises, which he did not publish, and the manuscripts of some of which are now in my possession. In all my intercourse with the world I never met with a character so divested of all personal vanity; and as to the claims or pretensions of mere family pride, he held them in contempt. Indeed I have often heard him say, that if he could do as he pleased, the estates, (which were entailed,) instead of going to his eldest son, should be divided amongst all his children, or if any difference were made, that the largest portion should be given to the most deserving. My father's temper was remarkably sweet and serene, and I remember that when I was about seven or eight years of age, I occasionally put to it rather a severe test. If I observed that he had chanced to leave the door of his study or museum open, I crept in, like a mischievous little sprite, and would amuse myself by disarranging such of the loose specimens as lay within my reach, and tumbling about his manusricpts and papers. Now, it is well known that if anything will disturb the equanimity even of a philosopher, it is to interfere with his favourite pursuit. But I have heard my father merely exclaim to himself on returning to the room, "Ah! I see that little monkey has been here!" and he would then tell me, when he afterwards saw me, that if I ever played those naughty pranks again, he would not love me any more. Accidentally, however, I once or twice made some small amends for the mischief, by contributing a stray specimen to his cabinet of conchology. Having noticed the gratification which this cabinet appeared to afford him, I remember to have occasionally picked up, in my rambles through the woods which surrounded the house, some very minute shells, under the moss and in other secluded situations, which did not escape the exploring eyes and fingers of childhood. These, on my return home, I carried to my father; and some chance time I was delighted to observe that he would select one or two, with which he seemed greatly pleased, and that he put them carefully away in his collection. Doubtless they supplied some deficient link in the chain.

How many fond recollections crowd upon my mind, as I am carried back to those early days, when the family circle was yet unbroken, and the sweet and holy sympathies of nature were all unblighted and unchanged! What a numerous and what a happy group was then gathered around one hearth! What endless sports and pastimes—what fairy hopes and sinless pleasures—and, above all, what cordiality of love and union brightened the dawning of existence! And yet how brief was its duration! how evanescent were all its best enjoyments! It is gone like a morning dream, and has left nothing behind it but a shadowy remembrance.

When mem'ry weaves her chain o'er me,
   And tells of other years,
Like some forgotten melody,
   The sound of *home* appears;—

That household hearth, where oft we sate,
   In joyous circle round,
And parents, sisters, brothers, met,
   And songs were heard resound.

That holy hearth is dark and chill;
   No sounds of mirth are there,
Nor mother's blessed form, to fill
   The long disused chair.

Those matron eyes are veiled in death,
   That wept and watched o'er me,
And silent her melodious breath—
   Sweet nature's minstrelsy!

Ah! where are all her nurseling train,
   And he, the sire of all?
What links are broken? what remain,
   The lost ones to recal?

Like hardier flowers in winter time,
   Some scattered ones are left,
To tell of life's departed prime,
   And holiest ties bereft.

'Tis past away! the golden dream
   Of youth, and youth's delight!
A fairy ray, a misty beam,
   Just dawns upon the sight;

And those who died in battle-field,
  Or wore with slow decay,
Come back to me, in dreams reveal'd,
  Or some peculiar day.

Yet still the early lost, the loved,
  Are indistinct through years;
We see them but as stars removed,
  And dimly through our tears.

So wisely the Eternal's mind
  Has fashioned human grief;
Earth still has treasures left behind,
  And moments sweet, though brief.

We hear and read a great deal at present of the Americans, and "one swallow does not make a summer;" but certainly one of the most excellent, accomplished, and delightful women I ever knew, was a native of Canada. She was the widow of the Reverend Doctor Keith, who, in the earlier period of their union, conducted an academy there. Her present Majesty's father, the late Duke of Kent, was in Canada at the time with his regiment, and formed an acquaintance with Doctor Keith. I have heard Mrs. Keith say, that, with the kindness and condescension peculiar to his illustrious family, his royal highness would sometimes walk into the school-room, and, after exchanging compliments with the doctor, take a seat, and assist him for an hour or two in hearing the pupils their lessons, which he did with the greatest good temper and urbanity imaginable. These visits were hailed by the boys with great delight, as they generally ended in the duke's obtaining for them a holiday. Occasionally he honoured Doctor and Mrs. Keith with his company at dinner; and he further testified his friendly feelings towards them, by offering himself a sponsor for one of their children, who was named Edward after him, and in whose future welfare he kindly promised to interest himself. Doctor and Mrs. Keith subsequently removed to this country; and after remaining some little time at the village of St. George's, Bristol, they ultimately settled at Hammersmith, where the doctor kept a large academy. It was here that the last sad separation between Mrs. Keith and her husband took place, under circumstances doubly afflicting to her, both as a wife and mother. I think it was in the winter of 1814 that the scarlet fever was unfortunately brought to the establishment by one of the pupils. Mrs. Keith herself escaped the infection; but the doctor and some of their children took it in a severe and dangerous form. The cold happened to be intense at the time, and reminded her of a winter in her native Canada. The physician did not allow any fires in the apartments of the suffering patients; and Mrs. Keith said, that in dropping the medicine for them, it actually froze as it fell. All her tender and unremitting assiduities were unhappily in vain. Her husband and two of her children sunk under the malignity of the disease, and they were all buried in one grave. This threefold shock was indeed a severe one. Mrs. Keith was thus left a widow, with six surviving children, the eldest, a girl of only fifteen, and with extremely limited and inadequate means for the support and education of her orphan family. However, she did not permit herself to despond; but, with a firm religious trust, she looked up to that gracious Being, who has promised to be a friend and protector to the widow and the fatherless.

As soon as Mrs. Keith had arranged her late husband's affairs, she quitted Hammersmith, and set sail with her family for Canada, on a visit to her own friends. She did not settle there; but, after remaining about a year, returned with her children to England, and took up her abode once more (alas! under what altered circumstances!) in the neighbourhood of St. George's, where she had formerly spent so many happy days, and where her amiable and truly excellent qualities had acquired for her some valuable and attached friends. One estimable family in particular, with whom I had the happiness of being at that time acquainted, had formed a sincere regard for Mrs. Keith, and endeavoured in every way, and not unsuccesfully, to alleviate the trials and afflictions through which it was her lot to pass. Her eldest daughter, Mary, an amiable girl, had married, during their recent visit to Canada, at the early age of sixteen; and the young couple accompanied Mrs. Keith on the voyage back to England. On landing at Bristol, her son-in-law had occasion to visit Liverpool, for the purpose, as he informed them, of arranging some business, and receiving a sum of money. Within about a week from the time of his departure, Mary received a letter from the landlord of the inn at Liverpool, where her husband was staying, which conveyed the unexpected and afflicting intelligence that he was dead, and (which appeared most extraordinary, and, as some thought, even suspicious) that he was then actually buried. They had no means of ascertaining from whom it was that he had expected to receive the money, or whether indeed he ever *had* received it; and the matter did not undergo any investigation. Poor Mary thus became a widow before she had completed her seventeenth year, and resumed her place in that family circle which it could hardly be said that she had ever quitted.*

* To be continued.

VENICE AND ITS DEPENDENCIES.[1]

CANOVA, the immortal sculptor, has left a work of his chisel in the arsenal. The monument erected to the memory of Admiral Emo is composed of a basso-relievo, which is crowned by a genius, while Fame writes his name on the pedestal. This marble is most precious in the eyes of all lovers of the arts and of the glory of Italy, for it was by this that Fortune opened to Canova the path to celebrity and greatness. Born of humble parents, in an obscure burg on the mainland, he gave early proofs of uncommon talent as a pupil in the schools of masters of mediocrity; but disliking their affected style, he betook himself to the imitation of nature, and quickly attained nobleness of conception and some accuracy of execution. But Venice was not the city in which the art of Phidias was to be studied. All the models were wanting from which its fundamental rules could be learnt, and it was to Rome, in which he had once stayed for a short time, that the young artist ardently desired to be transported. The monument of Emo, which was generally approved, and procured for him more than one powerful Mecænas, won him from the senate the means of gratifying his most ardent ambition, happily for art and for the honour of his country.

Canova in Rome was in his proper element; her air was the only one in which he was able to respire freely; nor was he ever able to remain long absent from it, however great the rewards and honours offered to him by the most powerful monarchs, however tempted by love of country, by whatever, in short, the earth offers of most powerful or seductive. Happy city, to have been so dear to this great man! Embellished by his chisel, it is indebted to him for being still the depository of the most valuable works of art, either ancient or modern —for remaining still the wonder of the universe! Nothing more was needed than the strong love which he bore to the seat of the ancient glories of Italy, to arouse all the generous thoughts and best exertions of Canova on her behalf, when the arms of the stranger had left her squalid and a widow!

I will give a slight sketch of the other works of this surpassing sculptor, with which Venice is enriched, from Cicognava's celebrated work "Della Sculptura." The Hebe recals vividly to my recollection a young English girl whom I knew in Paris, the youngest and most beautiful of three graceful sisters.

"This goddess is about to descend from the sky, and is in divinely light and easy movement, while pouring out a cup of ambrosia for the father of the gods. Balancing herself forwards, she cuts the air with velocity in her rapid flight, and the drapery is naturally carried backwards, leaving her form plainly delineated beneath. This display of the form is perfected by the arm being raised to pour the liquor from the amphora, though the whole figure is draped with extreme decency; it breathes all the first freshness of youth. The hair is knotted simply behind the head; the gentle breath seems to escape from the slightly-opened lips; in the left hand she carries the golden cup, in the right the amphora.

---

[1] Continued from vol. xxi. p. 336.

"The Academy of the Fine Arts possesses the original models in plaster of two of his groups. The first is Theseus, who has vanquished a centaur. The hero presses down the monster with his knee, who awaits only the fatal blow to draw his last breath; and the club in the strong uplifted right hand leaves no doubt of the fate of the unfortunate monster. Nobleness is in all the well-proportioned and agile limbs of Theseus; the whole figure is majestic, martial, and vigorous, but not of Herculean mould. The force of the strong efforts which the centaur makes to release himself is so full of nature, and, at the same time, a work so difficult in art, that the sculptor could never have attained it in marble without a series of repeated studies of nature. Ancient art does not possess models from which he could have gathered that force and contraction of muscle and sinew, at once so expressive and so true.

"The head of the centaur is a model of beauty in its kind. Though it wears the expression of the extremes of grief, agony, and rage, the artist has divested it of the character which they give of nobleness and sublimity, which would be here out of place. The hair is in disorder, the eyes turbid and uneasy, the chest panting; the muscular and hairy arms already droop with weakness; and the terrible expression of the whole contrasts admirably with the tranquil demeanour of the victor, in which we read the satisfaction of triumph and the extinction of anger."

But the Hercules Furens is the unsurpassable, the almost divine work of Canova.

"Occulto tossico d'incesa clamide
Le membra atletiche arde e dilania;
Ignaro dono e credulo
Di femminile insania!
Come sal vertice d'Oeta ombrifero
Volve te torbide setose ciglia!
Già Leia investe, e afferralo
Ai piedi, e l'accapiglia:
E qual pieghevole ramo di frassino
A lungo ci l'agita e lo bilancia,
E ne' marosi euboici
-Precipita lo slancia."

These lines of Melchior Missirini describe, in part, the action of the hero; he has seized Lycas by the foot with his left hand, and the arm which is about to whirl the youth round in the air is thrown backwards over the left shoulder, from which Lycas hangs head downwards—the most daring position ever attempted by an artist. The wretched victim has no means of defence or protection; in vain he stretches his hands convulsively towards the earth;—the demigod, who unites Herculean vigour with colossal proportions, makes the littleness and fragility of the unhappy mortal more apparent by contrast with himself, and the muscles of the arm and shoulder, about to be called into action in whirling him violently round, are developed in their greatest amplitude.

The action of this astonishing figure fills him who beholds it with admiration and terror, and this is the production of the chisel whose powers many believed limited to turning the neck and arms of Venus and the Graces! "This Hercules is sublime tragedy," says Cesærotti; "and the pen of Euripides may envy the chisel of Canova."

I saw no other works of Canova's but these in Venice, but I will not for that reason pass abruptly from a name so interesting and so pleasing. The virtues of Canova are the ornament of the Italian name, not less than the perfection to which he brought the art is the boast of our sculpture. Too frequently is excellence in letters and the fine arts associated with indecency, vice, or crime, and the fame with which they are crowned becomes thus the scourge of their possessors, whose disfiguring vices become public with the honour they win. The celebrity which Canova acquired placed before Europe an edifice complete in rare gifts both of mind and heart, setting before artists especially a noble example which should be a spur to their generous emulation.

"The beauty and greatness of the Italian name," writes Misirini, the worthy biographer of Canova, "was his first care—was the chief of his thoughts. He was accustomed to say, that 'the Italians were created by Providence to bring every great thing to perfection; and this is proved when we place the grand works of Italy in comparison with those produced by other nations; yet the artists, the literati, the scientific of other countries, support each other, approve and aid each other, with national love, and credit and fame wait on the least of their productions; besides this, they are protected by princes and nobles, they are abundantly rewarded, and left in full liberty to unfold their boldest conceptions, and to nourish themselves with philosophy; in addition to all this, they are disposed to meditation and study by the inclemency of their climates, by the gravity and melancholy of their temperaments;—still it is the Italian who produces the masterworks of every kind—it is he who is the teacher and master of all—at least in the imitative arts,—and this by the irresistible impulse of his own genius alone. He is driven to the creation of great things without even the incentive of emulation or reward, often without even praise, and amidst all the bewitching distractions of a mild air and a benignant sky, which invite and dispose him to idleness and amusement; and herein," continued he, "lies the distinguishing characteristic of the Italians. They are constrained to what they do by the force of their nature, solely to satisfy the want of their own souls, and with the hope only of being rewarded by posterity."

The "Academy of the Fine Arts" was formerly the property of a "confraternity of charity." Venice had many of those religious associations, to one or the other of which their richest merchants belonged, and among which there was a perpetual striving which should decorate their place of assembling with the greatest splendour.

The hall of the Academy bears testimony to this magnificence. I visited it in company with the accomplished engineer Salvadori, who is a member of this enlightened institute, and to whom I owe much gratitude for the kindnesses he showed me during my abode in Venice, and the light he threw on many subjects connected with the country.

"How!" I exclaimed with astonishment, "could a society of a few merchants be rich and generous enough to erect such edifices as this, and adorn them with so much splendour?"

"There was ever among the wealthy Venetians," he replied, "a desire, I might almost say a mania, to enrich the confraternity of which they formed part; and not merely for this, but for any objects of public or private beneficence, they would open their chests wedged with gold, and turn their money out in heaps, not counting it but by ladlesful into the cups held to receive it. That many of the Venetian merchants should have attained such immense wealth will not appear incredible to you, when you reflect on the monopoly of the East, which was theirs in those days, and on the extension and activity of a commerce so vast, that we can with difficulty realise it to the imagination."

This conversation passed in the most insignificant saloon of the academy, and my courteous guide, pointing to the ceiling resplendent with gold, added, "I will relate to you a story connected with this, which, while it amazes you by its oddity, will confirm what I have just told you. This ceiling, which cost, in gilding alone, many millions of zecchini, was done at the sole charge of a member of this confraternity. His name was Cherubino Ottale. He had requested permission of his companions, before he put a hand to the work, to make mention of his splendid generosity on a tablet, to be affixed to the wall of the saloon. This was denied him, and he ingeniously found means of gratifying his ambition without displeasing his friends. Examine the ceiling, and you will perceive that it is divided into small square compartments, and that in the middle of each there is the face of a cherub, surrounded with eight wings; so that the name of Cherubino Ottale is repeated more than a thousand times."

The pictures which adorn the walls are still more admirable than the splendid ceiling—than the pavement of finest marbles beneath the feet. They are all of them of the Venetian school, most of them chef d'œuvres, which have returned from Paris. But as I should never end were I to notice but briefly the whole of these pictures, I will only mention three of the most remarkable.

The first of them is a miracle of St. Mark's by Domenico Tintoretto. A Christian slave, condemned by his master to terrible torture, lies stretched on the ground, and executioners are around him in various menacing attitudes. At a gesture of the saint, whom he invokes, and who appears on high, the several instruments of torture fall from the hands of the ministers of vengeance. The powerful picture gives us the surprise of the men, and the calm confidence of the slave, with wonderful effect. But the most surprising part of the whole is the fore-shortening of the saint, who sustaining himself in the air in front of the beholder, with his head bent forward, covers the greater part of his body with his ample beard, and leaves nothing but the extremities in sight. It is one of the most extraordinary conceits in painting—the fore-shortening is perfect, so that the effect so difficult of representation results from it; the saint has not the appearance of a falling body, but of a supernatural being, supporting himself with dignity in the air by his own will. The pencil of Tintoretto has renewed the miracle.

The Assumption of Titian, considered by many his best work, is placed directly opposite the St. Mark. The Virgin, risen from the tomb and ascended into the sky, is received by the Eternal Father, amid choirs of immortals. Her countenance wears the expression of paradise, and the long drapery of rose-colour and azure adds to the grace and elegance of the figure and the divine face. Enchanting groups of angels sustain and crown her in her flight, and around the empty tomb at the base stand the disciples in ecstasy at the miraculous vision.

The third painting is Bellino's, and gives us Saint Mark and the Piazza as they were in the fifteenth century. This is a most valuable picture to the Venetians, not so much for its nice execution and vivid colouring, though both are admirable, as for its being the exact record of the ancient form of the most magnificent quarter of their city. The painter has peopled the Piazza with a great many carefully executed figures, and has also introduced a solemn procession —all are exact delineations of the fashion of dress of the various classes of society.

The other rooms contain models in plaster of the most famous statues, ancient and modern. Here are besides large magazines, where are stored innumerable pictures, the valuable spoils of religious establishments, which fell into the hands of the exchequer on the downfall of the republic.

This collection, more numerous at least than that exhibited, will be arranged, but not wholly, in two very large saloons now prepared for them, and this will then be one of the most surprising collections of pictures in the world.

Two hundred and eighty-eight public edifices, erected for religious worship in ages long past, were to be found in Venice and its vicinity before the time we speak of. Of these, one hundred and seventy-six were closed or demolished within a few years. Among these many were preserved, not only from reverence for the sacred purpose to which they were devoted, but from being doubly consecrated by patriotic and historic recollections in which they abounded, and by the riches which had been lavished on them by the fine arts, from their revival down to our own days.

Artists, and those who loved their country's glory, mourned over the dispersion of these monuments; and the magistrates, who were the guardians of these sanctuaries, and presidents likewise of the public institutions, with whom it rested to preserve amid modern studies the memory of the past, either were not consulted, or had their mouths closed with a hand of iron. Merchandise was made, with open impudence, of bronzes, marbles, inscriptions, pictures, and all kinds of precious things. The porphyries, the granites, the serpentines, the oriental basalts, which covered the arms of the venerated fathers of the country, and the altars of the sanctuary, were placed beneath the saw, and, under new and multiplied forms, ornamented the cabinets of the *nouveaux riches.*

Thirty millions of francs—for to this sum, without doubt, amounted the funds of the different corporations and companies alone—should have furnished handsome assistance to the public necessities, without reckoning the immense funds of the religious societies; and the ulterior dispersion of the works of art has produced almost nothing. We need only recollect that precious works in antique gold and enamel were sold at the mere weight of the metal of which they were composed. In such treasures, the works of the middle ages, and the spoils of the bazaars of Constantinople, Venice was extremely rich.

Marano is an island distant about a mile from Venice, and has been celebrated for many ages for its glass manufactories. The greater part of these are now surpassed by those of the French and English; but there are three among them still worthy of the attention of strangers, because they alone in all the world supply commerce with those pretty beads which we see in such countless designs, and with which our ladies find so many ways of passing their leisure hours.

I will give a short account of the process of this manufacture. I went to Marano in company with the most courteous Signior Bigaglia, the proprietor of one of these three houses, and to his politeness I am indebted for the few ideas I am about to communicate on this curious part of glassmaking. The first operation is that of fusing the mixture, which must be exposed to the most intense heat to vitrify, and is carefully compounded of those substances which will give precisely the colour required. In this lie the difficulty and the secret of the art, for this compound is not made on any general precepts, easy to be discovered and put in practice, but from recipes, of which long practice has taught the manufacturers the due proportions, and which they jealously conceal, transmitting them carefully to their descendants. They remain the most valuable part of the family property, and are a handsome patrimony for their possessor. All is mysterious in this operation—and I found myself embarrassed, and my courteous guide confused, when I unreflectingly pushed my inquiries beyond convenient limits.

Signior Bigaglia had some nice experiments much at heart, on which he had been long employed, the object of which was to discover from what substances he could obtain certain colours, the receipt for which was not in his collection, and for which he was obliged to have recourse to the rival manufactories to supply his correspondents. They had so far succeeded very well, and as he had, before his return to the city to prepare his compound for the last trials, he took leave of us for a few minutes, and fastened himself in his laboratory, as a disciple of Paracelsus would have done for the discovery of the philosopher's stone; but he could assert, with more truth than he, that he had found means of converting stone into gold; so exorbitant and arbitrary is the price affixed by the manufacturers to this form of glass, of which the knowledge is in their hands alone.

The mixture, when properly prepared, is taken from the laboratory to the furnace. Some zecchins* are put into *aqua regia*, and soon melted in it by the action of fire; with this precious liquor the paste is then sprinkled, and I confess there was only wanting the muttering of some unintelligible words, to make me hold the whole matter as one of magic or cabalistic art. The mixture, thus prepared, is now to be converted into glass, and this is the business of intelligent workmen, who know how to measure the degree of fire, and when the mass, which becomes semiliquid in the furnace, has been long enough exposed to its action. The extremity of a rod of iron is then plunged into the fused mass, and turned round three or four times until a quantity of the soft and heated metal, to the thickness of three or four fingers, is collected round it; to this they give a compact and cylindrical form, by rolling the rod upon a polished stone.

---

* The well known gold coin of Venice.

In the centre of the extreme point of this vitreous mass, which, while it has adhered to the rod, has as it were slipped beyond it, they dexterously make a hollow, as if for a bottle, which has a small hole; another workman then presents another iron to this hole in the metal, which closes over it, and to which the mass consequently adheres. With this he runs, at his utmost speed, to one extremity of the long corridor, and he who holds the rod does the same in the opposite direction—the metal, still soft, is drawn out into a line, which becomes finer and finer as the distance between them is increased, and forms, without breaking, those long fine threads, of which the beads are afterwards made, and which remain hollow, however finely and hair-like they may be drawn out. This thread is divided into small pieces by a knife held in the left hand, while the right measures the lengths into which it is to be proportioned.

These pieces are then put, with pulverised charcoal and sand, into an iron cylinder, which is introduced into the furnace, and turned for some time on a pivot—the charcoal dust preventing the closing and fusion into one mass of the little tubes: the crystalline substance, however, softens sufficiently to take the spherical form required, by the rotation of the machine, and nothing now remains but to clear them from the charcoal, which is soon effected by putting them into a sack, which is swung rapidly round, and from this movement they receive also their last polish and lustre.

The paste of which these beads is formed is used for other branches of manufacture, also exclusively Venetian; some of these are those beautiful necklaces of glass, in which it seems to us that the labour of the industrious artist must have been immense. On a white ground, having the whiteness of silk, are traced ornaments and flowers red and beautiful as the ruby, or yellow as the topaz; these necklaces are sold here at a very low price, because they are made with little trouble by the workman, who, with a lathe, makes a long and slender needle move round itself; on this he places the metal which the instant before has fused, and making use with great dexterity of small iron stamps, forms the metal to his will, and adorns it with stripes or any other design. If they are to be of various colours, the operation is repeated, and on the white ground, prepared as above, he places red, yellow, or blue liquid metal, in any manner you please. The result depends on the skill of the workman, and the rapidity with which these elegant productions are finished is surprising.

I am about to close my sketches of Venice, which sadden us on the retrospect of this powerful people, this rich city, sinking as they have done beneath the revolutions which time brings about in its slow but irresistible course.

In the church of " St. Giovanni e Paulo" are assembled the monuments raised by the piety of relations, or by the republic herself, in expiatory gratitude over the ashes of those to whom she was ungrateful in their lives. One is filled with religious awe on entering this temple—the lofty domes and arches—the many coloured panes through which the rays of the sun penetrate with difficulty—the mixture of Gothic and Roman architecture—the statues which repose on the monuments—the tombs adorned with greater or less magnificence—all tend to fill the mind with solemn thoughts. The innumerable tablets which cover the walls are the noblest *fasti* of Venetian history.

On one of them is inscribed the name of Tomaso Mocenigo—that wisest of the princes of the republic—who, in the most sublime moment of his life, recommended conciliation and peace to his fellow citizens.

On another it is recorded how Antonio Venier—famed for his civil and military virtues—showed a striking example of stoical firmness, in punishing his own son, guilty of youthful disorders.

The equestrian statue of Orsino, Count of Pitigliano, recals the dangers of the League of Cambray—when the venerable Doge Loredano, whose ashes lie not far off, was the only one, amid the universal dismay, who did not despair of the public safety.

The mausoleum of Andrea Vendramin is a surprising piece of Venetian sculpture.

The news that Constantinople had fallen into the power of Mahomet II., hastened the death of Giovanni Mocenigo, who lies near it.

The tomb of Bragadino contains nothing but his skin; that skin which, torn from him with unheard of cruelty, when the capital of Cyprus yielded to the Turks, was filled with straw, and abandoned to the indecent depravity of the populace. Redeemed afterwards with gold from the barbarians, it was interred in the church of St. Giovanni e Paulo.

But it is before the tomb of Carlo Zeno that we stand with the most respect and admiration. He was at once the Themistocles and the Scipio of the republic—his history is a proof how much of virtue and patriotism may dwell in a human heart, and how much ingratitude there was in the character of the aristocracy.

The life of Carlo Zeno was entirely devoted to the defence of his country. Forty wounds told of his deeds of arms. Venice was proud of this great man; she confided in him in all her dangers; but at the very time she profits by his devotion, she does not dissimulate that he is considered too great to be raised to the head of the state. Not contented with this, she embittered his life by unjust persecutions.

Zeno had lent money to the fugitive and unhappy Prince of Padua. This sum is repaid to him. In the eyes of the government, which sought a pretence for suspicion, this is perchance the reward of some treachery! The man who had commanded the fleets of the republic for half a century—the most illustrious of her captains—the most generous of her defenders, Carlo Zeno, already seventy years of age, is condemned to two years of exile!

The magnanimous old man withdrew to Cyprus, where the king, Lusignano, besieged in his capital, was about to sink beneath the arms of the Genoese. These implacable enemies of the power of Venice ceded humbly for the second time to the fortune of Zeno; Lusignano blessed his deliverer, and Venice received the rècalled exile in triumph.

We bid farewell to the ancient Mistress of the Seas, in the midst of the sepulchres of her great men.

THE BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

From th' twilight we borrow
Fit solace for sorrow,
When the aged and weary lie down in their west:
And the sunset in splendour
Is touching and tender,
Where the dews of our sorrow fall warm on their rest.

But mighty's the anguish
Where beauty must languish,
And the young from the young in life's morning are riven;
When the dear spell is broken
Of vows fondly spoken,
And the form is recalled that in rapture was given.

Oh, vainly we linger
Where silence her finger
Has laid upon lips that no more may unclose:
Where sad leaves are sighing,
Where blossoms are dying,
O'er the young and the lovely in mortal repose.

The form that came lightly,
Like morn breaking brightly,
With hopes as from Eden, all faded and o'er:
The presence endearing,
The smile that was cheering,
And step that was music, are with us no more.

Richard Howitt.

DECEPTION.[1]

A TALE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I QUITE prepared myself for the certainty that Aubrey would fall in love with my young guest, and I looked forward to the circumstance with pleasure. I was aware that whenever he loved he would love ardently and intensely, and I had never seen any one whom I would have embraced with unmixed satisfaction as a daughter-in-law, till I beheld Blanche Tracy. We walked and rode together in the mornings, and in the evenings we read, played, or sang; every day seemed to render more striking the congeniality of habits and tastes between these young people: there was a difference in their dispositions; Aubrey was, like myself, warm in his feelings and passions; Blanche was singularly tranquil and gentle. But I knew the evils of strong passions, and I rejoiced that the tender and fragile girl in whom I took so deep an interest was spared from their tyranny.

Aubrey revealed his sentiments to me when he first became conscious of them, and I approved and encouraged them. I may safely say that I felt no portion of that mean jealousy often entertained by a mother towards the chosen of her son. Blanche's love for retirement and for intellectual pursuits seemed to afford a decided earnest of his happiness with her. They would have enough for competence in quietness and seclusion, and the health and spirits of my dear son need not be exposed to the contact of a rude and unfeeling world, with which he was unfit to contend. Aubrey, however, expressed himself exceedingly doubtful concerning the reciprocal affection of Blanche, and at his request I undertook to speak to her on the subject. She listened to me in silence, her colour slightly, but only slightly, deepening; and at the conclusion of my words, lifting up her soft blue eyes to me with a calm and steady gaze, she said, "I will tell you the truth, dear Lady Ellerton; I do not think I am formed for love—that is, the love of which we read in poems and romances; I am naturally quiet and composed; neither the troubles nor the pleasures of life have that strong effect on my mind which I perceive they have on the minds of others; but I entertain the truest friendship and esteem for your son, and if his happiness depend upon me, I should be most ungrateful to you and to him if I could neglect to promote it by every means in my power."

This speech did not quite please me: I saw that my cherished Aubrey was not loved as I considered he deserved to be loved, but I fully coincided in the opinion of Blanche that she was incapable of any violent attachment, and I reflected that Aubrey's nerves and spirits might probably be subjected to painful trials of excitement, had he fixed his choice on a woman of feelings as warm and sensitive as his own. Blanche added, that duty to her mother must be her first consideration, and I immediately waited on Mrs. Tracey, to make known to her the events of the morning. I had not anticipated the least disapproval from her; the younger son of an earl, I should have thought, would have been welcomed by her with rapture as a son-in-law, but, to my great astonishment, she received my proposal very coolly.

---

[1] Continued from vol. xxii. p. 365.

"The young couple would have but a very small income," she said, "and it was of little use to marry into a noble family without having the means of living in a style of equality with them; indeed, to confess the truth, she had noticed the Hon. Mr. Neville's attentions for some time, and had written her particular friend Lady Barlow word of them, and Lady Barlow had said, in her last letter, that she sincerely hoped she would not suffer Blanche to throw herself away in such a manner, since her exceeding beauty and good introduction were quite sufficient to entitle her to expect the union of rank and wealth in a husband."

I was greatly displeased with this speech; angry with Lady Barlow for her interference in my affairs, and incensed at the idea that any one could be said to "throw herself away" on my precious Aubrey. I merely told Mrs. Tracey that I was sorry I had troubled her, and took a proud and distant leave of her. Blanche, I was aware, would be perfectly quiescent and resigned to her mother's will, and I trusted to be able to prevail on Aubrey to reconcile himself to the disappointment, and quit Hastings with me immediately; but his affection for Blanche seemed to have taken a stronger hold on his heart than I had surmised; he assured me that he believed his life to depend on the success of his suit, and I had been repeatedly and earnestly enjoined by the physician at Hastings, as well as by Dr. Ferrars, to suffer nothing to agitate and grieve him, if I could by any means prevent it. I was quite undecided what course to pursue, when Mrs. Tracey entered the room. The cold hauteur with which I had received her answer on the subject of my son's addresses to her daughter had, it appeared, worked a much more favourable effect on her mind than any arguments or entreaties could have done. She felt that the friendship of a countess, and the love of an earl's son, were not to be rashly cast away, and she came to propose that the young people should be allowed to associate together on terms of friendship for three months, that love should be a proscribed subject between them during that time, and that the world should not be acquainted with the probability that their intimacy might terminate in a union. At the end of that period, she said, she would give her consent, if both the parties still continued to wish it. There was something that hurt my pride in her patronising and parading manner of making her concessions; but Aubrey received them with transport: it was impossible, he said, that three months should make any alteration in his feelings, and Blanche more cautiously said that she did not conceive it probable they would create any change in hers. I was very ready to comply with Mrs. Tracey's wish for secrecy. I felt that Lady Barlow would be delighted to circumvent any wishes of my son or myself, and my conscience did not reproach me for concealing the attachment in question from Lord Ellerton, since he had repeatedly told me that if Aubrey could marry a well-educated, amiable young woman with a moderate portion, he thought that he would be much happier, living on his small estate in peace and retirement, than he would be in a more elevated sphere. Two months of perfect happiness to Aubrey ensued. Although he did not address Blanche as a lover, he felt quite sure that, at the stipulated time, she would permit him to do so. She, on her part, treated him with all the placid tenderness which an affectionate sister would show to an only brother. Her mother frequently reminded her that she was still free and disengaged, but she did not appear to have the smallest wish to avail herself of her freedom. I should have felt more happy than I had been since my fatal transgression, if Aubrey's health had been fully established; but the consumptive symptoms still occasionally evinced themselves, and the physician told me, that were he, by any undue exertion or excitement, to rupture a blood-vessel, he greatly feared that the consequences would be fatal. There appeared little prospect, however, of his exposure to any great trial, either of body or mind, for Blanche was as watchful as myself in dissuading him from any imprudent exertion which might be prejudicial to him, and her serene and tranquil temper was a safeguard against any of those irritating disputes which sometimes take place even between attached lovers.

My happiness was soon disturbed by a visit from Lady Barlow, who told me that she had come to pass a few weeks at Hastings, principally to enjoy the society of myself and Mrs. Tracey. I felt a foreboding that her arrival would work woe to my poor boy, and my fears were corroborated when she informed me that it was the intention of my son, Lord Montford, to pass two or three days with me, that he might personally inform himself of the health of his brother.

The next morning Lord Montford arrived, and, with his usual frankness, told me that although he was very glad to find Aubrey improved in health, he should have been satisfied with hearing of it by letter, had not Lady Barlow absolutely tempted him to come by assuring him that a perfect prodigy of female beauty was on visiting terms at my house.—"Have I been rightly informed?" said he, addressing Aubrey; "is this all-conquering Blanche Tracey actually a 'ninth statue' worthy of being transposed to a niche in the peerage?"

Aubrey turned pale and bit his lip, but merely replied, that Miss Tracey was indeed uncommonly lovely, and changed the conversation.

The next day, Lady Barlow, apprehensive, I suppose, that I should avoid introducing Lord Montford at Mrs. Tracey's, called, and volunteered to introduce him herself. It is scarcely necessary to say that Mrs. Tracey was in raptures with her visiter, and he, on his part, was no less enchanted with the beauty of Blanche. A succession of invitations ensued. The presence of a young nobleman at a watering-place is a great stimulus to gaiety. The three days mentioned as the term of his visit passed, a fortnight elapsed in addition, and he was still at Hastings. When I wished for Blanche's society in the morning, she was always engaged in some riding or sailing party, of which Lord Montford formed one; and when I invited her in the evening she generally excused herself on the plea of being obliged to attend her mother to the house of some one of their gay acquaintance, who, of course, delighted to extend her hospitality to a popular and handsome young viscount.

I spoke indignantly to Mrs. Tracey on the subject. She answered me coolly—"Remember, Lady Ellerton, that I stipulated that my daughter should be considered free and disengaged till the expiration of three months; a few days will complete that period, and I promise you that she shall then decide for herself without any control from me; till then, however, I certainly think that I have the right of directing her actions, and requiring her company in my visits whenever it pleases me."

This was all very true, and neither Aubrey nor myself would for a moment have murmured at the way in which the time and attention of Blanche were engrossed, had it appeared distressing to herself, but such was not the case. I had never seen her so apparently happy and animated as when she was receiving the attentions of Lord Montford; they gave to her the only attractions that she wanted—those of spirit and sensibility, and when he quitted her side, a sudden revulsion seemed to come over her, and she was again passive, quiet, and indifferent. These events, I saw with anguish, were working decided injury on poor Aubrey's constitution; his appetite forsook him, his sleep at night was feverish and fitful, and although he seldom mentioned the name of Blanche, I felt that she was never absent from his thoughts and heart.

One morning Lady Barlow called upon us. "I suppose I may soon congratulate you, Lady Ellerton," she said, "on your fair daughter-in-law; a more beautiful viscountess will certainly never have dazzled St. James's."

"I do not understand you," replied I; "if you are alluding to Lord Montford and Miss Tracey, I have no reason from either of the parties to conclude that any attachment exists between them."

"O pardon me," she replied; "I have good authority for knowing that Lord Montford has written to his father on the subject, and you know so well his doting affection for his son, that you cannot imagine he will refuse his consent. People tell me that you had once a predilection for the same lady, Mr. Neville," she continued, turning to my son; "but it is all best as it is; an elder son may afford to marry a slenderly-portioned beauty, but Lombard Street heiresses and well-jointured widows are the fit prizes for younger brothers."

She took her leave, happy in the wounds she had inflicted.

Aubrey seemed too much overcome for conversation, and retired to his own room. I immediately formed my resolution. It was necessary that I should have a private explanatory conversation with Blanche before the answer arrived from Lord Ellerton, which would probably sanction his son in paying his immediate addresses to her, and I sent to request that she would call upon me. She entered the room, blooming, tranquil, and lovely as usual.

"Blanche," said I, too much agitated to employ any circumlocution in addressing her, "you are treating both my son and myself in a heartless and unfeeling manner. Why are we thus continually deprived of your society? Why do you thus exclusively devote to another that time and attention which you once gave to Aubrey alone?"

"Dear Lady Ellerton," she replied, "I am sincerely sorry that you should be displeased with me; but my mother tells me, and I cannot but agree with her, that it is my first duty to pay obedience and respect to her; if I refused to give her my company when she wishes it, I feel that I should grieve and offend her."

"Do not evade my inquiries, Blanche," I answered; "are you reluctant to make this sacrifice to your mother, or do you really consider it as any sacrifice at all?" She blushed, and remained silent. "Tell me," I continued with increased energy, "that it is your purpose at the end of ten days to declare your unchanged affection for Aubrey, and enter into an open engagement with him, and I will recal my injurious suspicions, and even ask your pardon for them."

"It is not my purpose," said she, with more firmness and self-possession than I had hitherto observed in her. "Had I been engaged to Mr. Neville, Lady Ellerton, no temptation on earth could have persuaded me to wish even in thought to be free; and as far as my power extends, I am sure that I should have proved to him a tender and affectionate wife; but being still disengaged, I trust I am not violating any honourable feeling, when I say that I do not in future wish to be anything more to him than a friend and sister."

"A sister!" I repeated with bitter sarcasm; "yes, I can well fathom the reason of your change of sentiments. O Blanche! have you not often assured me that you disliked pomp and parade—that you shunned the glare of crowded assemblies—that titles, power, and equipage possessed no charm for you?"

"And I assured you truly, Lady Ellerton," she said; "the simplicity of my taste can never alter. I feel myself far better suited for retirement than for a gay and exalted sphere."

"Why then so palpably encourage the attentions of Lord Montford?" I asked.

She appeared more agitated than I had ever seen her; the colour quickly deepened on her cheek, and as quickly receded from it.

"I do not know why I should blush to speak the truth," said she; "and you, Lady Ellerton, who so justly regard and value one of your sons, cannot surely be blind to the merits and attractions of the other. A short time ago I told you that I had never felt what the romantic call love. I could not say so now; if Lord Montford should honour me by offering me his hand, I would accept it, not for the sake of his rank and wealth, but for himself; and were he suddenly deprived of these advantages, I would accept it with even more joy than at present, because my feelings for him are not founded on gratified vanity, on triumphant ambition, or on sisterly good-will, but on ardent and disinterested affection."

A heavy fall in the adjoining room prevented my reply. Alas! my poor Aubrey, who had been sitting reading there when Blanche entered, had been unable to resist the temptation of remaining an unsuspected auditor of our conversation, and the last declaration of Blanche was too much for him. A bitter trial, indeed, it must have proved to him to discover that the brother who had been his rival from his birth, had so completely and triumphantly won the warm affections of the calm, serene girl, who had never for himself shown or felt more than the regard of a sister. I rushed into the room: my worst fears were realised; Aubrey had broken a blood-vessel; the blood was gushing in torrents from his mouth. I instinctively felt that all hope was fled. I summoned assistance; the physician, who lived within a few doors of us, was immediately procured. The moment he came, his countenance told me that he knew the accident to be fatal. Aubrey, speechless and insensible, was conveyed to bed. Blanche returned home to mourn the direful effects of her instability and weakness; and I knelt by the pillow of my son, uttering wild and convulsive sobs.

In a few minutes Lady Barlow entered the room; the servants, who persisted in imagining her my fond and faithful friend, had sent for her. She shrank back for a moment, as if fearful lest I should reproach her; but she had no cause for apprehension; all my indignation was turned against myself. I knew my son to be the rightful Lord Montford, and had he been introduced into society as such, he would have been eagerly courted and welcomed by Mrs. Tracey, and his admiration would no sooner have been declared to her daughter, than their engagement would have been publicly declared. And who had deprived him of his rightful station in the world? The mother, who would have gladly sacrificed her life to save his. Lady Barlow's callous feelings were evidently moved: she had been guided in her conduct by the malicious wish of mortifying Aubrey and myself, but she had not contemplated the dreadful result; and when she looked on the ghastly and pallid face of the unfortunate young man before her, remorse touched her heart, and she shed a few natural tears. In less than an hour all was over; my Aubrey had no returning moment of consciousness; not a look or word greeted his fond mother, to furnish her with a precious theme of after recollection. My grief then found words. I threw myself on the lifeless body, declared that this scene of horror was all my work, and reproached myself as the murderer of my only son. The physician looked amazed; but Lady Barlow hinted to him that my senses were evidently failing me, and I soon verified her words. I was carried in a state of insensibility to my chamber, and recovered at length, not to consciousness, but to wild, incoherent ravings.

Above a fortnight elapsed before I was restored to the full powers of my mind. Lady Barlow, during that time, took up her residence in my house, and established herself as my chief nurse. She afterwards told me that when my husband came down to Hastings, which he did immediately on receiving tidings of the death of his son, she peremptorily refused him admission to my room, apprehensive lest he should detect "method in my madness." To the servants she said, that it was not at all extraordinary I should speak of Aubrey as my only son, and disown Lord Montford, since I had never been fond of the latter; and the recent events must of course have tended to irritate me against him. She related to me these manœuvres, as if they gave her a claim to my gratitude. I did not feel the least thankful to her, for I was aware that my exposure and disgrace would be a matter of no grief to her; but that being herself identified with the deception, she was fearful on her own account lest it should be exposed.

She had the gratification, moreover, of being quoted in all the circles of Hastings as the model of a true and devoted friend, who readily quitted all the gaieties she was enjoying, to watch by the sick-bed of a delirious sufferer. The corpse of my poor Aubrey had been removed to Ashburn Park, and the funeral had taken place while I was unconscious of passing events.

A few days after my recovery I quitted Hastings, and reached Ashburn Park by slow stages. Lord Ellerton received me with the most soothing kindness; and I found that he had ordered a splendid monument to be erected to the memory of the son whom he perhaps felt conscious he had never sufficiently loved or valued in life. It will very likely be supposed that my aversion to Lord Montford was increased by the late circumstances; but such was not the case. He assured me earnestly and solemnly—and I had never detected him in a falsehood—that so far from believing his brother to be attached to Blanche Tracey, the rumour had not even reached him that he had bestowed passing attentions on her; and when the disastrous event took place, that caused all particulars to be known, he wrote a letter to Mrs. Tracey, severely blaming her conduct in the affair, and saying that such distressing reminiscences would hereafter be so connected with the sight of her daughter and herself, that he must beg that all future intercourse between them might cease. Mrs. Tracey immediately quitted Hastings, and went over to France with her unhappy and repentant daughter. Lord Montford also censured Lady Barlow for her conduct; but she firmly maintained that she was as ignorant of the real state of the case as he was, and as Mrs. Tracey was not present to contradict her, and I did not feel disposed to do so, he exonerated her from all blame.

Deeply as I wept over the untimely fate of my poor boy, I derived a sweet consolation from the knowledge that he was prepared for death—that he loved, believed, and trusted in his Saviour, and that through his mediation he was now enjoying an heritage far more precious than that of which I had deprived him. My Aubrey had executed a will as soon as he was of age, directing that the estate which I had presented to him should revert to me in the event of his death. Lord Ellerton desired me to retain the rents for my own use; and my power of bestowing charity being greatly enlarged, I passed much of my time in visiting and relieving the poor and afflicted. My husband's manner to me, since the death of our son, had been unremittingly kind and tender, and the affection of our early years seemed reviving in the hearts of each of us. I also took a greater pleasure in reading the Scriptures and religious books, and the world spoke of me as the pattern of all that was exemplary. I certainly became more and more anxious to act as a Christian should do, more fervent in prayer, more conscious of my own wickedness, and less severe on the faults of others. It may justly be objected to me, that I ought to have made the confession of my past sins one of the first evidences of my improved principles. I often contemplated such a measure; but when I reflected that no confession could repair the evil that had been wrought, and that my husband's peace and happiness would be the certain sacrifice, I reconciled myself to the preservation of silence.

By this line of conduct I showed that I was only partially enlightened and awakened. A true Christian would have felt that an open disclosure of the whole truth was alike due to God and man.

My Aubrey had been dead two years and a half; it was the middle of October, and a large party was assembled at Ashburn Park, among whom were my brother and sister-in-law, and two of their sons. Time had soothed my grief, I had quite discarded all fear of detection, and I presumptuously flattered myself that I might yet end my days in peace and honour. One day Lord Montford appeared at dinner with a slight cut on his forehead, and explained to us that it was owing to a fall from his horse, which happily had not caused any more serious effect.

"I was beyond my companions at the time," said he, "but I was not suffered to remain long unassisted; the accident took place in the sight of several hovels, and their inhabitants all ran out immediately to the rescue."

"But," said Philip Neville, laughingly, "you must not forget to mention the fair dame who was weeping over you when we rode up."

"I wish I could leave the fragment of your tale unfinished," said Lord Montford, "since my friends might then elevate this unknown lady into a beautiful heroine of romance; but I will tell the simple fact. I was stunned for a minute by my fall; when I recovered, a woman was bending over me, and uttering exclamations of grief, and her tears dropped rapidly on my face; when she found I was able to rise, she repeatedly kissed my hand, and I know not with what further manifestations of tenderness she might have favoured me, had not my friends rode up, and gathered round me, and I then lost sight of her."

"Dear me! quite maternal fondness, I declare," said Mrs. Neville, glancing at me with a sneer. She merely meant to utter a covert sarcasm on my want of tenderness towards the viscount, but her words conveyed a sting which she did not anticipate. I could not doubt that this woman was the mother of Lord Montford. I inquired what kind of person she was in age and appearance.

"Between forty and fifty, I should think," he replied; "poorly but decently dressed, and bearing the remains of beauty, although pale and sickly."

This description exactly answered to that which Aubrey had given of the woman who had accused herself of injuring him even before his birth. I could not doubt that she was again in the neighbourhood, but I remembered that she had spoken to Aubrey of a solemn vow which forbade her to explain herself to him, and I could only hope that she would continue to adhere to it. I made inquiries through my maid respecting the inhabitants of the hovels mentioned by Lord Montford, and discovered that the woman answering to his description was named Ruth Hammond; that her husband and herself had only lately come to settle there, although they had occasionally visited the neighbourhood for a short time, and that he was a man of very indifferent character, suspected of poaching and other dishonest practices. I was soon disposed to believe that he well deserved that character; for although we had previously been occasionally annoyed by poachers, their depredations now increased to an alarming extent, and the gamekeepers were obliged to be continually on the alert. One memorable night we were all assembled in the drawing-rooms, amusing ourselves with music, conversation, and portfolios of prints, when some one remarked that Lord Montford had taken no share in the pursuits of the evening. He was inquired after, but he and Philip Neville had left the room some time before; and George Neville, on being interrogated, owned that his brother and Lord Montford had gone to join the gamekeepers in an expedition of discovery, since they flattered themselves that they had received a sure clue to the detection of the principal author of the late misdemeanours. Mrs. Neville (I suppose, to contrast her maternal anxiety with my coldness and indifference) burst into tears, and said that she was persuaded her dear Philip would be murdered. Lord Ellerton appeared seriously discomposed.

"I know Montford's eagerness and impetuosity," he said; "he will be foremost in any contest, and perhaps be a severe sufferer."

George Neville, on being interrogated, mentioned the spot to which they had been directed, and confirmed my fears by naming Hammond as the man who had been cited as the ringleader in the affair. Lord Ellerton, Mr. Neville, and a few more of the gentlemen, left the house in quest of the fugitives, and I remained pale, nervous, and gasping, and feeling all the agitation in reality which Mrs. Neville, I was persuaded, only assumed for the occasion. In about an hour a bustle in the hall announced the return of the gentlemen. We descended to the hall to satisfy our anxiety; they all looked sad and sorrowful. The dead body of Hammond was borne in by the gamekeepers, and Lord Montford followed, wan, trembling, and dejected, It appeared that several of the poachers were detected by the party, and Hammond, as the ringleader, was seized hold of by Dawson, the head gamekeeper; the others escaped, pursued by the under gamekeepers and Philip Neville, and Dawson called to Lord Montford to assist him in securing the struggling Hammond. At that moment, however, Hammond levelled a blow at Dawson, which struck him to the ground, and he took to flight. Lord Montford followed, and came up with him; they grappled together for a moment, when Hammond raised his arm, and Lord Montford perceived by the light of the moon that he held a knife in his hand. Lord Montford, feeling that his life was at stake, instantly drew forth a pistol, and his aim was so secure that his adversary fell dead on the ground. The rest of Lord Montford's companions, and the party who had left the house in search of them, now appeared about the same time, and the agitated young man, shuddering with horror, and leaning on the arm of Lord Ellerton, returned to the house. I take shame to myself when I own that I felt relieved at hearing that Hammond was actually dead, and that no disclosures could take place through his means. Lord Montford seemed overwhelmed with that consternation natural to a young and ingenuous mind at the reflection of having taken away the life of a fellow-creature, even in self-defence. Lord Ellerton kindly reasoned with and reassured him, and the gentlemen were all gathering round him, and saying something consolatory on the subject, when Ruth

Hammond rushed through the open door into the hall, and threw herself upon the body of her husband.

"Yes, weep," she said, passionately addressing Lord Montford, "weep for the murder you have committed, but you cannot know the thousandth part of the cause you have for tears: you have slain your father! He to whom you owed your existence now lies bleeding by the hand of his son, sent with all his sins upon his head into the presence of the God he has offended."

"Poor woman, she is raving!" said Lord Ellerton compassionately; "do not attend to her, my son."

As he spoke, he motioned to Philip Neville to lead his cousin from the hall; and Lord Montford, absolutely stupified by the events of the night, offered no resistance.

"Your son!" repeated Ruth Hammond, contemptuously; "believe it not. Mine are not the ravings of insanity; sudden anguish has caused me to break the vow that I have kept for years through poverty, and shame, and trials, and I will maintain the truth of my words. Ask your proud lady yonder to confirm them; she who, by dint of bribery, won my sweet babe from me six-and-twenty years ago; but a curse rested with her gold; peace and hope departed from me since that vile barter took place - *she* has felt no sting—*she* has known no reproach—*she* has revelled in pomp and luxury, undiscovered and unsuspected; but the day of reckoning has at last arrived, and I charge her to disprove my accusation."

"A very extraordinary business, indeed," said Mr. Neville, drily; "and I am quite of opinion that this good woman shows no signs of insanity."

"You must be as insane as herself, if you can entertain a doubt of it," said Lord Ellerton, indignantly.

"Why does not Lady Ellerton speak, and declare her innocence?" asked Mr. Neville.

"My dear Isabel," said my husband, "it is almost an insult to ask you to vindicate yourself from the accusations of a lunatic; but as my brother appears to think that she will best be silenced by such a measure, I wish you would distinctly assure her that you are unconscious of what she is alluding to."

I attempted to speak, but my voice was choked with agitation, and I remained silent.

"See," said Ruth Hammond, triumphantly, "she does not, she cannot deny that she has stolen my blessed babe from me, and hardened his heart, and taught him to despise the poor, till he has raised his hand against his own father;—she cannot, in the presence of the dead, command her tongue to contradict the words of the widowed wife and desolate mother whom she has ruined."

I burst into tears, and several of the guests who were present exchanged wondering glances with each other.

"This is worse than I supposed," said the earl, angrily; "you are right, Neville, in saying that this woman is not insane; she is giving way to her spirit of revenge by making a deliberate attack on the character of Lady Ellerton, which shall not pass unpunished."

"I agree with you, my dear brother," whispered Mr. Neville in his most insinuating tone, "and with your leave I will myself take this woman into the library, and by a little skilful cross-questioning, doubt not that I shall soon get her to contradict herself, and to entreat our pardon for her unwarrantable conduct."

He went up to Ruth Hammond, whispered a few words to her, and she readily followed him, her eyes gleaming with malicious triumph as she passed me. I now prepared myself for the worst, for I knew that my cause was in the hands of an inveterate enemy, who, instead of cross-questioning and intimidating my accuser, would be likely, by every art of persuasion, to extract from her the most minute proofs of my crime.

"Let us leave the hall," said Lord Ellerton, impatiently; "we have stayed here too long." He led me to my boudoir, and entreated me to command my feelings. "Were it not for the one awful event of this night," said he, "I should really be disposed to smile at you, Isabel, for appearing so overcome by such absurd aspersions." I buried my face in my hands, and he playfully continued—"Well, if affairs come to the worst, and all the world seems disposed to conclude our poor Montford to be a changeling, you must apply to your kind friend, Lady Barlow, to be a witness in your favour. I think she will be able to state from her own recollection that yours was no fictitious confinement, and also to quote the testimony of her good old father (who certainly must have been a competent judge) to the same effect."

O, how his words agonised me!

"Will you not go and see how Lord Montford is?" I inquired, with the hope of being left to solitude.

"No, dear Isabel," he replied, "I will stay with you. Montford is not alone—his cousins are with him, and I doubt not he will soon become sensible that an act, committed so decidedly and palpably in defence of his own life, cannot be imputed to him as a crime. Montford has a strong mind; so have you, naturally, Isabel, but circumstances have weakened your nerves, and impaired your spirits. I myself, I fear, have not always shown the attention to your feelings that I ought to have done; but, believe me, I have ever esteemed and respected you as a high-principled and excellent woman."

"You are too kind, too trusting," I murmured.

"Nay," he replied, "I give very little proof of my trust in you by disbelieving so preposterous an accusation; it has not a shadow of plausibility attached to it. I doubt not my brother has already brought this woman to shame and repentance."

At this moment a servant entered to inform the earl that Mr. Neville requested his presence in the library, and he departed, saying he was very glad of the summons, and tenderly embraced me. I felt that it was his last embrace, and that henceforth he would recoil from me with horror and detestation: the long-dreaded storm had at length burst upon my devoted head.

"Oh, Aubrey—my beloved Aubrey!" I wildly exclaimed, "could your sainted spirit look down upon your poor mother, how, even in the midst of bliss, would you feel for her agony!"

I sank on my knees, and tried to ask the pardon and support of God, but I was unable to command words. I arose, and lay down on the sofa; lights appeared to flash before me, reproachful faces to smile derision on me, and mocking voices to repeat over and over each circumstance and each aggravation of my sin; presently the illusion disappeared, and anticipation began to unite with retrospection in inflicting punishment on me. I thought of the despair and horror of my husband, of the ruin and misery of Lord Montford, of the triumph of the Nevilles, and of the contumely of the world; but I thought on one fact more terrible than each and all of them, that I *deserved* them—that I was guilty. Cases have been known, in which criminals executed on strong circumstantial evidence have died protesting their innocence, and that innocence has afterwards, by some unexpected discovery, been brought to light. I thought on them with envy. "Oh, to be like them!" I exclaimed—"to have the consciousness of innocence while suffering under unjust aspersions—to hear the revilings of man, feeling that God, in his own good time, will prove their revilings to have been unfounded! Oh! it is a great and glorious privilege to be free from gross crime in the eyes of our God—to be able to turn from false earthly witnesses to appeal to an all-seeing Witness in heaven. Had I but that blessed stay, how nobly would I sustain the insults of kindred and friends, imprisonment, destitution, even a shameful death itself—but such a consciousness can, alas! never, never be mine."

Time passed on—no one came to me. I was parched with that terrible thirst usually the companion of excitement and apprehension. I rang the bell for a glass of water; one of the under housemaids brought it to me, and as she set it down, she said, with a forward freedom, very unlike her usual respectful deference—

"Dear me, my lady, what a sad piece of work there is in the house! I am sure I would not be in your place for the world. Mr. Neville has just been calling the servants together, and telling us that you have imposed Ruth Hammond's child upon us for our young lord."

I only answered her by inquiring whether Ruth Hammond was still in the library.

"No," she replied; "Mr. Neville has got out of her all he wanted to know, and she is now with the housekeeper, crying, and taking on at a sad rate; but, to be sure, one can't wonder at it. Poor thing! it must be a hard trial for a woman to think that she has sold her own child, and got her husband murdered by him."

MEMOIRS OF A CADET.[1]

The next night we arrived at Berhampore, but too late to go ashore; and thus ended my first trip on the Ganges, or Hooghly, or Cossimbazar river, for it is known by all these names. Milden had principally occupied himself in the study of Hindostanee. I also had applied myself to the same pursuit, pretty well for me; but being of a more locomotive and fidgetty disposition than my companion, I made much slower progress than he. Horsman and Speering, too, had studied, but more leisurely; and instead of books, had principally consulted their servants; so that their acquirements were not of the most courtly character.

Our budgerow had been brought to, a short distance below the European hospital, and a little above the flag-staff, under the shade of some tall trees. Those who are acquainted with Berhampore will at once recognise the spot. At ten o'clock on the morning after our arrival we made our bow to the adjutant of the regiment to which we were for the present to remain attached. This was lieutenant Harley, a gentlemanly man, who kindly escorted us to the house of our commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel Cooly. "You'll find him an odd fish," said our conductor, "but you must not mind him."

We found his highness seated at table, having had his breakfast, with a hooka-snake in his hand, and a *sneaker* of tea placed beside him. He scarcely deigned to notice us, until he had asked his adjutant some questions respecting a recruit who was about to be introduced, and he then desired us to sit down. As we had not been by any means accustomed to the presence of so high and mighty a personage, we expressed ourselves humbly grateful, and did as we were told.

After some seconds of terrific silence, I was thus addressed by the great man, I suppose because I was the nearest to him: "Your name is Milden, I think."

"No, sir," answered I, "my name is Thornel; "this gentleman is Mr. Milden."

"Well, it don't signify—how many days have you been on the river?"

"Eight or nine, sir," I replied.

"You must have loitered in Calcutta; your names have been on our rolls for three weeks."

"We only remained there a month, sir, by permission of the adjutant-general," observed Milden.

"Hum!"

A service-letter was here brought in, which Colonel Cooly opened and read. "How's this, Harley?" said he, peevishly; "was it not in orders, only last week, that the officer of the day should personally wait on me with his report? Write to Mr. Figgins, and request his reasons for flying in the face of orders so lately issued."

"I can tell you myself, sir," responded his staff-officer; "he is on station-duty at the main guard to-day."

---

[1] Continued from vol. xxi. p. 224.

"Hum!" again. After a pause—"Put these young men in the book to attend all parades, drills, guard-mountings, and the officer of the day in his rounds, till further orders.

We sat for a few minutes longer in great humility, wishing ourselves, or perhaps the great commander himself, far away, when Harley, having first ascertained that there were no further instructions for him at the moment, kindly stepped in to our relief, by proposing to go with us to choose our quarters; on which we took leave of our commander.

On regaining the outside of the house, Lieutenant Harley thus addressed us:—"Well, youngsters, what do you think of Old Gruff?"

"I don't think I shall like him much," was my reply; "but I suppose he is like all other commanding officers."

"God forbid!" replied the adjutant, with evident sincerity; "but come along, lads, you will not be so badly off—there are some hearty fellows, you will find, in the regiment."

With the assistance of our kind conductor, Milden and I speedily fixed upon excellent quarters, in the front row of the south range of officers' barracks, and were afterwards introduced by him to most of our brother officers, on whom we called. At the mess in the evening we met the unmarried officers of the regiment, and also a number of young men, who, like ourselves, had been appointed to do duty with the corps, forming altogether a party of about eighteen. We were most hospitably received, and soon felt ourselves quite at home. That night we had much merriment, and thought we had good reason to congratulate ourselves on having our present lot cast amongst so many good fellows. Horses were offered to and accepted by us for a ride in the morning, and we were told not to care about attending the first parade after our arrival. We retired to our new domicile about midnight, highly delighted with our reception in the gallant corps with which we were to serve our apprenticeship.

Early the following morning two horses were brought to us ready caparisoned. Not being fully prepared to attend the parade as part and parcel thereof, we mounted the steeds, and took up a retired position, whence we could overlook the morning service. The early day was highly favourable for the study of a Bengal fog. The vapour, for the height of about six feet above the surface of the earth, lay around like a still white sea. The upper atmosphere was cut as sharply clear from it as ocean is from sky after an unclouded tropical sunset. The tops of trees and houses rested like islets on this milky plain. On looking towards the parade-ground, where the men were already assembled, we saw distinctly, in the broad light of morn, the mounted officers in the act of riding, but their horses were invisible, and the effect was indescribably ludicrous. The sergeants' pikes and the bayonets of the men glanced and danced about, and took up new positions without any visible agency. As the sun rose, this vapoury waste gradually sank, or rather *appeared* to sink into the earth, like a subsiding mass of water, and the heads, bodies, and legs of the soldiery became gradually exposed till all was clear.

From my introductions at Berhampore, I shortly became acquainted with Major, Mrs., and Miss Snowden. The major at this time was on the invalid establishment, having been sorely battered by the united forces of climate and severe campaigning. It was on his own application that he had been permitted to retire from active service, in order to domesticate himself quietly with his wife and daughter, being sufficiently gratified with the laurels he had already won. He was a cheerful, hospitable man, and a great favourite with all the young people. Mrs. Snowden was a country-born lady, also very kind and hospitable, had high aristocratical notions respecting the future settlement of her daughter, and was very showy in her costume. Miss Amelia Snowden, sixteen years of age, was a good-humoured, half-educated girl, who had enjoyed a two years' residence in England, during a furlough which her father had taken for the benefit of her instruction. With this family I soon formed a visiting acquaintance, paying, as was perhaps natural, some rather marked attentions to its younger branch.

The cantonments of Berhampore, which I have not yet described, may vie in appearance with any military station in India.

The barracks for the officers and the European troops form a large square, the interior of which is a beautiful grass lawn, preserved from the pressure of unlawful feet by sentries. The quarters for general and field-officers are on the west side, and very commodious, with gardens in the rear. In the centre of this side is a broad opening, which displays the well-trimmed flag-staff on the bund or embankment of the river, and here all the Moorshedabad and Berhampore world assemble three evenings in the week to be delighted with military music.

On the eastern face of the square stand the soldiers' barracks, three separate buildings, each a palace to appearance, and on the northern and southern faces are captains' and subalterns' quarters in two ranges, all spacious and excellent, provided with bathing-rooms, and other comforts essential in a tropical climate. There are fire-places in some of these houses, but not in all; they would occasionally be very acceptable in December and January.

Along the rear of the soldiers' barracks lies a very large oblong tank, memorable as having been the scene of a bailiff-ducking. This pestilence visited Berhampore with fell intent to seize an officer, but was himself taken captive by the soldiers, who, having first belted him according to the most approved method, gave him a sound ducking in the tank, and then discharged him.

Such acts as these are, of course, very unjustifiable; but if it be considered that officers, for no very large sums, have been conveyed away from their regiments to considerable distances, exceeding a thousand and twelve hundred miles, to the Calcutta jail, No. 1, Cheringhee, it cannot be a matter of surprise that little scruple should be made as to the means of evading a sheriff's officer. The sepoys have a fierce hatred of the genus, and would gladly, if they could, put Johnny Doe very summarily out of the way. To my knowledge this service has been kindly volunteered to an officer.

Some years ago a bailiff was observed prowling about Benares in search of his prey. Two battalions of sepoys, who were stationed there, having collected as large a rabble of boys as they could muster, and being themselves off duty and in undress, accompanied this limb of the law ten miles on a forced march towards Calcutta. Great were the beating of tomtoms, chilumchees, thalees, lotas,* &c., and the shoutings, hootings, and derisive cheerings of their youthful but remarkably energetic allies. On taking leave of him he was kindly advised not to return, and he took the hint.

Commandants of stations are called upon to protect a sheriff's officer on announcing himself in cantonments, and when this protection is claimed, it is at times granted effectually.

The visiter is placed under the special care of a corporal's party, who are enjoined by no means to lose sight of him, and thus he is marched about whithersoever he chooses to go, but under fixed bayonets, and a complete prisoner virtually, so long as he remains at the place. Sometimes, as an additional honour, a drum and fife have been considerately accorded, in order that all whose appearance might cause his feelings to be excited should be duly warned to keep out of his sight.

To return to my topography. From the north-east angle of the square leads the road to the city of Moorshedabad. The main guard lies a little retired from the left of this road, and immediately outside of the square of buildings. This minute detail may appear superfluous, but it is nevertheless necessary; for that identical main guard was on one occasion the conspicuous scene of my juvenile sublimity. It was there that I first mounted guard, and it was on the evening of the same day that I exclaimed, "Stand to your arms, my men," at the very moment that I perceived Miss Snowden passing in the carriage with her father and mother. There was nothing miraculous in this coincidence, for I had contrived it by means of a running sentry, who gave me due notice of their approach, without inquiring my reason for ordering it.

Beautiful vision! She recognised me, "and waved her lily hand!" Neither the pen of angels nor of martyrs could describe my feelings on that great occasion! O the suffocating sensation! O the mighty swelling of heart that then expanded my frame!

I believe I made several blunders, to the great amusement of the soldiers. They did not speak, to be sure, but I saw it in their faces. I should have added the climax to their enjoyment by piling the arms with bayonets unfixed, but for the kindly interposition of a sergeant. Why I unfixed them at all, I know not.

Reader! excuse this detention at the main guard, for indeed I can on no occasion get past it without yielding the tribute of a sigh to the memory of scenes fled, alas, for ever!

On the right of the Moorshedabad road, and opposite the main guard, stands the six-pounder that announces daily the return of morning dawn, and evening bedtime, (soldiers' bedtime.) It is placed on the bank of the tank already mentioned, and a sepoy sentry is there stationed. It was here that I witnessed a native soldier's ingenuity exerted on an English comrade in arms. One evening at dusk, as I chanced to be strolling near the sentry's beat, I perceived a European soldier proceeding on his way to the barracks, carrying what is called a kedgeree-pot, or earthen vessel, with great care. Now, any unsanctioned vessel containing liquor is strictly prohibited admission into barracks, and all sentries are ordered to attend particularly to this. The soldier being challenged by the sepoy, and desired to surrender his prize, put down the vessel, squared himself, and offered to box for a glass.

---

* Vessels of brass for washing, cooking, holding water, &c.

"You may pass on," said the sentry.

John Bull speedily availing himself of this permission, took up his well-beloved burthen of arrack, and proceeded on his way. He had not, however, advanced more than a few paces, when he felt a shock on the arm which bore the load, and on looking to discover the cause, he became aware that a bayonet had passed through his fragile vessel, and that its contents were pouring on the earth. Great were his astonishment and wrath, and he now seriously prepared himself to make an assault, but on this second occasion his demonstrations were met by the bayonet held firmly at the charge, ready to receive him. I now felt it high time to interfere, and did so, which put a stop to hostilities.

A little further along the road is the burial-ground, and to the right of it the sepoy lines and parade-ground. To the former spot I have followed several of my companions to their last home. The loss of one's friends in a country where sickness is so frequent, and dissolution so rapid, is, at the first entrance into life, a very sad and sorrowful subject for meditation; but the repeated visitations of death in the midst of young and lusty life speedily tend to benumb the more reflective feelings of our nature; and regret for the loss of a companion not often outlives the day of his funeral, unless the ties of friendship have been very close. This carelessness does not arise from any want of real kindly feeling; for, in India, sick persons are attended by their friends with a tenderness that might only be expected, perhaps, from the hands of near and dear relatives. It arises from a sense of the greatly reduced value of life. A sort of "Ah, well! it may be my turn next—as likely as not—no use in fretting—a short life and a merry one." And thus the door is closed to reflection.

It is too well known that where life is held on the most frail tenure, death is invariably least regarded, and religion kept aloof as an unpleasant and gloomy monitor. This is a fearful thing, but it is the truth. There are indeed exceptions, but, alas, how few!

In this churchyard without a church is an obelisk monument raised over the remains of the late George Thomas, one of the most extraordinary men that the Eastern world has known, perhaps for ages. He would be an excellent hero for the very able pen of a Fraser or a Morier, though possibly his real acts might need little aid from their inventive powers to render the tale impressively interesting. As his life was itself an interesting romance, I take leave to recommend the perusal of it.*

I have now completed my survey of Berhampore in this direction, and make a halt where two roads separate—the one on the right leading past the defunct provincial battalion lines to Moorshedabad, and the other to Cossimbazar, the principal silk manufactory in India. Before I quit the subject, however, I must offer my tribute of applause to the civil authorities, through whose agency the roads about Berhampore are (or were) kept in excellent order.

---

* "Memoirs of the Life and Military Exploits of George Thomas, a General in the service of the Native Powers in the North-West of India. By Captain William Franklin.

On my first arrival at Berhampore I had employed a moonshee, or native teacher, to instruct me in the Hindostanee language. He was a very enlightened Mussulman, named Dost Ali, and appeared perfectly acquainted with both our Old and New Testament histories. Indeed the Mahummedan religion is grounded on these.

As I had been brought up with great religious care, and on my departure from England was made sensible that the conversion of the heathen would be one of my most glorious objects in a foreign country, I thought that, for my first attack, the moonshee would be an excellent stronghold against which to break ground; wisely calculating that if I could carry by storm so important an outwork, I might by that opening assault the enemy in the very citadel he held in the heart of my household. My first endeavour was to convince him that Mahummed was a prodigious rascal, but this preliminary I never could establish. Here we split; and from that day to this I have never personally entered into contest with the enemy on foreign ground, though I may have occasionally contributed my mite towards his expulsion by abler tacticians. He must, however, be attacked before he has thrown up all his intrenchments around the human heart. I have marvellously little faith in the conversion of old idol-worship-devoted Hindoos. The ancient oak in Moccas Park, Herefordshire, is as lithe as they are, and might with equal facility be trained anew. There are several excellent schools in India now, of which I may say more hereafter.

Dost Ali admitted that our Saviour was a great prophet, and would by no means allow that he was crucified. He maintained that when he was betrayed he was carried up into heaven by an angel, who at the same moment passed his hand across the face of Judas Iscariot, who (Judas) instantaneously became the counterpart of Jesus Christ in form and feature, and was himself crucified.

One afternoon, when the heat of the sun had abated, a small party of us went on a shooting expedition to Pope's* Jheel. This is a fine sheet of water about two or three miles from the barracks. It is said to be four miles in length, and is sufficiently broad to admit of three punts or small boats abreast, at the distance of seventy or eighty yards apart, provided the outward boats proceed along the shore. This jheel is a celebrated place of resort for wild fowl; and many hundreds, if not thousands, of geese, ducks, teals, divers, and many other birds, are to be found there. Each boat is attended by a single native, who manages it by means of a bamboo pole, which is pressed against the side or bottom according to circumstances, for there is no rudder.

---

* How it became possessed of this appellation I know not. The native name is, I believe, Motee Jheel, or Lake of Pearls. It formerly was part of the channel of the Cossimbazar river, or Hooghly, which will account for its length being so great in proportion to the breadth.

Our party consisted of the two inseparables, Horsman and Speering, who embarked in one 'long-shore craft; Milden and myself in the centre; and O'Farrel and Ensign Larkins were in the opposite coasting vessel. The afternoon was delightful. The sun had retired to his winter-quarters, and though still hot and bright, the heat and glare were so sufficiently subdued as to be by no means unpleasant. We commenced our operations in high spirits, having arranged ourselves as before described. The water was so transparently clear, that the bright green aquatic plants, which covered the bed of the lake, sparkled in the sun's rays like emeralds, and it seemed quite sinful in the villain boatman to stir the mud with his bamboo.

We proceeded gaily onwards, driving before us various detached parties of wild-fowl, and occasionally managing to bring down one out of a multitude at a long shot, till at length we came near the end of the jheel. Here the whole body of the enemy lay like a dense mass upon the water. We were well prepared for them. " Now rose from sea to sky" an awful quacking, which, according to the language of Homer, shook the heavens with affright. Fearful confusion was in the ranks of the foe, when suddenly the whole dark surface of the lake appeared to rise into the air. One soul seemed simultaneously to have given impulse to thousands of wings. The object of the immense adverse army was evidently to take up a position on the opposite extremity of the lake, whence we had started. Over our heads they came, and at this critical juncture we each discharged two barrels into the density of the living cloud. Upwards of twenty birds of different sorts fell killed or wounded, the latter of which were pursued, and, according to Don Carlos's summary and approved mode, put to death. Each boat was then wheeled about, and thus in reversed order we returned, pursuing the same plan of attack as before. The birds were more wary, however, and flew considerably higher than they had previously done. We let fly amongst them notwithstanding, and were again tolerably successful. We had more amusement on this second round; for one large goose, shot, I imagine, from our centre boat, came down with an emphasis on the head of Daniel O'Farrel, that caused him to give a heavy lurch to port, which upset the boat, and immersed himself, Larkins, and their sable attendant, in the water. Immense was the triumphant quacking overhead—furious was the mirth of Horsman and Speering, while the poor, dripping, goose-defeated sportsmen scrambled ashore as they best could.

There was never any lack of sport at Berhampore. Snipes were abundant, as also many other kinds of game, some of which we almost daily either killed or frightened.

Ensign O'Farrel, generally addressed by the national *soubriquet* of Paddy or Pat, was, in reality, a good-tempered, well-educated Hibernian, with whom the " sweet brogue " was more as a garment than part of himself, for he could cast it off if he chose. But he preferred to wear it, as he said he could speak with more warmth on a subject in it. He was rather too fond of puns, but still he was kind and humane, as the following will prove; for, after all, it is in trifles that the real character is best seen. When Paddy first travelled about Calcutta in a palkeen, on hearing the diabolical grunts of the bearers, he got out to walk; for he said, "Poor devils! they must be in great pain—they groan so."*

Of Larkins I have little to say, except that he was also a punster, and a most execrable one. If he could have divested himself of that odious propensity, he would have been a tolerably pleasant companion.

Captain Dobbs, of whom I have already spoken, was an eccentric personage—a religious man, but in his own way; his favourite dogma was, that marriage, on account of its natural consequences, is the most grievous sin of which the human race could be guilty. The text upon which he based this article of faith was, "Many are called, but few chosen;" and he maintained that if even *one* were to be saved out of half a dozen children, it was a greater proportion than any father or mother had a right reasonably to expect. He said also that the divine injunction to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth was given before sin had entered the world, but that *since* that event it was a fearful responsibility for any person voluntarily to become the parent of children who must be unavoidably subjected to everlasting condemnation. Thus argued Captain Dobbs. I have elsewhere heard this proposition supported in conversation, but in his instance only have I known it conscientiously acted upon. Dobbs, however, to make up for his cynicism in that respect, most profusely encouraged the multiplying of dogs, as they were not responsible creatures. These notions of his were wonderfully entertaining to us juveniles, and a frequent and fertile subject for merriment at the mess-table, when he happened to dine with us.

I have omitted to mention that the city of Moorshedabad is the most noted place in India for exquisite carving in ivory. Hawkers of chessmen, Chinese and other puzzles, in great variety, card-cases, letters, &c. &c., occasionally visit the cantonments.

One of these worthies called at my quarters shortly after our arrival, while I was yet dependent on my durzee as an interpreter. I was much smitten with one very elegant set of chessmen, the price of which I demanded to know.

"*Do koree rupeea, sahib,* (two score rupees, sir.")

"*Hoot, Teree!*"—exclaimed my durzee, with great indignation. Then turning to me, "He say forty rupee, master—if master want to buy, say six rupee; he very great cheat."

"I will go so far as twenty, durzee," said I; "so make the best bargain you can for me."

"*Chu rupeea,*" (six rupees,) said the durzee to the hat heedant wala, (ivory man.)

"Khodawuna, hum ghureeb admee, do ushurfee, ap deejeeo."

"What's that, durzee?"

"He say, him poor rogue—your honour will give him two gold mohur†—he will take. (To the hawker.) Master will give eight rupee, ath rupeea."

"Nuheen Khodawund, choubees rupeea ghoolam ka khureed, khoda khusm—puchees rupeea ap hookm deejeeo."

---

* The bearers of palkees invariably grunt like paviers, as they trot along. They utter their dismal sounds alternately, somewhat in the following manner, "Hib, hah, hub, hah!—hib, hah, hub, hah!"

† A gold mohur is sixteen rupees.

"Expound, durzee," again said I.

"Master, he one very great lie tell—he say him prime cost twenty-four rupee, but if master will give him twenty five"—then again addressing the travelling merchant—"Ho huramzadu! dus rupeea le—nuheen to—jao juhannum ko."

Which, being *very* freely and politely interpreted, may run thus—"Ho, my fine fellow, take ten rupees—if not, take yourself off."

After considerable more coquetting on the part of the ivory dealer—after he had taken leave once or twice, to see if he could not by that means induce me to yield, and after my durzee had conceded, by little and little, rupee after rupee, in the most gently-oozing manner imaginable, taking out the value of each successive concession in the abuse, so indispensably necessary on such occasions, of all the vender's relations, male and female, especially the latter, the purchase was made for sixteen rupees, or about 1*l.* 14*s.* In England the price would have been very much greater than that. I dare not even venture to surmise the sum.

Time passed away, the year went round, and the cold weather, which for some months had breathed new vigour into our European constitutions, had again retired to the far north, or to its stronghold in the Himalaya mountains.

The 1st of April arrived—that great day on which many persons are so prone to make fools of, not others, but themselves. Horsman, with Speering, and one or two other confederates, had sat up all the previous night in order to execute a superb plot already devised amongst them.

There chanced to be two widow ladies resident in the neighbourhood, who lived about two miles apart from each other. They had formerly been on very intimate terms, but some untoward event had occurred in these latter times, which, in sorrow I speak it, had separated them.

"They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder."

Our ingenious youths, mindful of the day, at about two o'clock in the morning, despatched a note to each of these ladies, as purporting to come from the other, with a request that she would immediately come to pay her a visit, having been seized with the cholera, and was therefore wishful to exchange forgiveness before death should part them for ever.

The stratagem succeeded better than it deserved to do. The old ladies, each eager to forgive, met midway on the same errand at about four A.M. Alas! the breach became wider than ever—they blamed each other in no measured terms for the trick by which both were alike sufferers, and——Let us draw a curtain over this scene, which, I grieve to record, was witnessed by the authors with unqualified delight.

The delinquents were not betrayed to the dowagers, but their exultation was turned into alarm when they were told at the mess in the evening, that a report of the occurrence had been sent by that day's dawk (post) to the adjutant-general, who would, no doubt, institute a severe and strict inquiry into the transaction. Thus were the mischievous outflanked.

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.—No. X.

PETER BURROUGHS, ESQ.

> " There is no object in nature more sublime and touching than the aged and virtuous patriot, who has survived the generation of illustrious men who laboured with him in the field of national good, and has descended to our own days, a venerable monument of ancient virtue, to inspire the present with the glories of the past."
>
> DR. CHANNING'S TRACTS.

MR. BURROUGHS is one of the singularly powerful men whom Ireland threw up into society during the most remarkable period of her history. The revolution of France sent forth an imposing array of genius and power, but they were great generals without being good citizens, great statesmen without generous patriotism, and accomplished orators without the characteristics of real eloquence. Mirabeau is perhaps an exception, but his speeches, though ardent and energetic, do not always exhibit that glowing and solid fusion of argument, sentiment, and striking language, which constitute the essentials of true oratory —he wanted the deep inwoven harmonies by which alone eloquence ranks among the most grand, as it is the most rare, of human attributes. The revolution of Ireland presented a different order of intellect—different more in degree than in kind. In the military class she boasts no eminence—her brilliant struggle was one of armed order—a strange conjunction of terms, but true! What military genius the leaders of her memorable guard might have produced, had England stood on her right of supremacy, and bearded the lion in his den, is now useless to conjecture; but in eloquence, and the difficult science of government, few have surpassed her in that brief era of her glory. Few will contest the far-reaching sagacity of Flood, and that extraordinary profundity of mind through which he cast a lông prospective glance into the future, and revealed prophetic conclusions unseen to all visions but his own. In eloquence, Ireland can challenge the most favoured country in Europe. It has been the custom with certain wise men of the north, jealous of every distinction that trenched on their national dignity, to fulminate anathemas against the old school of Irish oratory—they heard us justly boasting of our adventures in that field, the only consolation left us after every hope of their reproduction had departed —the recollection of what we had been was a very allowable indulgence for what we never more could be; but the critical gentlemen of whom we complain, instead of pitying our misfortunes, and looking, if not with respect, at least with forbearance, on the melancholy devotion with which we cherished the last enthusiastic effusions of our orators, bore down on us with all the formidable artillery of critical canons, and assaulted the character of Irish eloquence with unwarrantable fury. They erected formularies and standards as silly as they were arbitrary, and whoever did not reach their recruiting measure was a declamatory pretender. But the reviews slumber dustily on their shelves; few inquire into their cabalistic doctrines, while Yelverton, Burgh, Grattan, Curran, Burroughs, are still looked on, even by persons of respectable judgment, as some of the most illustrious cultivators of that art. Irish eloquence has grand and surpassing merits—force, fervour, fancy, passion, argument,—and bating an occasional profusion of imagery, and a tendency to an exaggeration of sentiment, both which inclinations, if on the wrong side, even Erskine himself must submit to, we do not see of what else eloquence can properly consist. The reviewer may mystically assert that its faults are attributable to a certain stage in the progress of national literature, and that "our speech bewrayeth us;" but notwithstanding, it would be satisfactory to know in what respect an English or Scotch orator surpasses an Irish one, and whether the eloquence of our country is not characterised by as much exaltation of thought, as much pure and healthy sentiment, as much strength and propriety of expression, as much massiveness of argumentation, as much practical knowledge of the common business of life, as the more favoured orators on the other side. It is ridiculous to run down truth in such bold and unwarranted generalities as the following—"that the eloquence of Ireland possesses all the fresh and rude virtues that mark the transition from savage life to comparative refinement"—the reviewer himself was the first to suspect its truth.

Mr. Burroughs is now nearly in his ninetieth year, and yet retains much of the genius, boldness, and energy that marked his more youthful age. The men of his day are nearly all gone: occasionally we hear of one dropping into the grave, and the falling asleep in death of some veteran volunteer of 1782 is recorded with a mournful solemnity by the Irish papers, as if they were men of an immortal mould—more than human in their physical and intellectual constitution. His lot must soon turn up, but he lives yet, and binds us to the past. He had fallen on those well-remembered days when a high consciousness of national pride animated the councils of Ireland. The movement of great events was successive and rapid—her advancing state was illustrated by a brilliancy of intellect and power, accompanied with a progressive prosperity, which no country ever reached in the same duration of time. The genius of the people was roused into vigorous exertion, and high spirit-stirring deeds were the proud result. Since then the race has been rapidly downward, but the nation, however to be pitied, is not altogether lost, which has such recollections. Regeneration is never to be despaired of, where the past offers so tempting a prize to follow in the same track. Ireland should not despair. Constantine waited for the blazing cross, and Christianity triumphed.

But we forget Mr. Burroughs. He is descended of a respectable family in the Queen's County, and was born in Portarlington, about the year 1750, a period remarkable for the strong display of that public opinion which, progressively advancing from the tyranny or imbecility of succeeding administrations, terminated in the brilliant events of 1782. Young Peter was a coarse and heavy boy, and exhibited little more than the usual intellect of schoolboys; he had great industry, however, and reached by the intensity of his application what he wanted in promptitude. Old Mr. Burroughs was a violent friend of the opposition party in the House of Commons. Henry Boyle, the speaker and leader of the patriots, was the theme of his unwearied admiration, and Bishop Stone, who succeeded Hoadley in the management of Irish affairs, came in for a full vial of his anathemas. About that time, Lucas, an able and zealous man, published some political tracts on the daring encroachments of the British legislature, which created considerable sensation from their boldness and truth;—by one party they were idolised—with the other they sank to the degrading rank of rebellion, treason, and blasphemy. In the eye of old Burroughs the virtuous apothecary was a god, and his pamphlets a manual whose doctrines he was continually reading and preaching. At night, when all were grouped round the family hearth with a neighbour or two to hear the news, young Peter was summoned to read some pages of the favourite tract, on which the old man zealously commented, taking every period for a text, and so went through the whole survey of affairs, always terminating with a vehement roulade on Primate Boulter. Under such parental auspices the son imbibed the first elements of his political education, which ripened so beneficially for his country, though it cannot be so said for himself. He soon felt the germs swelling within him, and, prophetic of the importance which he was destined to attain, his mind grew voracious for knowledge. A little debating society was established at Portarlington, where the mimic warfare of parliamentary parties was enacted every week;—he was, of course, a decided follower of the Earl of Shannon, and though his inelegant and clumsy manner tended to provoke laughter, there was yet a sterling strength in his sentiments, and a felicity in his language, even at that age, which mastered the appetite for merriment, and made him the centre of a devoted circle of admiring adherents. In his twentieth year he entered Trinity College as pensioner, and very soon distinguished himself. The simplicity of his habits and the good-humoured heaviness of his manner, combined with his deep knowledge and surpassing good sense, made him beloved by all. Among his friends and associates were most of that unparalleled body of men whose names illuminate the desolate history of Ireland, like so many fountains of light. Many are the strange and humorous stories recorded of him during his college days, which then, as well as to a much later period, added much more to the cultivation of the social than the intellectual or moral habits, from which, however, we are precluded by the limits of this memoir. Having taken his degree, the narrowness of his circumstances compelled him to accept the situation of tutor, which, however unpropitious at the commencement, was one of the main causes of his final success. In the family of the Parsons, of whom the present Earl of Rosse is the representative, he was kindly received, and owed much of his future celebrity to their favour and patronage. After some years, he became a student of the Middle Temple, and while in London, in the beginning of the year 1784, was introduced to the celebrated Henry Flood. He had transplanted himself to the British parliament, where his success was sadly disproportioned to his great abilities. He and the Duke of Chandos quarrelled about the representation of Winchester, by which his grace lost credit, and Flood his seat. There was a vacancy in the borough of Seaford, and a number of the inhabitants addressed Mr. Flood. Fox and Pitt were already in the field with a representative of his principles. Flood stood independent of both, and both were anxious to exclude him from parliament. He however determined to stand a contest, notwithstanding the opposition of the two great rivals for power, neither of whom could trust to his support. He voted against Fox on his celebrated India Bill, and when Pitt thought he had secured him, the agreeable illusion dissipated in the declaration of Flood,—"that he rose to speak independent of both the great leaders, and that he was equally unacquainted with administration or opposition." This manly declaration secured him little of the affection of either; both were equally resolved to drive him from parliament. Sir Lawrence Parsons wrote a strong recommendatory letter to Mr. Flood, setting forth the qualifications of Mr. Burroughs, who was accordingly despatched to the scene of action. The narrative of that affair is peculiarly interesting, which we extract from the memoirs of Mr. Flood.

"In the year 1784, being then a law-student in London, in the last year of my preparation for the Irish bar, the present Earl of Rosse introduced me to his friend Mr. Flood, who had been importuned by a large body of men who claimed to be entitled to vote for the borough of Seaford. They pressed him to become a candidate, and with his powerful talents to advocate and establish rights of which they had been illegally disfranchised. A similar trust had been confided to other persons, who, it was suspected, had been unduly influenced to betray the cause and abandon the pursuit. Mr. Flood examined the question, and formed the opinion that the borough ought to be opened, and he and my friend Sir Lawrence requested, a few weeks before the election, that I would personally go down to Seaford, live amongst the claimants, who were generally fishermen, until the day of election, and, as representative of Mr. Flood, superintend and manage the cause. I shortly found that many of the claimants were anxious to have a candidate for the second seat, and actually pressed me to become one, a request with which I could not think to comply. It occurred to me, however, that a talented and popular associate would be a highly useful acquisition to Mr. Flood; and knowing that the assizes in East Grimstead were to be held in a few days, where Mr. Erskine, then the most popular and talented advocate in England, always attended, I conceived the project of tendering him the same support upon which Mr. Flood was standing, and soliciting his co-operation. I therefore posted to East Grimstead, and at a very early hour on the first day of the assizes, before the court opened, procured access to Mr. Erskine, stated to him the legal grounds on which, as I conceived, the petitioners would succeed, under good and prudent management, and requested him to unite with Mr. Flood. He heard all I stated, and read all the papers I produced, with great interest, and after declaring himself satisfied, said he would at once accept my offer, but that he was so circumstanced that he ought not and would not take any important step in politics without the approbation of his friend and patron, Mr. Fox. In proof of his zeal and sincerity, he immediately sent back all his briefs, and repaired to London to confer with Mr. Fox on the subject, assuring me that he would communicate the result by letter to Seaford. A few days after, I received a letter from him, expressing his regret that he could not unite with Mr. Flood, not being able to obtain the permission he sought. Sir Lawrence Parsons was then prevaile on to become a candidate with Mr. Flood. I remained at Seaford until the day appointed for holding the election, and attended on the hustings, followed by a mob of claimants, not one of whose votes was admitted, and, after struggling ineffectually against the candidates supported by Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, I returned to London. A petition was lodged against the return, and it was vacated on the ground that no legal notice had been given of the time for holding the election. Mr. Flood again became candidate, and was defeated—he succeeded on a petition, and finally sat for Seaford. After my return to Ireland, I lived in great intimacy, I might almost say friendship, with him till the day of his death, and confess that I indulged the vanity of recording to posterity the history and personal qualities of perhaps the ablest man Ireland ever produced—indisputably the ablest man of his own times; but the vice of procrastination has frustrated my ambition and most anxious wish—year after year diminished, while it should have increased, my stock of materials, until it has at length left me wholly destitute of necessary details, the means of collecting them, and the power of equally combining and laying them before the public."*

The following is strongly characteristic of the dignity and firmness of Mr. Flood, and of the bitter injustice which has been heaped on his great name by the indefatigable instruments of party. At that period of political intrigue, all the dishonourable means of running down a bold and independent man were resorted to—statements were invented for him which he never made—sentiments were attributed to him, which he never conceived—every penwas turned against him. He was assailed equally by Whig and Tory—by the venomous irony of Courtney and the polished depreciation of Pitt.

" It is proudly illustrative of the character of Mr. Flood, and of the opinion entertained of him at that period to which I allude, that he could not be bullied, intimidated, or deceived, and that, born with powers calculated to lead, he would not, he could not, dwindle into a mere instrument. Examine the public prints of that period—all will be found (those that opposed as well as those who supported ministers) agreeing and vying with each other in traducing, and as it is called, writing down Mr. Flood. In many of the prints speeches are ascribed to him which he never made, and which, from their folly and absurdity, no man well acquainted with him on any evidence could believe to be his "

Mr. Burroughs was called to the bar in Easter term 1785. Then the bar was in its zenith. It may be excusable, in a person who has long contemplated those bright days with a feeling bordering on enthusiasm, to revert a moment to the constitution of that distinguished body. There, all that Ireland could boast of rank, wealth, patriotism, and genius, was centred. From the bar emanated all the learning, virtue, and wit that exalted the character of Ireland, and diffused her fame. There may be found the swelling aristocrat, stripped of his haughty pretensions to superiority, and dimmed by the intellectual brightness of a more humble name, aspiring to no rank but that which genius and education conferred. What fortune withheld was amply compensated by genius and application, and men sought the lawyer and advocate, not in the aspirant to high birth, but in the aspirant to high merit. To use the language of one who might have adorned it had he learned to compress his declamation, and confine himself to good sense and professional acquirements, " No idea can be formed of that illustrious body—of the learning that informed—the genius that inspired—the wit that warmed it; of the wit that relieved its wisdom, and the wisdom that relieved its wit—of the generous emulation that cherished, while it contended—of the spotless honour that shone no less in the hereditary honour of the high-born than in the native integrity of the more humble aspirant—but, above all, of that lofty and unbending patriotism, that at once won the confidence of the country, and gave an imposing dignity to the national character. It was then the nursery of the parliament and the peerage. There was scarcely a noble family in the land that did not enrol its elect in that body, by the study of law and the exercise of experience to prepare them for the field of legislation; and there not unfrequently arose a genius from the lowest of the people who won his way to the distinctions of the senate, and wrested from pedigree the highest honours of the constitution. It was a sublime spectacle to behold the hope of the peerage entering such an intellectual arena with the offspring of the peasant—all difference merged in that of mind, and merit alone decided the superiority." Such was the character of the bar when Mr. Burroughs commenced his career. He had few friends to work him through that dispiriting probation which almost invariably precedes future distinction. Those who have tasted the bitterness of that period in the life of a young barrister, and afterwards raised themselves to honour, indebted solely to the firmness of their own minds and the profundity of their intellect, must retain a lively remembrance of the obstacles that strive to obstruct his course. Sneers and frowns, coldness and neglect, discouragement abroad, combined perhaps with poverty at home, —all these are but too often the concomitants of his early progress. The course of Mr. Burroughs was not an exception, but his mind was solid and buoyant: he was conscious of great powers, and he knew the time was highly favourable to the developement of intellect. An opportunity now offered for the display of his knowledge and eloquence. A petition was lodged against a liberal representative for an Irish borough, and Sir Lawrence Parsons, ever his steady and enthusiastic friend, exerted his influence, and had him retained as counsel. He appeared, and delivered a powerful and impressive argument, interlaced with frequent bursts of masterly oratory, that convinced and fascinated the house. This first effort raised him high in public estimation, and he moved on in rapid progression, until he reached the rank of a first-rate election-lawyer. It is also not unworthy of record that Lords Yelverton and Clonmel exhibited the first signs of their great powers in the same field—the three were also juniors, and by a strange combination of circumstances, which often develope themselves to extricate genius from obscurity, the whole argument devolved on the three. There are no records of his speeches on these occasions—the most trying perhaps to the judgment and learning of an advocate. The reporters of the proceedings in the Irish parliament were not the efficient and intellectual class which now does honour to the press of both countries—they were, on the contrary, the very lowest in the literary scale, and their memories appear to have run parallel with their learning. As a specimen of their knowledge and capability—when Hussey Burgh, the' silver-tongued orator as he was characteristically called, urged some position founded on the authority of " Serjeant Maynard," it appeared the following morning that Mr. Burgh established his proposition on the authority of a *Sergeant Major!* Mr. Burroughs was not of those who take care to convey their sentiments to the public in a suitable apparel, so that a few extracts from the journals of the day can give but a very inadequate idea of the vigorous and argumentative cast of his eloquence. In the case of Robinson descriptive oratory rarely attained such perfection; and without apparent effort to outstrip the simple dignity of narration, it bears all the qualities which are capable of producing the strongest and most powerful emotions. The facts were of that extraordinary character which, though true, carry about them the interest of a romance. Mr. Berry, the plaintiff, was an eminent Irish solicitor. One day Robinson, whom he had never before seen or known, rapped at his door, and sought a conversation with him. Robinson was then pale and squalid—one, seemingly, who had drunk deep of affliction, and who exhibited in his countenance the faint marks of more happy days. In the commencement of his narrative he burst into tears. Mr. B. consoled him, and felt for him at once all the generous sympathy of friendship—a sympathy afterwards fearfully fatal to his repose. He related a tale overflowing with misfortunes and follies, which enlisted Mr. B. more deeply in his favour. He was once high in the world's estimation, so far at least as a sum of one hundred thousand pounds—a patent mode of securing respectability—could insure it. He was also the heir and nephew of General Robinson. Like other young men, released from parental restrictions, he gave way to the most libertine and riotous excesses. He imagined his wealth knew no limits, and his profusion was proportionate. He purchased a cavalry commission, and was quartered in Clonmel, where he became attached to a Miss Storey. He was yet a minor—Miss S. suggested marriage, and they set off for Scotland. They arrived in Dublin, and stopped at the residence of a professional gentleman, a brother-in-law of the lady, and he influenced him to execute a marriage settlement to the amount of twenty thousand pounds, and to lodge four thousand pounds in his hands. There he became acquainted with a Mr. Vigne, a jeweller, who subsequently filled a no unimportant character in his distressing tale. They were married in Scotland, and thence proceeded to London, where he spent a life to which his past profusion was temperance itself. He was the glory of Newmarket—the pride of Epsom—for a season he was the rose and expectancy of the betting-ring and the gambling-table. In the words of Mr. Burroughs, "he dazzled for a week—he was recollected for a month." He soon grew dissatisfied with all this variety of pleasure—as his sensual enjoyments slackened, his ambition rose—he panted for senatorial eminence, and in pursuit of the game lavished several thousands. Two years more, and he sunk from his elevation to the lowest depths of penury. Bailiffs, like bloodhounds, tracked his footsteps wherever he went, and to evade them he stole back to Ireland. Here, too, he was beset with all the calamities of an ill-spent life—his own father-in-law, who monopolised a great portion of his fortune, spurned him from his threshold—his wife fled from him—his children were torn from him, and thus he was abandoned to the most melancholy destitution. Such is an outline of the disastrous tidings Mr. B. heard. The latter was a man of fine feelings—he provided him with lodgings, and ministered profusely to his wants. The sympathy of Mr. B. matured at length into friendship, and Robinson became one of his family. He had a daughter, beautiful and accomplished—how elegantly does Mr. Burroughs describe the duties and warm affections of a female child!

---

* It had been well for the fame of Mr. Flood that his illustrious name had descended to posterity protected from the malice of foes and the coldness of friends by the knowledge and experience of such a biographer as Mr. Burroughs. Ireland has to lament that the life of one of her greatest men has yet to be written. A laudable attempt has been made to rescue his genius and judgment from unmerited neglect, but justice has not yet been done to his character. Like Malone, Molyneaux, Yelverton, Burgh, his name has almost been forgotten, and with the exception of a few traditions which every succeeding year renders more evanescent, we know nothing of his history. What is now known of the man who wrote the " Case of Ireland," a work which gave Ireland a free parliament, and the commercial privileges she enjoyed during her short independence ? What record is there of the fascinating, silver-like eloquence of Hussey Burgh ? We have only a few fragmentary remains of the massive oratory of Yelverton. Time has spared only a few bricks to enable us to form an estimate of the grandeur of the temple. His loud tones and lofty flight remind us of the shepherd's pipe formed of the eagle's wing. Even a shadow still hangs on the history of Grattan. We regret Mr. Burroughs did not realise his hope in a biography of Mr. Flood : of all men now living he is perhaps the most competent, from an intimate acquaintance with his personal character, as well as a profound knowledge of the striking events in which he took so conspicuous a part.

> "She it is who has become the heroine of this heart-rending story. She was in her person lovely—in her manners interesting—in female accomplishments eminently cultivated—in domestic virtues and filial duties pre-eminent. She had an ardent and elevated mind—a warm and affectionate heart. She was the delight of her parents at home—their pride abroad—the solace of their labours and their cares—and the anticipated hope and joy of their declining years. The love of offspring, the most forcible of all instincts, is even stronger towards the female than the male child. It is wise that it should be so, it is more wanted—it is just that it should be so, it is more required. There is no pillow on which the head of a parent can more sweetly repose than on the bosom of an affectionate daughter. The boy may afford occasional comfort and pride to his family—they may catch glory from his celebrity, and derive support from his acquisitions; but he never can communicate the solid and unceasing comforts of life, which are derived from the care and tender solicitude of the female child. She seems destined by Providence to be the perpetual delight of her parents. Even after marriage her filial attentions are unimpaired: she may give her hand and her heart to another, but she may share her cares and attentions with her parents without a pang of distrust from her."

To this lady Robinson paid attention, but it never engendered suspicion; for, besides being married, he was a victim to a consuming malady! Here comes the *dénouement.* He had a strong passion for music; and though his life was declared to be in peril, he would go to a musical party at the jeweller's, and persuaded Mr. B. to permit his daughter to accompany him. He was carried in the arms of servants to the carriage, for he was too debilitated to walk—their marriage was celebrated at the jeweller's. On his return he was carried to bed in a fainting state, and of course the marriage was never consummated. It was physically impossible. Such is an account of this extraordinary affair.

"It surpasses," says the advocate, "anything I ever read or heard of; and but for the melancholy and afflicting distress of her injured family, it would be a matter of novel and curious inquiry to discover, how he should have sought or acquired that ascendency over her mind. It could not be a gross and sensual passion—a glance of your eye must refute the idea! What! a sensual passion for a thing such as you behold, drooping to the grave under the ravages of an irresistible disease, and unable to walk to a carriage! It could not be a mercenary attachment to the object of her father's charity—it must have been some mental fascination. By what artifice that being could influence the mind of a person ten times his superior in understanding, is astonishing!—the means are incredible. Whether he told her of the sufferings of his youth—the desolation of his fortunes—the desertion and ingratitude of his wife, or whether his distresses excited her compassion, are inexplicable. But so miraculously powerful was his influence over her mind, that she would not have disputed his authority; nay, she would have cheerfully obeyed him, if he had commanded her to give her hand to any other man. We see the tyranny of mental influence over understandings naturally strong, and superior to the government it submits to—a government which we see every day exercised by the meanest instruments over the most exalted characters."

The eloquence of the advocate prevailed, and Robinson was sentenced to seven years transportation. In every case of importance where a verdict was sought, his services were eagerly secured. He shared the oratorical business of the courts with his friend Curran, and though he could not boast the fascinating imagery and melting pathos of the first of Irish orators, he atoned for their absence by firm and sensible language, always carrying an air of impressive earnestness. Where a jury was apt to distrust the former from the command he was known to possess over their feelings, (for no advocate ever assumed such omnipotent sway over the hearts of jurors,) the revulsion in favour of Mr. Burroughs' advocacy was often powerful from the confidence they reposed in the simplicity and earnestness of his manner. Never venturing on the sublime and daring flights which characterised Mr. Curran, he limited himself to a sober, but, withal, a strong view of the subject;—not but he had the power of aspiring high, and of indulging in the creations of a fine imagination; but he was aware of the absolute dominion Mr. Curran had in that realm, and that any attempt to rival his brilliancy would diminish his own reputation. The hearer would often be led to believe that he was in reality about to lecture upon some topics springing from the subject, less for the sake of relieving their attention and displaying his rhetorical skill, than of really edifying his audience; but it was otherwise—he abandoned such artifices to inferior rhetoricians, and stood on more elevated ground. He enlarges, no doubt, on topics of this description, and persuades his hearers that he is communicating instruction, and stepping aside from the main subject for their improvement; but after laying the snare so judiciously, and obtaining the most perfect and unsuspecting possession of them, he rapidly, but not abruptly, turns all he has been saying to the account of his cause by a transition elegant and natural, and indicating the subtle purpose for which he indulged in the supposed digression. This tact, a very useful quality in the advocate, he possessed in a peculiar degree. After having stated the case of his client with, apparently, the most undisguised simplicity, but with the most consummate art, he turned off into some moral disquisition, and returned again with the impressiveness derived from the application of his reflections.

We must pass over the intermediate history of Mr. B. to arrive at a period when he added to his character as a successful advocate of private right, the more important one of an inflexible advocate of liberty. From 1790, the dissatisfaction of Ireland at the melancholy prospects of the future began to grow rapidly. Every session of parliament brought an accumulation of fresh abuses. The generous efforts of the opposition to carry parliamentary reform, the groundwork of all amelioration, were foiled not more by the subtle artifices of ministers, than the narrow illiberality of the anti-democratic party. The popular murmurs swelled into energetic discontent, and a conviction sprang up in the public mind that the Castle fomented a conspiracy to strangle Irish freedom—to repeal the Declaratory Act, if not verbally, at least in substance, and make British supremacy once more the coercing scourge of Ireland. The country sank into a bitter despair of ever seeing injuries redressed or rights asserted by another mode than an appeal to arms. The enemies of the people—and they were but too many and powerful—sought the restoration of repose in measures of terror: they very philosophically reasoned that excess is a mere popular creation, and that the propensities to turbulence are hidden under the assumption of complaints which serve as a foil for their natural passion for disorder, and that all the severity of legislation and action should be employed to crush the growing spirit of resolution. Widely different were the sentiments of the liberal opposition. Ireland, they reasoned, gains nothing by disorder: she complains of the corruption of her legislature—reform it: her industry is absorbed in the monstrous enormity of a pension-list—reduce it: the people are strangers to civic institutions in their own soil—prove your paternity in generous concession. Grattan foresaw these consequences in 1793, when he warned the moles of the Castle of their short-sighted policy. " You have attempted to put down the constitution, but you have put down the government. We told you so—we admonished you—we asserted your driving would not do. Do you not remember how in 1790 we warned you? You said we were severe—I am sure we were prophetic. In 1791 we repeated our admonition—told you that a government of clerks would not do—that the government of the treasury would not do—that a nation which had rescued her liberty from the giant grasp of England would not bear to be trodden under foot by the violence of a few pigmies whom the caprice of a court had appointed ministers." But these warnings were lost on men who preferred violence to concession, and permitted the spreading violence of rebellion to assume a fearful maturity. Sheridan, though not very remarkable for political sagacity, saw the drift of this proceeding, and taunted Pitt with his profligate design. The rebellion was extinguished after a violent struggle, and the whispers of an union began to creep abroad—men could not believe such an improbability; but all doubt soon vanished when Castlereagh, with a coolness and effrontery that strongly characterised him, openly broached the doctrine in the House of Commons. The Irish representatives were not altogether lost: there still lurked in their bosoms, notwithstanding an unexampled selfishness and bigotry, a remnant of the high virtue they displayed in 1782. They thought they might do what they liked with their own; but when another party interfered, they were bound to resistance. In this state of affairs Mr. Burroughs stirred himself to vigorous action: the part he took in the proceedings of the bar is well known—he was one of the fourteen king's counsel who signed the memorable address, and spoke at the meeting with surpassing power. The opposition were anxious to secure his services in the coming struggle, and he was accordingly returned for the last Irish parliament. The strife was renewed—Lord Castlereagh, ever prompt to pounce on every person who laboured for the national good, took occasion, in the absence of Mr. Grattan, to asperse his motives. The House looked round for a defender. Many were the tongues that burned to rescue the character of that high-minded man from the petulant invective of his unmanly assailant; but Mr. Burroughs was his most intimate friend, and was accordingly singled out for a reply, and he did it in a manner equally beautiful and forcible. It may stand a comparison with Burke's noble portraitures of Chatham and Townsend—

"I care very little for any portion of the noble lord's obloquy which may attach to me or my humble efforts; but I own I cannot repress my indignation at the audacious boldness of the calumny which would asperse one of the most exalted characters which any nation ever produced, and that in a country which owes its liberty and its greatness to the energy of its exertions, and in the very house which has so often been the theatre of his glorious labours and splendid achievements. I remember that man the theme of universal panegyric—the boast and wonder of Ireland for his genius and virtue. His name silenced the sceptic on the reality of genuine patriotism. To doubt the purity of his motives was an heresy which no tongue dared to utter. Envy was lost in admiration; and even they whose crimes he scourged, blended extorted praise with the murmurs of resentment. He covered over their unfledged constitution with the ample wings of his talents, as an eagle covers her young. Like her he soared, and like her he could behold the rays, whether of royal favour or of royal anger, with an undazzled and unintimidated eye. If, according to Demosthenes, to grow with the growth, and to decay with the decline of our country, be the true criterion of a good citizen, how infinitely did this man, even at the moment of his lowest depression, surpass those upstart patriots who only become visible when their country vanishes! Sir, there is something most singularly curious, and, according to my estimation of things, enviable, in the fate of this great man. His character and his consequence are, as it were, vitally interwoven with the fortunes of his country. The one cannot be high and the other low—the one cannot stand and the other perish. This was so well understood by those who meditated to put down the constitution of Ireland, that feeling they could not seduce, they have most incessantly laboured to calumniate her most vigilant sentinel and ablest champion. They appealed to every unguarded prejudice—to every assailable weakness of a generous but credulous people—they watched every favourable moment of irritation or terror to pour in the detested poison of calumny. Sir, it will be found on a retrospect of Ireland since 1782, that her liberties never received a wound that a correspondent stab was not levelled at his character; and when it was vainly hoped his imperishable fame was laid in the dust, the time was deemed mature for the extinction of our constitution. These impious labours cannot finally succeed—glory and liberty are not easily effaced—Grattan and the constitution will survive the storm!"

Mr. Burroughs had scarcely concluded his beautiful vindication of his august friend, when one of the most affecting incidents occurred, which, though historically true, savours of the unreality of romance. During the debate a distant and tumultuous shout was heard, which fixed the attention of the members: the acclamation gradually thickened, and at length the long corridors at both sides of the entrance, which were densely thronged, rang with a storm of wild applause. A messenger was sent out to learn the cause of the disorder. Castlereagh thought another rebellion had burst forth, and meditated another massacre; at length the door opened and Grattan entered, supported by his friends, Moore and Ponsonby. The opposition burst into rapturous cheers at the reappearance of their illustrious leader. Nothing could equal the glow of enthusiasm that filled the liberal ranks, while a dead silence pervaded the ministerial. Castlereagh, with all his hatred and ill-will, had some traits of generosity—he could not refrain from paying some tribute of respect to the veteran champion of liberty. He rose, with all his supporters, and bowed as Mr. Grattan moved to his old accustomed seat in front of the minister. He was not now what he once had been—his penetrating eye had lost its brilliancy—his emaciated cheeks and drooping frame but too plainly indicated the bitter agony he felt at the dismal posture of affairs. The heavy hand of sickness was on him—his energies seemed to have departed with the decaying fortunes of his country. His friends sighed in their exultation—they remembered his indignant cry of old —" From injuries to arms—from arms to liberty. Liberty with England if she wills it—but at all events liberty." The picture was now reversed—he came to witness the funeral of that freedom to which his spirit had given birth. He was now there in all the majesty of history withered and broken-hearted, to make a last effort for its resuscitation. He had absented himself from parliament since 1797. After the defeat of Mr. Brabazon Ponsonby's motion for reform, he, Mr. Curran, and some others, resolved to withdraw from a scene where they could effect no good. They counselled peace and conciliation—they were met with taunts of rebellion and revolution. These were the last words Mr. Grattan uttered before taking what must now be considered that very unwise step—" Your system is perilous—I speak without asperity—I speak without resentment. I speak my apprehensions for the immediate state of our liberty, and for the ultimate state of the empire. I see in this system everything dangerous to both. I hope I am mistaken—at least I hope I exaggerate. If so, I shall acknowledge my error with more satisfaction than usually accompanies the acknowledgment of error. I cannot banish from my memory the lesson of the American war; if that lesson has no effect on ministers, I can suggest nothing that will. We have offered you our measure—you will reject it; we deprecate yours—you will persevere; having no hopes left to persuade or dissuade, and having discharged our duty, we shall trouble you no more, *and after this day shall never more attend the House of Commons.*" This resolution Mr. Burroughs used every effort to counteract: he told him of the terrible consequences likely to result from the absence of such men—their presence would prove a check, while their absence would leave the country at the mercy of its enemies. But Mr. Grattan was inflexible, and he withdrew. When the union went forth, Mr. B. again exerted his influence to withdraw him from a solitude that consumed him. His counsel was not unheeded, and though borne down with physical and mental suffering, when a vacancy occurred in the representation of Wicklow he agreed to be put in nomination. The writ issued on the night Castlereagh's motion took place, and in spite of the malicious cunning of the Castle, which threw every impediment in the way, he was returned in sufficient time to record his last vote. The discussion, which through respect to Mr. Grattan had abated for a while, was renewed with redoubled energy. Mr. G. at length caught the eye of the Speaker. Too enfeebled to rise, he addressed the House from his seat. All expected a poor display, but their disappointment was great: he began, as usual, in a cold and faltering tone, uttering half sentences, and ungracefully pausing to complete the remainder. As he proceeded he threw off a few sparks of his old grandeur, and at length was whirled away in one of those electric bursts that so often frenzied the House. Mr. Burroughs vented his ardour in a wild cheer—Barrington caught up the cry, and the liberal benches rang again and again. Even the opposition was slightly infected, after the delivery of one of the noblest pieces of oratory Mr. G. ever uttered.* But his eloquence was insufficient to save Ireland—the curse of Swift was upon her, and her miserable destiny was at length fulfilled. It is, however, something to national consolation to reflect that on one side were arrayed all the genius, honour, and worth of the country—on the other their opposites. Most of the actors are now no more. History will exercise an impartial judgment.

We now come to one of the most important efforts of Mr. B., which proved the great confidence reposed in him by the people—we allude to his celebrated and successful defence of the Catholic delegates; and here it may not be unnecessary to say a few words of the state of affairs that led to that proceeding. The severities of the Catholics were slightly relaxed in 1793; but the concession was narrow and cold, given without kindness—received without enthusiasm. The policy of the Irish parliament legislated more for the past than the future; it saw the advancement of popular power, and capitulated less through wisdom than fear. It played the part of the Caudine Forks, freed the Catholics, but disgraced them; the fountain of power was partially unsealed, but that of discontent was not closed. The Catholic body still presented the anomalous compound of slave and citizen. Dissatisfaction soon arose;—the United Irishmen were in active correspondence with the Directory of France. Government might have prevented, but preferred revolt—it first caused the rebellion, and punished for its own creation. The union followed as immediately as effect follows cause. The Catholics carried it; they were promised in return prompt and unconditional relief; but Pitt deceived them, and they soon saw that their own exertions alone must procure success. In 1805 this spirit manifested itself, but sluggishly, and with unworthy caution. The Whigs came into office, and they left them just as they were. Until 1809 nothing was done; in that year a committee was constituted. At a general meeting held at the Farming Repository, Stephen's Green, in July, 1810, several resolutions were proposed, among which was the following:—"That a committee be formed of the thirty-six members representing Dublin, and ten gentlemen from each county, to address the king, petition parliament, and draw up a remonstrance to the British nation,"—purposes perfectly justifiable; but Mr. Saurin thought otherwise—he saw a manifest violation of the Convention Act. This act was devised by the sagacity of Lord Clare in 1793 to disperse the organisation of the United Irishmen, which was composed of representative delegates from every part of the island. Since its enactment it lay dead in the statute-book, like many other sage laws. It never was put in force against the Catholics to prevent the free expression of opinion in their assemblies; but they were now waxing powerful, and every movement was watched with jealous scrutiny. The privy council came to the resolution of striking a decisive blow. Accordingly a circular issued from the Castle, signed "Wellesley Pole," directing all sheriffs, magistrates, &c. &c. to arrest all persons engaged in the election for delegates. Now came the struggle—the Catholics directly collided with the government. There was only one mode of bringing the matter to an issue—that was tried. Lord Fingall, and several of the committee, attended a meeting in violation of the proclamation. Chief Justice Downes signed a warrant, under which they were arrested, and gave bail. It will be seen that the question was one of the most profound importance, involving the constitutional rights of the great body of the people. The Castle was plaintiff—Ireland the defendant. With the habital solicitude for sure verdicts, an admirable jury was selected by the sheriffs. The committee trusted to the advocacy of Mr. Burrroughs, and their confidence was not misplaced. Doctor Sheridan and Mr. Kirwan were first put on their trial. With all the disadvantages of a hostile court, a well-selected jury, and the opposition of such men as Bushe and Saurin, the power of Mr. B. triumphed. His speech, reported in the State Trials, is probably one of the finest efforts of skill and learning ever delivered at the Irish bar. The victory was a vast one—arbitrary authority was arrested, and the right of delegation for the purposes of petition restored to the people. Had the committee acted with wisdom and firmness, the Duke of Wellington might have been deprived of the glory of the Relief Bill. Mr. B. advised them—he told the fatal consequences—but, flushed with conquest, they knew not where to stop. A counter prosecution was instituted against the chief justice who issued the warrant; in his person the case was tried a second time, and, as Mr. B. anticipated, judgment was had in his favour. Exceptions were taken, but the demurrers were never argued. Thus the first triumph was annulled, the delegates crushed, and the Castle laughed at their defeat.

---

* The peroration is very feeling and beautiful—" But if this monster of political innovation is to prove more than the chimera of a mad minister, rioting in political iniquity, away with the Castle at your head to the grave of a Charlemont—the grave of the Irish volunteers—and rioting over that sacred dust, exult in your completed task, and enjoy all its consequent honours. Nor yet will the memory of those who oppose you wholly die away—the gratitude of the future men of Ireland will point to their tombs, and say to their children, " Here lie the bones of those honest men, who, when a venal and corrupt parliament attacked that constitution which they fought for and acquired, exerted every nerve to maintain, to defend, and to secure it. This is an honour which the king cannot confer upon his slaves—it is an honour which the crown never gave the king."

Serjeant Ball was one of the purest-minded men that ever adorned any country. To the steady virtues of the patriot he united extensive erudition, and all the amiable characteristics of a friend. When the bar, with some honourable exceptions, yielded to the fascinations of power, he was inflexible. Nothing could shake his high resolve. His influence was known to be powerful, and the seductions to withdraw him from his party were proportionately forcible. When Mr. Secretary Cooke sent a friend to offer any terms, his answer was—"All the gold of the treasury—all the influence of the Crown, multiplied an hundredfold, could not make John Ball swerve one moment in his devotion to Ireland." He was then poor, but he preferred to remain the humble Recorder of Drogheda. After his death a numerous meeting of the bar was held to commemorate his virtues. Mr. Burroughs was his intimate friend, and to him was entrusted a resolution to erect a monument to his memory. Like his eulogy of Grattan, his panegyric on that occasion was very beautiful—elegant without ornament, and affecting by its mournful simplicity.

"What could I say—what could any man say which is not already known to you all, which each of you would not anticipate? There never departed this life a man who stood less in need of posthumous praise—the man who had no enemy living, can have no calumniator when dead. Without vices to attract the sympathies and bribe the suffrages of the vicious, with conduct which never countenanced frailty by example, and with a life which was a rebuke to all who were base, or mean, or frivolous. It is a subject of interesting speculation, by what charm, certainly not of art but of nature, it occurred, that no man ever uttered one syllable in his disparagement; he is the only man I have ever known to whom it could not be fairly imputed as a blemish, that he wanted a negative testimony to his worth which arises from the odium and vilification of the worthless. But it is not so much in consideration of him who is gone, as of those dear relations and affectionate friends who remain behind, that we should offer this tribute. Funeral honours, when wisely and justly bestowed, are benefits to the living; it is fit that the wife who lately adored him, and now barely survives him—it is fit that the children, some of whom are too young to feel their loss, should have recorded evidence of his great eminence—it is fit that we should teach them that whatever may be the accumulation of his talents and industry, whether he has left them in opulence or indigence, they inherit from him what is better than wealth—what vulgar prosperity could not purchase or bestow—the favourable prepossession of the good, the zealous wish of every virtuous man to aid them in their progress through life, the patronage of all that is feeling and virtuous in the land. But we have a nearer concern—a closer, I may say a selfish—interest in paying this tribute. In this temple of justice was his life exhausted in furnishing a model of professional excellence, calculated to improve the bar, to raise its character in public estimation. Deep and perspicuous, simple and interesting, zealous and candid, modest and bold, he gave to every client the ablest exertion that an honest and honourable advocate could bestow on his cause, and he never inflicted on any adversary a pang of which a candid mind could justly complain. Without fortune, without patron, without vulgar intercourse, without the unworthy canvassing of partisans, without self-predication, without servility, without arrogance, he gradually attracted universal attention to his high natural endowments, and the treasures of his extensive legal learning. It was his lot, in a profession prone to emulation and all its evils, to be followed without envy and passed without scorn, and when finally he passed all, he rather wondered at than exulted in his success. His humility grew with the growth of his celebrity, and his unassuming manners interested all men in his well-earned elevation; and surely, gentlemen, it cannot but operate as a useful incentive to those who are now in their way, or may hereafter follow him in an arduous and honourable profession, to learn that such a man, in such a way, attained a station in society to which the favour of a court could never have raised him, and from which the clamours of the populace could never have deposed him."

This is a fine encomium, worthy of the speaker and the subject. Some one at no distant day will pronounce a similar one on Mr. Burroughs himself. As he advanced in years his business began to retrograde—a host of fresh and vigorous rivals sprang up; he upheld his dignity among two generations—with the third he was unable to compete. He now looked forward for repose in his old age; all his friends, in whose ranks he fought, all younger than himself, filled high offices. It was a prudent policy in ministers to attach by official ties those who were remembered by the people. He alone was unrewarded; too proud to demand what his station, years, and knowledge entitled him to, he still held on at the bar; he had no hereditary fortune, and he was too generous and hospitable in his habits to accumulate one; he set value on money only as the means of augmenting his hospitality. An old and firm friend, who had raised himself to dignity by his superior genius, at length took up his cause, and on the passing of the Insolvent Debtors' Act Mr. B. was appointed commissioner. The tribute was slow and inadequate—his long and steady services deserved a nobler remuneration. After forty years of labour in the field of liberty, a government pretending to the character of liberal should have looked on one of the most meritorious of its advocates with a more benign eye. But, insufficient as the appointment was, it came with a grateful welcome. "You and I," said he to his friend Parsons, who received a similar appointment, "are the first to take the benefit of the Insolvent Act." The Goldsmith of the bar, he was as inspired, as simple, and sometimes as absent. Once, when stating proceedings connected with a bill of exchange to the jury, he forgot the name of the drawer, and turning round asked some person, "What's his name?" Napoleon Bonaparte," was the answer. "Gentlemen, my client, Napoleon Bonaparte drew this bill," &c. All this he uttered with the gravest composure imaginable. His simplicity has afforded Sir Jonah scope for his powers of story-telling. The fabulous description of the famous duel with Mr. Butler at once occurs to the reader, and if he should be ignorant of the improbable fictions of the imaginative knight, we would refer him to the Sketches for an amusing account of the "Gingerbread Duel." A barrister named Northcott, of considerable celebrity in his day, published a satirical poem, in which Mr. Burroughs was highly eulogised, and Burke Bethel not at all to his liking, as the following lines attest:—

"Bless me! so consequential with inferiors,
And so familiar, Bethel, with superiors—
'Ah, how do, Saurin?—Glad to see you, Ball!
Mr. Prime Serjeant—why you never call!
This point, I think, attorney, will assist you'—
Then hints such law as very likely missed you—
What's his employment? To report his wit—
'To Plunkett's cost I made a lucky hit.
My joke with Curran—there I'm Curran's brother—
Burston and I were witty on each other'—
But Green-street toils, I hope, more profit cheers,
Where for each pick-purse Bethel volunteers—
With lips compressed, deep wisdom to denote,
He spins a necklace for each client's throat."

After the appearance of these lines, Mr. Burroughs met Burke in the hall.

"Bethel, very hard lines these—spinning a necklace for his client's throat."

"By G— they are," quoth Burke with a melancholy protrusion of the nether lip; "it looks d—d like an insinuation—what the d—l shall I do?"

"Oh! by all means challenge him." And so off trotted Burke, vindictive as an ogre, to retrieve his lost character on the body of Norcott. Mr. B. knew the inconstancy of Burke's valour, and the humorous temperament of his opponent. He waited anxiously for Burke's return.

"Well, Bethel—what news?"

"All's right," responded Burke.

"Very glad of it—of course an apology."

"Yes—and a very satisfactory one. I warrant you, I made the scoundrel promise *to mend all in a second edition!*"

But, unfortunately for Burke's reputation, the second edition never saw the light, yet he was not without revenge, for Norcott went to the East and turned Mahometan.

As a lawyer Mr. Burroughs ranked deservedly high; he had retired long before the writer of this memoir reached the bar, but his name is still held there in high veneration. As an orator he reached a more exalted rank. Every person is aware how much the orator is indebted to external graces, a keen and animated eye, an intelligent countenance, a soft and flexible voice, and graceful gesture. Most of these attributes he did not possess; his voice was peculiarly inharmonious. But these defects were atoned for by his language. It was habitual with the orators of that day to resort to one of those fine frauds which in another department of art are practised with such success. Sculptors diminish the heads of their figures to give a more imposing air to the main trunk. So was it with Mr. B.

To hold him up to the younger members of the profession as their models, might, in most instances, be of no effect. But there is no person, however meanly gifted, who may not pursue the same path of pure honour and unsullied integrity, of high and unbending independence, incapable of being seduced from devotion to his country, or awed into a forgetfulness of its interests, by the political or judicial influence of tyrannous times. Had he not been foremost in this generous path—had he lavished his powers in humiliating obsequiousness to a government that would have heaped honours on his recreancy, we should not have stepped aside to attempt his eulogy—he might have spoken the eloquence of Greece unnoticed by us. Whatever might be his honours, there would still be one thing beyond the reach of his talents—the honest praise we have bestowed on the friend of his country. His name and character are for other times, and the impartial historian will fail in his duty who does not do honour to the virtues of PETER BURROUGHS.

SNATCHES OF SONG.

No. III.

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

Lay of the exiled Troubadour.

THE sunny fields of glowing France,
  Where first I sang of love and thee,
When my young spirit's wild romance
  Burst forth in strains of minstrelsy;
In Fancy's dream I see them rise,
Still, still they live in Mem'ry's eyes!

The sunny fields of glowing France
  Shall greet, alas! my sight no more!
The glitt'ring spear, the polished lance,
  The tourney and the chase are o'er;—
Yet still beneath these colder skies,
  France! glorious France! fills Mem'ry's eyes!

HABITS AND OPINIONS OF THE POETS.

MILTON AND THOMSON.

A MASS of interesting scraps of biography float over the wide surface of our literature, which it would be desirable should be garnered up by some careful and affectionate hand. Shakspeare has been honoured by the labours of some of his late annotators, who have pursued him into the field of nature, developed his studies among birds, flowers, and insects, and interpreted his genius and his life aright. The latest memoir of the Bard of Avon, by Campbell, may be imperfect and hurriedly thrown together, but it is written in a delightful spirit of love and reverence. The Aldine edition of the Poets has also done good service in the cause of the muses, and how beautiful is the field thus opened up! On every page we may hang some illustration of character or of history—some cento of criticism—some gleaming from the side volume of nature! Then it is felt to be a pleasure, not a task, to trace out the humblest circumstances relating to our benefactors, the poets—to follow them into private life—to see their tastes, their habits, their opinions expanding before us in the full light of knowledge and truth.

" O deem not, 'midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the poet brings;
Let high philosophy control,
And sages calm the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul."

In the mean time we shall here string together some notices of two great poets, who sang of the woods and vales of England, reflecting in their golden pages the softened grace and beauty of landscapes that rise before the eye like summer dreams, and sink as calmly and beautifully into the soul. The first, indeed, touched a higher key—the loftiest of human strains; but his love of nature was a clear and steady light, shining brightly through the storms and tempests of political commotion, and kindling up, when all was dark around him, with a lustre worthy of paradise.

MILTON!—we approach the name with reverence. The austere dignity of his personal character, no less than the sublimity of his genius, overpowers the imagination, and we feel that we are treading on holy ground. He was the purest of all the poets; set apart and dedicated, as it were, to the highest and noblest services. His morning studies, "often ere the sound of any bell awaken men to labour or devotion," remind us of his own exquisite description:

" His sleep
Was airy, light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills (Aurora's fan)
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough."

His first occupation was reading in the Hebrew Bible, and with his studies, music, and exercise, varied and interposed, the day passed over in sober intellectual gratification and delight. His "celestial patroness" sometimes

"Brought nightly to his ear"

the strains of paradise, and he knew and felt that these were inspirations which "after times would not willingly let die. His life was a true poem, "a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things." Educated with great care and tenderness from the "laureate fraternity of poets," riper years and the ceaseless round of study and reading led him, as he beautifully describes it, to the shady spaces of philosophy, and chiefly to the divine volumes of Plato and his equal Xenophon, where he learned of chastity and love. He imbibed a portion of that delicate, romantic gallantry predominant in the Italian poets; but what with Dante and Petrarch was an ardent, inextinguishable passion, with Milton was but a dream of fancy—a beautiful but cold and barren admiration of female loveliness and perfection. Hence his youth glided away amid his academic bowers without any strong or permanent attachment; and in after years the robust, intellectual character of his mind, his love of fame and of his country, must have led him to look with pity and contempt upon those who could consign

"The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade."

He was unhappy in his first marriage—unhappy in his children, from whom he probably exacted too much, and his life had fallen on evil days and evil tongues. He was alone, blind, and aged, with none to meet his enemies in the gate.

Milton's republicanism is well known, yet he was averse to all popular clamour. When vacancies occurred in his favourite ideal grand council, others were to be elected, but the electors were not to be "committed to the noise and shouting of a rude multitude; permitting only," he adds, "those of them who are rightly qualified, to nominate as many as they will; and out of that number others of a better breeding to choose a less number more judiciously, till after a third or fourth sifting and refining, of exactest choice, they only be left chosen who are the due number, and seem by most voices the worthiest."

In points of religious faith and doctrine, the opinions of Milton, at different periods of his life, underwent a material change. In his youth he had sung the Trinal Unity, apostrophised the tripersonal Godhead, and denounced the Arian heresy; but in advanced years he rejected this belief, and indirectly stigmatised the terms of trinity, triunity, &c., as "scholastic notions." The following lines in "Paradise Regained" had long proved a stumbling-block to his commentators:

"His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh:
That all the angels and ethereal powers,
They now, and men hereafter, may discern
From what consummate virtue I have chose
This perfect man, by merit called my Son,
To earn salvation for the sons of men."

At length the discovery and publication of his long-lost treatise on Christian Doctrine solved the mystery, and proved that, on the doctrine of the Trinity, Milton's opinions ultimately approximated to Arianism; ascribing to the Son as high a share of divinity as was compatible with the denial of his self-existence and eternal generation, but not admitting his co-equality or co-essentiality with the Father. The Spirit he held to be far inferior to the Son. It is chiefly on the doctrine of the eternal filiation that Milton is at variance with the generality of Christians. The atonement he esteemed to be full and satisfactory: not only was man redeemed, but a real price, life for life, was paid for his redemption. On the dubious interminable question of predestination, Milton's opinions were in accordance with the popular feeling. "Mention," he says, "is frequently made of those who are written among the living, and of the book of life, but never of the book of death." Who shall decide?

> "Truth," says he, in one of the most eloquent passages of his most eloquent prose treatise, the *Areopagitica*—"truth came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape, most glorious to look on; but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the god Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down, gathering up limb by limb, still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, lords and commons! nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member, and mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection."

Among these dim and awful mysteries the mind of the poet delighted to wander, shunning no labour of research or severity of thought; proudly contemning the wisdom of the past, and fearless, in conscious rectitude, of the future—seeking sedulously to find the "mangled body of Truth," and to pierce the gloom that mantles between the eternal, irreversible decrees and perfection of the Deity, and the frail, bounded, perishable conceptions of mortality.

One of the minor defects of Milton's character was his opinion of the inferiority of women to men. Eve was of "outward form elaborate," but of "inward less exact." In his "History of England," Boadicea and his daughters "riding about in a chariot" are barely tolerable in his eyes, and he does not fail to censure the vanity of the historian in embellishing the exploits of the British heroine; "not caring," he says, "to brand us with the rankest note of barbarism, as if in Britain women were men, and men women." The poet's domestic circumstances gave rise to his "Turkish contempt for females," and it is distinguishable in none of his productions written prior to the "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce." The sheet-anchor of his argument in favour of divorce is the law of Moses, which allowed of divorcement when the wife had ceased to find favour in the eyes of her husband in consequence of some uncleanness. This uncleanness, he contends, was not adultery only, but referred to the mind as well as the body. In his posthumous work, he also defends the lawfulness of polygamy, and endeavours to graft the living fruits of Christianity upon the exploded formalisms of Judaism.

The puritanism of Milton deadened his feelings towards some of the early objects of his genius and his admiration. He had walked the "studious cloisters pale," and loved the "storied windows" and "high embowed roof" of our noble ecclesiastical edifices; but afterwards he wished to place the religion of the state on a very humble footing. The gospel was to be preached by itinerant divines brought up, at once, "to a competence of learning and to an honest trade," and who were to be supported by the voluntary contributions of their hearers and their own manual labour.

> "Thus taught, once for all," he adds, "and thus now and then visited and confirmed in the most destitute and poorest parts of the land, under the government of their own elders, performing all ministerial offices among them, they may be trusted to meet and edify one another, whether in church or chapel, or to save them the trudging of many miles thither, nearer home, though in a house or barn; for, notwithstanding the gaudy superstition of some, devoted still ignorantly to temples, we may be well assured that he who disdained not to be laid in a manger, disdains not to be preached in a barn."

The nuncupative will of Milton affords a familiar glimpse of his domestic life shortly before the time of his death. He had two female servants—dined at noon, and in the kitchen of his house, (a practice then common enough,) and he appears to have been not inattentive to the viands set before him. In the evidence of Elizabeth Fisher, one of his domestics, there occurs the following sketch of Milton *en deshabille*:—

> "This deponent was servant unto Mr. John Milton for about a year before his death, who died upon a Sunday, the 15th [it should be the 8th] of November last [1674] at night; and saith that on a day happening in the month of July last, this deponent being then in the deceased's lodging chamber, he the said deceased and his wife being then also in the said chamber at dinner together, and the said Elizabeth Milton having provided something for the deceased's dinner which he very well liked, he the said deceased then spoke to his said wife these or the like words, as near as this deponent can remember, viz. 'God have mercy, Betty, I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise in providing me such dishes as I think fit whilst I live, and when I die thou knowest that I have left thee all."

The fellow witness of this domestic gave similar evidence.

> "On a day happening about two months since, as near as this deponent can remember, this deponent being then in the kitchen of the house of the foresaid John Milton, situate against the Artillery Ground near Bunhill Fields, and about noon of the same day, the said deceased and Elizabeth his wife being then at dinner in the said kitchen, he the said deceased, amongst other discourse then had between him and his said wife, did then speak to her and utter these words, viz. 'Make much of me as long as I live, for thou knowest I have given thee all when I die at thy disposal."

"Make much of me while I live!" a mournful injunction, showing how deeply he felt his utter helplessness, and how well he knew that he was soon to be with "those that are at rest." Would that he could have foreseen the universal homage that was to be paid to his memory—an homage which, even in his most sanguine moments, "with all his garlands and singing robes about him," he never could have anticipated!

But let us turn to him who sang the Seasons and their change.

THOMSON was one of the most genial, unaffected, and *loveable* of all the *genus irritabile*. Not one spice of gall or envy seems to have mingled in his composition. We fancy we see him, with his hands in his breeches pockets, eating peaches, from the sunny side, in Bubb Doddington's garden—lolling in his bed till past noon, because he had "no motive" to rise early—or sauntering about his garden-walks at Richmond, muttering his wayward fancies, and moulding them into immortal verse. Yet withal he was an accurate and enthusiastic observer of nature. He must have studied deeply in his early days, and during his fits of abstinence and seclusion; for latterly he was too social and companionable a man to burn the "midnight taper" over his books in the acquisition of knowledge. Genius, however, is a wonderful instructor, and can perform greater miracles than ever were achieved by Arabian dervise or magician. Thomson was utterly free from that *amor sceleratus habendi*, which Ovid classes among the sins of his iron age. It is related, as showing how heedless he was in his money concerns, that in paying a bill to his brewer, he gave him two bank-notes rolled together instead of one. When the mistake was pointed out to him, "Never mind," said the easy, good-humoured poet, "I have enough to go on without it!" A better anecdote is told of his having been robbed of his watch between London and Richmond, "Pshaw, d——n it," said he, "I am glad they took it from me, 'twas never good for anything."

The limited circle of Thomson's personal associates seems to have been bound together by the strongest and most affectionate ties: it consisted of Dr. Armstrong, Sir Andrew Mitchell, Patrick Murdoch, (the "little round fat oily man of God" of the "Castle of Indolence,") Lord Lyttleton, Miller, the publisher, and a few other less intimate. They seem to have lived a jolly life, and to have relaxed from their studies with great zest and cordiality. A tavern life was then in vogue, as in the days of Addison, even amongst literary men; and though we should think it strange now-a-days to hear of Wordsworth or Moore meeting Southey once or twice a week at the Bohemia Head, the Rainbow, the Bedford Arms in the Piazza of Covent Garden, or the Three Pigeons at Richmond, invitations of this sort were common enough with Thomson and his friends. Authors then hung loosely upon society, and were not, as at present, grafted into the domestic routine of ordinary rules and observances. The following short letter, which we copy from the original—scrawled on a little quarter sheet of paper—would scarce be worth publishing, were it not in some degree illustrative of Thomson's careless, hearty character:—

"Richmond, April the 25th, 1736.

"Dear Jock,—I am willing to inform you, before you leave France, that your salmon are very salt, and that we often drink your health with more than devotion—with love. Had I time, I have many things to say to you, but must defer them till another opportunity. Here are some, and Peter [Murdoch?] among the rest, who are heartily, heartily

"Yours,
"J. Thomson."

Addressed—"A Monsieur Smith, Banquier, poure faire tenir à Monsieur Forbes de Culloden, à son arrivée à Boulogne-sur-mer."

Who but Thomson would have thought of sending such a letter through the post-office to his friend in France? Yet the very ridiculousness of the epistle, its hurried brevity and *naïveté*, would amuse his correspondent.

The sudden death of Thomson in the blaze of his fame, and in the very prime of life, after he had surmounted all his difficulties, seems to have fallen like the shock of an earthquake on his attached band of friends. "This blow," writes Dr. Armstrong, "makes a hideous gap; and the loss of such an agreeable friend turns some of the sweetest scenes in England into a something waste and desolate." Mitchell said he was almost sunk with the stroke, and Lyttleton and all his friends are described as being in great grief. Patrick Murdoch thus expresses himself on the subject, in a letter to his pupil, the heir of Culloden:—

"We have lost, my dear Forbes, our old tried, amiable, and open-hearted Thomson, whom we never parted from but unwillingly, and never met but with fresh transport; whom we found ever the same delightful companion, the same faithful depository of our inmost thoughts, and the same sensible, sympathising adviser. Let us ever cherish the memory of our dear friend, profit by the inimitable lessons he has taught us, and love one another with that affection which united the little circle of his bosom friends."

To have inspired such feelings of disinterested regard and affection, and to have died thus deeply and sincerely mourned by a body of highly-accomplished and discerning men, was almost equal to being the author of the "Seasons," or, still better, "The Castle of Indolence." Poetical genius is often far from being an enviable gift to its possessor. The variable temperament—the wayward impulses—the burning mind overpowering the frail physical frame, are often its concomitants; while, tracked by envy, reviled or pitied by the prudent and cold-hearted, and soured by disappointment, the man of genius pursues his irregular and meteor-like course. Justice is at length done him, but it is too often delayed till he is beyond the reach of praise or censure, and until, like the "gentle Duncan,"

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

The fates had kindly shaped a better destiny for Thomson.

To the same purport as the foregoing extract is the following letter of Armstrong, in which the sorrow and respect of the writer are heightened by a slight dash of that spleen which characterised the Poet of Health.

"*London, Sept.* 3*rd*, 1748.

"My dear John,—God grant you the continuance of your health, and may you prosper in everything while you live. It comforts me not a little that besides your natural right to outlive me, there are other circumstances in your favour; for of all mortifications the loss of a dear friend, with whom one has been often happy, is to me the most insupportable. The loss of such an agreeable friend as poor Thomson is so much the more shocking, that it was unexpected by every body. He died of a malignant nervous fever, that came upon the back of a tertian; and I had no notice of his being in any danger till I saw it in the most formidable shape. It is certain, nature was in him oppressed with a great load of materials for a disease, not be easily thrown off by a constitution so much worn as his was; and if he had struggled through that fever, there are many reasons to believe that it must almost unavoidably have been followed by some lingering disease much worse than a speedy death; this is the most comfortable light in which I can view this shocking loss. Besides, I think him greatly to be envied to have got fairly rid of this rascally world, and to have left it so universally regretted. We are to be pitied that we are left behind him; and if it was not for a few friends whom I have still remaining, and who, I hope, will live as long as I, life would soon become too tedious and melancholy to be supported. I have often been tempted to wish that nature had made me a little more callous; but then we should lose sensations too that give perhaps the most exquisite pleasure. There is even a luxury in melancholy; and I do not know whether it is not best to indulge, it at first, and give it full vent, that it may exhaust itself, and leave the mind restored to its natural serenity, after those heavy clouds have fallen. I am always, my dearest friend,

"Your most affectionate
"JOHN ARMSTRONG."

"*To John Forbes, Esq. of Culloden.*"

Armstrong lived more than thirty years after this period, dying in London in 1779, and leaving, to the great surprise of his friends, a sum of 3,000*l.* behind him. Indeed, all Thomson's personal associates were successful in life. John Forbes, though so gay in his youth as to disturb with some forebodings the last days of his father, the Lord President, lived afterwards much in retirement, and in about thirty years not only cleared the estate of all encumbrances, but added to it by several contiguous purchases. Lyttleton became a peer, as well as a popular author. Patrick Murdoch lived to a hale old age, edited his friend Thomson's works, and wrote his life, by which he gained both fame and money, and finally died rector of Stradishall, in Suffolk. Mitchell became the English ambassador to Berlin, was knighted, and was so much of a favourite with the great Frederick as to have slept in his tent generally during the Seven Years' War.* Amidst all their business and their honours, this "little circle of friends" must often have reverted to the untimely death of their companion Thomson, to whom they were so tenderly attached, and must have been gratified by his daily growing fame. *He*, indeed, has left an imperishable name behind him, and the associations with which he has clothed some of the "sweetest scenes in England" will continue as long as the seasons roll on in their appointed course.

---

* There is an anecdote told of this excellent man which will bear repeating. After the affair at Port Mahon, Frederick said to Sir Andrew, that the English had made a bad campaign. "Sire," replied the ambassador, "with God's assistance, we hope

> "Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
>   Where Thames in summer-wreaths is drest,
> And oft suspend the dashing oar,
>   To bid his gentle spirit rest."

Thomson enjoyed comparative wealth in his latter days. His house appears to have been elegantly furnished: the sale catalogue of his effects, which enumerates the contents of every room, fills eight pages of print, and his cellar was well stocked with wines and Scotch ale. His garden and grounds at Richmond he had enlarged with his growing fortunes.

The opinions of this poet of Nature were all liberal and candid. His adulation of some of the "vulgar great" he repented of, and would gladly have expunged. He never could have become a political partisan, for he lacked spleen as well as activity, and he saw good in all things. Yet his imagination fired at the struggles made for liberty; and his hatred of oppression and corruption blazes through many an eloquent and indignant page. He could not, like Milton, have followed out his opinions with sternness and inflexibility, but they animated him in glorious dreams and aspirations. Sauntering by brooks and dells—listening to the nightingale at Richmond—or watching the falling leaves—his imagination ranged from earth to heaven; part he recorded in imperishable verse, but the greater part of his musings melted away in unshaped thoughts and fancies. A veneration for the Deity, ardent and overflowing with love and gratitude, and boundless benevolence, pervaded them all.

---

to make a better next year." "With God's assistance, say you, sir? I did not know you had such an ally." "We rely much on him," added Sir Andrew, "though he costs us less than our other allies."

FATHER-LOVE.[1]

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

CHAPTER IV.

To Major Blake's call for assistance, old Martin speedily appeared, looking shocked and almost helpless at the terrible confusion around him. The sight of his old master, supported on a chair by Major Blake, added to his fright and affliction. But in a very short time Sir Miles Hutchinson recovered his senses, and, after gazing wistfully at his friend and his attendant, self-possession also returned with extraordinary rapidity. He shook the major's hand again, and addressed Martin—"You know that Mr. James Hutchinson retired to bed early this evening, complaining of illness, after our first postponement of the christening; go now to his door, knock at it, and ask gently if he is at present well enough to see me at his bedside on sudden and important business; but first give me the key of the chamber where you have placed the sentinel."

The old domestic, weeping silently, handed the key, and left the dining-room.

"You have heard my prayer, Blake," continued Sir Miles.

"To be sure I have, and as surely grant it," answered the old officer.

"God be praised! and the gratitude of an old man and a father, and the accordant praise of your own heart, will pay you, Blake."

"Tut—is it such a boon?—nature pleaded in common sympathy. Then, I knew and I know you well, Hutchinson—your justice, honour, and many virtues—and must I not protect my oldest friend's good name?—and I saw the desolation of your house—the sudden blight even of its freshest-blown flower."

"Ay, yes," interrupted Sir Miles, drawing in his breath; "we have to investigate that too."

"And yet I will own that there was another argument urged to my sense of public duty. I was and am convinced that, although you spare in season, you will also punish in season. I was and I am convinced that, although you are a father, dealing with a son, your justice and your conscience will go before your love."

Sir Miles, standing upright before his friend, pressing his outspread hand on his breast, and frowning slightly with the solemn rigour of his intention, answered—"Sir, your words only echo the resolution I have formed. It is my design to awaken the deepest terror in his heart. Ay, Blake, he shall believe his death-doom inevitable, and bewail his sins as a dying penitent, before he is undeceived or pardoned by me."

"Yes, Hutchinson, I judged you rightly; and as for the manner of his punishment, that of course is all in your own hands; you know the unhappy boy better than I can pretend to do—his nature, his dispositions—and how far, with safety to the object ultimately proposed, severity may be pushed."

---

[1] Continued from p. 16.

And here Blake hinted an advice which it would have been well, as regarded the immediate future, if Sir Miles had thoroughly and cautiously considered and acted upon.

"Fear for me in nothing, my good friend," replied Sir Miles, in a high but self-overrating tone.

"I do not—I shall not—and so good-bye now; my own family and affairs require my presence at home."

"Farewell—one parting word, however; the keeping up, for some time, of every appearance of solemnity and severity is, as you will conceive, most necessary for my plans; and in this view I have again to request your assurance that the soldier left at the door of *his* chamber may consider himself under my direction for whatever time I shall deem fit."

Blake answered that he would himself repeat to the man the instructions required; and after having once more shaken each other's hands, the friends parted.

Old Martin returned to Sir Miles to say that Mr. James Hutchinson had told him, through the closed door of his bedroom, he would arise and prepare himself to receive his uncle in a few moments. The baronet asked whether Martin had made him aware of what had happened in the house since he retired indisposed to his room early in the night; and the old servant replied that in general terms he had done so. Sir Miles then ascertaining that the medical gentleman who had been in attendance on the poor infant was at present in the library, went thither to seek that individual.

After they had met and spoken for some time, Sir Miles mentioned the shocking report which, on the physician's authority, Fanny had made to him of the cause of her boy's death. "But the poor little soul was agitated then, sir," he continued, "and might have only imagined the thing."

"I certainly whispered to the nurse such suspicions as you allude to—not indeed wishing your daughter-in-law to be the wiser of my opinion."

"And your opinion is established on sure grounds?—it amounts to certainty?"

"In my own mind it does; a particular step is, however, necessary to be taken, in order to enable me to arrive at perfect demonstration of the fact."

"I understand you, sir; take that step," said Sir Miles, commanding himself all along into calmness.

The physician said he should only hesitate on account of poor Fanny, to whom a knowledge of the circumstance might occasion, in her present state of nervousness, perhaps a dangerous shock. Sir Miles replied, that with the good doctor's assistance, in commanding her to remain in her bed for the present, he would undertake to keep her quite ignorant of the matter. Upon this undertaking it was resolved to proceed to business at once; and Sir Miles, passing out of the library, returned in a few moments, bearing in his arms the corpse of the little victim; and in another moment, side by side with the medical gentleman, he was knocking at James Hutchinson's bed-room door.

The visiters heard an inside green-baize door at first opened, and then the unlocking of that at which they stood. It was pushed open towards them, and James Hutchinson, attired in his dressing-gown, and holding a candle in his hand, appeared with a kind of sorrowfully-dutiful countenance to attend upon his uncle. His eyes, which had been cast on the ground, were now lifted up, as, stepping forward, he sighed measuredly and profoundly; and his glance fell at once upon the sad burden in Sir Miles's arms, the glare from the candle which himself held striking fully over the object. He shrank backward, shivered for an instant, uttered a short low cry, and, while his eyes and mouth opened widely, turned very pale. Not remotely suspecting the appearance of such a vision upon the very threshold of his door, James Hutchinson, notwithstanding much philosophical steadiness of nerve, was indeed taken by surprise.

His uncle noticed his agitation with a sympathetic sigh and a scornful shaking of his head. The bluff and strong-featured, but most benevolent and acute-minded physician, also looked at him for an instant; *his* glance, however, was a studious one, and he withdrew it, as if intentionally, before it could have been noticed.

" Ay, nephew," said Sir Miles, " well may you show your feelings by your manner; and those feelings are, I am sure, what they always have been, whenever sorrow or suffering in your uncle's family made a claim upon them. But to the point of my present appearance at this unseasonable hour. As old Martin may have informed you, our excellent medical friend has formed terrible suspicions of the cause of the death of the little creature whose corpse I here bring in my arms to your door, and——"

" Suspicions, uncle !" interrupted James, now showing a new kind of emotion, as he rapidly stepped quite backward into his bedroom; " what suspicions ?—old Martin ? No—he said nothing to me of —yes, I mean—he just very hastily hinted at the matter—but what do you exactly mean, Sir Miles ?"

" James, you shall soon learn," answered the baronet, while the physician stole another note-taking look at James—" you shall soon learn. Allow us to proceed into your study;—there, in the room the most remote from the bustle of the house, we can enter upon our investigation—we may go in ?"

James Hutchinson answered, with much earnest alacrity, although he had not yet quite regained his self-possession, that he would only request his uncle and the medical gentleman to stop one instant where they were, while he entered the study to see that things were not in the way; and he accordingly went into the inner room. They heard him as if employed in pulling about chairs and tables in a hurried manner; then the still-watchful physician thought he heard a key cautiously turned in a lock of a smaller size, and then James reappeared to usher in his visiters."

" This curious old oak table will answer our purpose," said the physician.

Sir Miles laid his sad burden upon it. The operator took out his case of instruments, and resumed—"It will be necessary that the poor little subject should be held steadily for me—Mr. James Hutchinson, will you do us this service?"

"Me, doctor?—certainly—by all means; but——" He was approaching the table rapidly—he stopped, and went on—talking loudly and fast, while strange, unseasonable smiles twisted through his features—"but shall I own my weakness?—it is a very contemptible one I admit, and yet somehow I have never been able, with any comfort to myself, to touch a dead body;—'twas always so with me, I assure you, doctor; even at sea, where you know there is plenty of that kind of thing after an action; and though I believe no one ever charged me with cowardice while the fight went on, yet, when it was over, I have absolutely turned pale at the sight of a fellow that my own hanger, perhaps, had made a corpse of;—yes, indeed; and the other day, when I just strolled in with a friend, through curiosity, into the dissecting-room of Trinity College, I——"

"Well sir," interrupted the physician, "we shall not press you any farther—Sir Miles?"

He turned to the baronet, who immediately attended him.

James Hutchinson fell back to a shaded corner of the room. Conducted by a thoroughly skilful hand, the practical investigation was soon ended.

"Well, I hold our proof now," resumed the physician.

"Poison, then, indeed?" asked Sir Miles.

"Poison, and indeed; very little of it, to be sure; enough, however—just enough, Sir Miles, for its purpose; it has been administered by no clumsy hand, and no uncalculating head; and it is of the subtlest kind, too, such as a vulgar person would scarce know how to procure—indeed, know the name of."

With an exclamation of bewildered terror, the old baronet sank into a chair.

"And who then can be the poisoner?"

"Ay, that is the question you have now to decide, Sir Miles; you had better confer with your nephew on the subject."

"James!" cried Sir Miles; and James slowly came to him, now seeming quite calm and collected. The worthy doctor turned off round the study, passingly peering at the back of James's books, and at his handsome astronomical apparatus. The uncle and the nephew entered into consultation. They agreed that there could be but two persons suspected of the inhuman deed of infant murder, namely, the nurse who had attended Fanny during her confinement, and had afterwards taken care of the baby; and Fanny's own maid, who very often was the nurse's companion at the little creature's cradle-side. In fact, no other persons, except indeed the young mother herself, the doctor, and the two individuals now discussing the subject, had had the slightest access to the child's presence since its birth. And both these women had hitherto borne characters remarkable not only for general morality, but for benevolence, and even tenderness. The motive, too, for such a hellish act? Supposing either of the suspected persons to be truly suspected, what could have supplied the wish to deprive of its few-days' life an inoffensive, helpless, prostrate infant? It was most strange, Sir Miles said; deeply, awfully, fearfully strange; and James Hutchinson feelingly agreed with him that it was so.

Sir Miles called over the doctor to take him into council. All that uncle and nephew had previously said was communicated to him, and his opinion anxiously requested by both. But he seemed cautious of saying anything on the subject, and only spoke a few words in a tone so seemingly light and careless, as to surprise Sir Miles and James Hutchinson. He saw no objection, indeed, to place under immediate constraint the nurse and the lady's maid. Motives were again spoken of, and he remarked, with a bluff smile and a shrug, "Poogh! motives; there is a motive for everything done under the sun; only first find out the poisoner, and then you will soon have his motive."

The listeners both stared inquiringly at the doctor's averted face, but could make nothing out of it or him.

The next moment, pleading a pressing necessity for his return to Dublin, he made his farewell to his friends, and left them together.

After a few words more with his nephew, Sir Miles also arose to depart, upon an arrangement that he was to get the two suspected persons secured under lock and key, to await a magisterial investigation. "In about an hour, my dear James," continued Sir Miles, "you will find me in the library, when we shall settle together another melancholy business—that is, if you think yourself well enough."

James bowed low, and assured his uncle that, although not quite strong, he felt himself well enough for any effort that could tend to promote his good uncle's interest or wishes. Sir Miles was retiring.

"Shall I ring to have *that* taken away?" whispered James, pointing sideways to the little relics of mortality, which, covered by some drapery found at hand, remained upon his oak table.

"No," answered his uncle, "I wish no hands but some of our own to touch the little being—the little fragment of earth that was, for so short a time, a being, I mean; so I would ask you to let it stay as it is until——" His uncle heard James involuntarily draw in his breath, and saw him again change colour; "but I forgot—pardon me—I forgot your nervousness on those points, as well indeed your recent illness, James. Well, I can assist you, though I still say *no* to the interference of common servants. Come, then, wreck of my own poor little grandson! no arms but mine shall encircle you, till you are placed in those of the first and the last mother who claims the nursing of us all."

He tenderly and reverently took up again his former little fardel, and bore it out of the study.

James Hutchinson was left seemingly alone. He stood a moment in the middle of the room. His head and eyes were bent downward. He drew a long, hard, cold sigh. Then he suddenly passed his fingers through his hair—advanced to a window—dashed back its shutters—threw it up, uttering, with an expression of loathing impatience on his face, a "pah!"—rudely pushed away the oak table to one side of the study—closed, locked, and bolted his double doors—reapproached the open window, through which the rays of the setting moon came in, coyishly struggling with the very faintest, faintest daybreak—inhaled once or twice long draughts of the fresh air—again folded the shutters across the window—placed his single bed-room candle in a remote corner, and then went to the door of a dressing closet, almost in a corner opposite, unlocked it with a key taken from his pocket, whispered "Mike!" and Mike Cassin accordingly slouched into his patron's presence.

"Now, sir," said the latter, "to finish our interrupted conversation—and finished it must be quickly—the day begins to break, and you have scarce a quarter of an hour more to remain on these honest premises."

"Wid all my heart, Misther James; bud, afore we begin, I'd be axin' you what war them two doin' here wid you so long?"

"O nothing, Mike, nothing! only talking about Mrs. William Hutchinson's sudden illness."

"They didn't bring in the dead babby here, sir?" Cassin continued to question, glaring round him in a kind of superstitious apprehension.

"Tut, no, man," answered James Hutchinson, seeing that the fellow's nerves were beginning to be unstrung—a circumstance which would be of no use to him."

"I could not hear, well, what was goin' on among ye, an' I locked up in that little dark hole there; bud I thought——"

"Turf-and-buttermilk, Mike!" you were dreaming, I say; put all that nonsense out of your head, and listen to the rest I have to tell you. I shall require your further help, now, between this worthy father and his excellent son. Give ear to me. Sir Miles has already won Blake to leave Master William's punishment in his own hands; and that punishment, after some ridiculous show of religious preaching and parental authority, will amount to nothing more than Mr. William's free pardon;—and in that case, Mike, tell me what we shall have won?—Nothing."

"Nothing, sure enough, sir!" and Mike looked really as puzzled as it was intended he should do.

"Nothing," repeated James Hutchinson, "except the odorous conversion of a very humbled, whining penitent, and his due reinstalment in all righteousness, and in all his usurped luxuries, to boot. Now, Mike, *I* wish him to repent, too, but not quite so soon; he has not sinned enough for it. It would be affectation in him at present. O believe me, sir, we have yet work before us."

"And what kind of work is it to be, Masther James?" fixing his half-frightened eyes on his companion.

James stepped close to Cassin, and whispered in his ear—"*He hates his father!* Stand upon that ground, and tell me what you see from it."

"Faith, an' I see very little, God help me, sir, from it, at all."

"Pshaw, man! and did you never hear that human passions——" And here James Hutchinson walked up and down his study, speaking vehemently, though still in a kept-down voice, and seeming as if he rather gave almost unconscious vent, for his own gratification, to his own thoughts, than as if he addressed himself to the listener—"Did you never hear that human passions, boiled into rage in the hell-heat of shame, disgrace, desperation, defiance, may mount at the still hotter stimulant of good old hatred——"

"Sir, Masther James!" interrupted the mystified Cassin.

"Over the edge of the poor natural vessel that contains them!" continued James, still giving way, even in his gesticulation, to the fiendish excitement that was upon him—"bursting all natural limits, and sweeping on before them, like the volcano-stream, rooted affections—time-based bulwarks—everything! *He hates his father!* Before this night's good luck he hated him—now shall he abhor, detest!——"

"An' how can that be, sir? Only hate his father more an' more, in return for his father lovin' him more an' more?—in return for his father savin' his life, as you say is to happen, an' forgivin' him, an' makin' him grander an' happier than ever?"

"Suppose, Mike, that Mr. William never guesses at these good intentions in his favour, until we can do without his knowledge of them?"

"How can he help knowin', sir?"

"Trust that to me. And according to my plans, suppose, I say, that the madman, looking out through the cloud of his bloated passions, only sees a tyrannical father coming on to strike at his very life—to cut him off in the morning of his manhood—with scorn and infamy heaped upon his head—with all the pledges of his honour out, and all unredeemed—from rank, and from fortune, and from power, which, by nature's course, should in a few years be his—and—mark me—which at present could, as he thinks, apply a salve to his scarred and festering vanities?"

"Well, Masther James?—go on, sir."

"In calmer hours of his life I have heard William Hutchinson calculate the chances in his favour, should his father happen to—die. And what may he not now think of? Now, amid all the maniac ravings of his mind, and the swellings of his heart—now, along with everything else to help us—with the unallayed fumes of good wine in his brain—come, Mike, tell me what famous attempt?"

"Myself is afeard as much as to guess what you dhrive at, sir."

"But you *can* guess it, Mike!—you can see, near at hand to me, at last, my double, grinding revenge upon both father and son—their cankered branch lopped away, which sucked all nourishment from the parent stem—and that out in blow, at last—all its leaves and flowers clustering on it!"

"Is *this* what you mane, masther? Is the ould father to——?" He stopped.

"See here, Cassin. I cannot, I will not depend upon Sir Miles's old friend Blake to secure *the paricide that is to be*, for the justice of his country; I must have people from Dublin ready to pounce upon him. And, again, I cannot myself appear to know anything of the matter beforehand, therefore must not go personally to Dublin on such an errand. But you are the man to act for me in this emergency. You know where to call in town for the help we want. You know, too, better than I can tell you, how to tell an honest-looking story of the way that the knowledge of the son's intention has come to you. So away with you, Mike, and let your foot never cry stop till you are back again here with the officers. I need not repeat to you, Mike Cassin, that, as soon as I am master of this house, you shall have a thousand pounds in bank——"

Cassin raised his head, erected his figure, and smoothed down the hair over his forehead, with a smile of heart-comfort. "Come; as usual, you leave the house by this door, through the garden;—here is the key of the garden door into the *bosheen*, and be sure to keep to the laurel-grove path, upon which no eye from the house can see you—off!"

James Hutchinson led Cassin through his dressing closet, and opened a small door in it, from the threshold of which a long flight of narrow stone steps descended to the entrance of the laurel-grove path of which he had spoken, and master and patron lost sight of each other.

Mike Cassin lumbered along the path towards the little door at its end, which gave egress into the solitary *bosheen*. Suddenly he stood still, staring on the ground, as if arrested by an abrupt thought. In this position, almost unknown to himself, he raised his old cap from his head, made a holy sign upon his forehead, gave his broad breast a thump which echoed through the little solitude around him, and muttered hoarsely—"Cross o' Christ be about us!"

In a minute more he was again in progress along the path. Quick footsteps sounded behind him. Greatly fearing detection in Sir Miles Hutchinson's garden, he darted amongst the laurels to one side.

"Stop, Cassin—'tis I!" hissed James Hutchinson's voice, close to him. "Another word before you leave me." James was sharply agitated when he came up. He paused a moment for breath, confronting Cassin, and then went on.

"You remember that when I went to my bedroom door a while ago, to answer my uncle's knock, I left you quite alone in the study?"

Mike admitted the circumstance.

"Very well. Between two books, on one of the book-shelves, I had, a few hours before, slipped in a certain little article, which I thought might lie quiet there till I could have destroyed it, in a more convenient place, so as not to leave a fragment of it visible on the face of the earth!"

"Yes, sir. Well, sir?"

"It is not between the books at present—it is not in the study at all at present; nobody but you could have taken it—you *have* taken it—'tis on your person this moment; give it back to me."

"By the 'mortiel Sayser, Masther James, I know no more of what you're spakin' about than an auld blind cow does of a holiday."

"Tut, sir, give it me," continued his benefactor, drawing in his thin though handsome lips till they quite disappeared, and at the same time frowning badly at the gamekeeper.

"*Musha*, gi' you what, sir? Is it raving or dhraming you'd be this mornin'? Gi' you something that you don't as much as tell me the name of? 'A sartin little article,' you say; an' I'm first to find out what that manes. And next, I'm to find out itself for you; an' 'two books on a shelf;' an'—arrah bother, Masther James—let me go on my errand; salvation to my sowl if I took any article, little or big, sartin or unsartin, out of that steddy of yours—barin' its my own four bones, and the duds that's hangin' on 'em, and the taste of an ould cap that's on my head."

"See here, Mike. Give me back what I ask you for, or—" James drew out a pistol—"by the Eternal! I will blow your brains out where you stand—search your dead body till I find what I want—and then tell Sir Miles, and every one else it may concern, that I killed you because I found you plundering the house."

Cassin stepped back, sufficiently frightened indeed, though not quite deprived of his self-possession, which circumstance told strongly against the charge preferred by James Hutchinson.

"Blow my brains out, sir, and sarch the dead body o' me afther-wards? Why then, Masther James, couldn't the world o' sense that God gave you put it into your head to think that it would be amost as well to sarch my livin' body aforehand, widout blowin' my brains out at all?"

"Well, sir—come then!" and the search was forthwith proceeded in. Mike assisted in it with the most unaffected alacrity; and after having turned out his confidant's pockets, one and all, and examined between his different articles of attire, and even peered into the old velvet hunting-cap, and into the straw-stuffed brogues, James Hutchinson convinced himself, or at least very nearly so, that his suspicions of Mike's honesty were unfounded. Still he hesitated, however, and acting upon a new thought, bent close to the ground, and searched all round where Cassin was standing, but with no success.

"It must be in the study," he then muttered. "Get along, Cassin, and do your message—I'm sorry I mistook in this matter—but 'tis one of life and death!—There, away with you to Dublin. Yes," he continued, half speaking to himself, "I must only have mistaken the exact spot I put it in"—he ran stealthily back towards the house—"it must be in the study after all!"—It was not, though.

"The divvle resave its sowl, wheresoever it is!" soliloquised Mike, as he locked and unlocked after him the *bosheen* door; "ay, an' *whatever* it is, this blessed mornin', that's the cause of having a pistol put close to my head, widout rhyme or rason;—well, no matther what he manes—he's a dangerous man to every livin' christhan sowl, at any rate."

With a sense of relief, Mike turned briskly down the *bosheen*, to gain the high-road that led to Dublin. But he was not yet quit of interruptions on his path. After walking but a few steps, he saw, sitting in a crippled position, upon a large flat gray stone, under the shade of the bushes of the green lane opposite to him, something like a human figure. The morning light was still very imperfect, and there, in that leafy and darksome recess, the object, clad in a loose gray top-coat, the colour of the rock it rested on, could at a first glance be but very indistinctly made out. Mike Cassin drew back and gazed in alarm of a vague, nervous kind. Indeed, the previous state of his thoughts and feelings had not left him able to resist at once the supernatural terrors that now crept over him. Was it a living thing at all? he asked himself. Two large gray glassy eyes fixed on his; and the figure, arising slowly, as if with difficulty, finally pronounced itself to be that of an aged man, tall, gaunt, and feeble. The person took a stride towards Mike.

"Stay where you are, you unlucky ould thing!" stammered the gamekeeper, or huntsman, or whatever he was—"eh? what? musha? arrah, then?" he continued, growing calmer, though still with great surprise as he looked closer—"Yes! divvle a one else it is! My ould father, every inch of him."

"Yes, Mike—your ould father it is," said the old man, in a weak shrill voice.

"An' what brings you out of your bed at this hour of the raw mornin', father? An' how war you able to get out o' your bed at all, where I left you a cripple for life, as I thought, when I was goin' down to look afther the hounds in the counthry?"

"And what are *you* doin' out o' *your* bed, too, Mike, in this lonesome *bosheen*, an' stalin, unknownst, out o' Sir Miles Hutchinson's garden in the first gray of the mornin'? An' why did you lave your place in the counthry, Mike, to come back to Howth again at all? Don't answer me yet—I have more to say to you. I am able to answer my own questions for you. I know why you are in Howth again—an' I know who sent for you to come to Howth again—an' I know how long you are in Howth—an' I know who you're afther seein' in Sir Miles's grand castle widthin—an' I watched you yesterday evening, when you walked down towards the sey, in company wid that bad young man—an' I watched you to get a word wid you afther-wards, bud I was disappointed—and I knew you stole up this *bosheen*, an' went into that garden a few hours ago—an' I came to watch you here again, to say something to you, Mike Cassin, an' that something is this—this, Mike:—go back to your place in the counthry—or go to any place out of Howth—only don't stay here a minute longer, to curry favour wid your ould gentleman-crony, Misther James Hutchinson."

"Why, father," said Cassin, awed and checked more than he would allow even to himself, "what sin or shame can there be in my keepin' friends wid the gentleman that was, an' is, the best friend to me that ever I had in the world?"

"The best friend to you, Mike?—och, *ma-bouchal*, the worst enemy, you mane—the enemy of your good name here on earth, an' of your pace hereafther;—the man that larned you, Mike, to disobey an' desave your father, an' to give up all your young, good ways, that he might make you the manial sarvant, the common fetch-dog of his own wicked pleasures an' business, an' worse than that, I'm sore afeard—I know his sins. Mike, your mother left you to me when you were young, an' hard to rear; an' the father's hands alone brought you up, an' the father's lips alone taught you your first prayers, an' your duties to God an' man. An' the same father an' the same lips now bid you to hould no more *coshuring* wid——tell me, Mike Cassin," continued the old man, striding quite close to him, and catching his arm—"sthrange whispers are flyin' about—stories that a body is afeard to hear tell of—one thing more frightful than another—bud answer me one question I'll put to you—Had you any hand in takin' away the life o' the poor little babby?"

"No, father, no!" answered Cassin, in sudden and hearty vehemence; "may my sowl never see the glory of its Maker, if I know anything about *that!*"

His father looked at him with his weak eyes until they filled with tears; then, sliding his hand down the arm he held, until it met Mike's hand, and locked it close, he went on—"Thank God, *avick*—oh, thank God a thousand times! an' you ought to fall down on your knees an' give the thanks, *ma-bouchal;* an' you will, Mike—you will, afther you come home wid me to the ould cabin, an' sit down wid me at the ould hearth, an' look about you, you will—I know you will; an' you don't forget your God an' your father yet, Mike, for all that's come an' gone; an' you don't want me to die widout lavin' you my blessin' in hearty good-will;—an' so you'll do, ay, more than that, again, afther;—you'll look into your own breast, Mike, an' you'll think, an' you'll pondher; an' if there's any way that you can take to make amends to the poor family in the big house beyant for what's done to them, or what's goin' to be done, you'll take that way, my son, in the name of the good God that looks down on us all, an' sees all our minds. An' as for the bad man's goold, Mike—your sawl's enemy—you'll throw it into the runnin' wather, if he has given it to you yet, sooner nor go through life wid its curse upon you; but, at any rate, *avich,* you'll come home at onst with the auld father, an' let him lane on your sthrong arum for help to the auld cabin door, where we can have our mornin's male together, for the first mornin' this long while, in pace and honesty, if not in plenty an' sin."

"I will go home wid you, father," answered Mike Cassin, drawing his hand over his eyes. And he kept his word; nor did he afterwards face towards Dublin as he had intended.

CHAPTER V.

Sooner than he had named, Sir Miles Hutchinson summoned his nephew to the library.

James found his uncle sitting back in an arm-chair, as if exhausted with his endeavour to reduce into plan and action his fevered feelings and harassed thoughts.

"Sit down, James," he said; and, with a deep condoling sigh, James obeyed. "During part of the time since I saw you last, James, I have been trying to arrange a mode of conduct towards your unhappy cousin, and I think I have succeeded. The great, great fear for him—the mountain fear—no longer presses me down, thanks to our generous and merciful friend Blake. We shall not be exposed, and punished, and blighted to the very utmost—that is one mighty comfort. But my soul is still shaking with many fears and agonies; and, indeed, James, if I could—if it were fitting and manly—I would sit down and weep, and so have ease. My dear boy, look happier—it will console and help me."

"I shall endeavour to do so, uncle."

"Well. All that has happened, has happened well, perhaps, for his redemption. But I shall require your assistance, James, in making a salutary experiment upon him." James bowed, and bent his mind to listen. "It is my purpose almost immediately to visit the wretched boy in, I may call it, his prison-chamber."

James slightly started, and ventured to ask, with a subdued earnestness—"Is it your opinion, uncle, that full forgiveness, so very suddenly, would be a judicious course?"

"No, James, such is not my opinion, and I am glad to see by your question that you agree with me. Of forgiveness he shall not hear a word from me at present; he shall hear the very contrary—he shall hear me exhort him to prepare for a public trial, and all its dreadful consequences."

James Hutchinson brightened up. "That's the very way to take with him, sir," he observed; "but——" and as James paused, his own reasonings on the subject were again hard at work.

"But what? Speak freely—'tis for that purpose we are sitting here together."

"Well, uncle, perhaps I cannot exactly say why, but I *do* think that a visit from me to him before you see him, might assist the views of your own proposed visit. For instance, building much upon your love and forgiving nature, he may not believe, if learned at first from your own lips, in the reality of your stern determinations towards him; but if, beforehand, I——"

"You anticipate me, nephew—it was part of my plan that you should go before me, and warn him of my intentions." James looked happier than ever.

"They play my game for me between them," was his thought.

"You are his friend," continued Sir Miles, "his confidant, his adviser; and what you express yourself certain of, he cannot help crediting. So go and see him, James. Here is the key of the rooms. Make a sure impression on him; paint to him a verging and inevitable fate, brimful of public shame and horror."

"The course you are pursuing, Sir Miles, is most wisely—indeed I would say, most nobly and even religiously shaped."

"Oh, sir, nothing but terror alone—sheer animal terror—can have any effect upon him now; it asks the grasp of a giant, sir, to snatch him up out of the depths he has fallen into. But if I can brave it out with myself—and there is the battle I fight with my own heart—for I pray Heaven to pardon me, I am still weak in virtuous resolution;"—his accents broke, and his eyes moistened.

"Love itself will lend you strength, uncle," said James Hutchinson, in a soft voice.

"Yes, or I will compel it to do so, nephew,"—and Sir Miles again manned himself. "Go, James, go; there is no time to be lost. I reckon much upon your timely assistance; prepare him to receive a wronged, an indignant, and an implacable father."

"I go, uncle and I will so prepare him."

"Well, Heaven speed you; while you speak with him I will visit poor Fanny's bedside, and for a moment there——but, alas! what would I say? what do I rave about? I thought of sitting down and smiling with her, poor thing, and I could forget the wilderness around me!"

"One word, Sir Miles; she knows nothing, of course, of poor William's present position?"

"Certainly she does not—who could be savage enough to acquaint her with it?"

"The intelligence might, indeed, prove very distressing if not dangerous to her; besides, she would, no doubt, insist upon seeing William, and interfering between you and him—and in that case you know, uncle——"

"Do not fear, James; but I have also a parting word. Your unhappy cousin is not yet aware of the shocking death of his little boy; when Fanny told me the fact in the dining-room, she spoke so faintly, and his miserable senses were so preoccupied, that he could not—did not hear her, in fact. And let the circumstance be still guarded from him. My reason for such a step is this—I wish to keep his mind undiverted in the slightest degree from his present feelings and situation; moreover, in a view of touching his heart, I may happen to find occasion to allude to the poor little creature, and the mentioning of it as living would best suit my purpose. So, James, farewell awhile."

James Hutchinson left the library, his heart much lighter than when he had entered it, for more reasons than one, but particularly for the following reason:—he had attended his uncle's summons under the half-formed but most chilling fear that it was he, his uncle, and not Mike Cassin, who had taken away "the certain little article" from between the books on the shelf in his study; but Sir Miles's whole conversation and manner assured him that his apprehensions were groundless; and so, as we have intimated, he trod with buoyant spirits to do his uncle's last commission; quite able to still, for the present, the little flutter of yet unallayed terror which, at the very bottom of his soul, would throb into motion as he asked himself the question—"but where, then, *can* it be?"

He stood before his cousin in a neglected and half-furnished room. When William Hutchinson had entered it, the shutters of all its windows were closed against the night, which then prevailed outside their limit, and a small lamp had been left with him upon a table. At present the lamp still burned, although the cold daylight was shiveringly gleaming in through the chinks of those window-shutters.

"Will you not speak to me, William?" asked James, after a long pause had ensued between them. He received no answer. "William, will you not speak to me?" he repeated, after another chilling pause. "One word, William, I supplicate you!" Still the prisoner did not utter a word, nor change a muscle of his face or of his body, as he sat at the table on which the lamp dimly burned, leaning on his elbows, and supporting his head between his hands.

James walked slowly about the room, again confronted, and again addressed him, but in vain. Some time had worn away.

"Break this dreadful silence, William, and *do* let me hear the sound of your voice. Here have I stood watching the stony torpor of your face, and your scowling brow, so still and unchanging that it seems as if it had been carved there. When first I came in, your widened eyes glared over me with such a passionless expression that they chilled me; and, ever since, they are only turned away, resting upon blank vacuity, as if you were alone on earth, and——"

"So I am," interrupted William, in a hoarse low growl, the utterance of which scarce disturbed the rigid expression of the muscles around his gaping mouth.

"By heaven, old mate, you are not, while James Hutchinson walks the deck of that world with you."

"Leave me," again muttered William.

"I will *not* leave you in your present mental weakness," continued James; "and while your ruin, from the four quarters of the compass, gathers round you, I will stay to nerve the one, and to share, if I cannot avert, the other."

"Leave me, I say, man."

"You hate *me*, then, too? No answer? but I can read your heart in your face; you hate me, as you hate all the others"

William suddenly sprang up, and exploded in a way that, to the nerves of any other man than James Hutchinson, would have had something startling and tremendous in it.

"Worm!—for you are a human creature—how in the name of the devil am I to answer you? There are two mighty instincts, we are told, in man's bosom, coiled up and knotted with the very roots of being; and one is the love of parents—and that is strong; and the other is the love of life—and that is strong, too; when these two climb for uppermost—(it is frightful to think of it!)—but when they do so—must not one of them choke the other? Answer me!"

"It is but natural," answered James.

"Tame sycophant! it is not natural—but it is worse—inevitable. Hate you! ay, with the whole mass of your living brother-carrion! Look on me!—I must hate—I *do* hate—*he* asks it at my hands—the man who calls me child; and there's a chasm for you—a glutton-gaping in nature, that must gorge up all every-day affection! Hate you!—do not call it hatred now—that means a contrast with some other co-existing feelings—call it rather my whole heart—brain—consciousness!"

"Anything that you like, William," said James, in a mournful voice; with the old serpent's wisdom he would let the hot fit work on; "anything you like."

"Yes, it is my only life, I say—my only sense, and grasp, and aim of life now!—with *him*—I hate my mother in her tomb—the wife whose bosom had so often been my head's pillow—our first-born boy—that wretched, wretched infant—the child I have not yet kissed—you—your kind—myself—the light that lets us see one another—the breath by which we are left the power of cursing one another—the heavens that will not fall to crush us, or to swathe us—the earth that will not crumble to jamb us in, and confound us!"

"I can understand your feelings, I repeat, William, and from my heart I pity you."

"Pity! give me your hate, too, instead, and I will grapple with it. *He* does! and henceforward it is the only love I ask *from* all of you, and *for* all of you. Buried mother, become conscious within your tomb, and hate me!—young wife, hate me!—my little infant, if you could do it, hate me!—and each so love each! Let the betrothed girl, and the burdened matron, hate the chosen one, and the promised treasure—let the sucking babe get premature sense to draw out, cunningly, its mother's heart-drop with her milk—parents, watch your innocents while they lie smiling in their sleep, and stab them—and, toddling brats, with your arms twining round the necks of crippled grandfathers—strangle!"——

"But how is it to be?" questioned James; "he has sent me here to prepare you for—death!"

"Worse than death! sculptured dishonour on my very name and memory—scorn, scoff, laughter—along with ignominy and wrong! Sent you, you say? *Sent* you on such an errand?"

"I feel a little exhausted," said James, momentarily evading the subject between them, as he took from a small basket, which old Martin had handed to him when he had entered the room, two bottles of wine and two large goblets; "with all the flutter of the night and the morning upon my nerves, I am, indeed, a little faintish, and will try a slight stimulant."

He poured out some wine, and seemed to drink freely. First eying the bottles askance, William wildly followed his example, swallowing draught after draught. And——

"*Sent* you to me with that message?" he resumed.

"William," answered his cousin, "it were useless to deceive you any longer. I implored—I prayed—I knelt to him—I thundered at nature's door in his heart——"

"But 'twas shut for ever—he wept no tear for me?"

"Tush, man; cruelty had frozen up the tears at their remotest source. It *is* the most unnatural, intense hatred!—men yet to be born will shudder as they hear it spoken of—and—that is, should you fall under its blow—blame you, and never pity you."

"Why?" asked William, more incoherently than ever. "I've heard that sentiment before—or something very like it—either from you, or from some one who rose up to whisper it to me, in the dim light, here—why?—or answer me this. If a man—no matter what man—rush at my breast to strike his sword through it—what do the laws say—both, both—the human law and the divine law?"

"I thought all knew their mandate."

"Then, supposing, I say, any man—am I commanded to stand quietly to be murdered, purely out of my social respect for the murderer?"

"It would, indeed, be a strange ordinance that should command you to do so."

"If he were my—king, my sovereign—suppose?"

"You are bound to anticipate him."

"Or a—brother?"

"Still the fixed fiat orders you to protect yourself, else must you be considered as a party to your own murder."

"It is true as truth. Terrible, but true. If I slept, and if *he* came scowling over me in his hatred, and struck me till I awoke—

and then if I saw his features—frightful! but if it were so—must I lie still, or seem to sleep again, until blow follow blow, so that I never more waken!"

"And what distinction can be fancied between that case and this? A stranger pardons you—a father dooms you to death!"

"There is no distinction! Heaven and earth, there is not! Monstrous, monstrous—but fated! I am whelmed in it—against my will, I am!"

"Demand his right to take your life under any circumstances. Why he only stewards for you a princely fortune—one, a hundred times enough for the present claims upon your honour—and should he—shall he——"

"No! I preserve my life, and my honour!" bellowed the madman; —(still he had been draining goblet after goblet of the wine;)— "and yet, James—would not the halls of heaven echo with sighs, and be hung round with mourning? Would not our creation, here—the mute lumps and all—groan and shiver as I——Horrible!"

"Ay, but 'tis *justly* horrible."

"I will again implore him myself—I will kneel and cringe to him—I will twine round his knees and grovel in the dust—weep like a fountain—put my anguished head under his feet—and send up nature's full cry for mercy!"

"Do so—that he may trample on you—and at that very moment, perhaps, be the executioner of his own sentence!"

The brain-tortured wretch uttered a shrill, mad cry.

"*I* prayed—*I* wept—*I* grovelled in the dust at his feet, pledging myself that you should do the same, but——"

"Come!" interrupted William, in a fearful whisper; "come with me out of this room, and we will talk more of it. 'Tis but a dull lamp," he continued, pointing to that which flickered on the table, "and yet it watches us. James, since I came in here, I think I slept a moment, and in my sleep I saw it doing. I saw a son washing his hands in thick blood—he thought it was water—and he seemed to wonder and wonder because he did not cleanse—as he was looking askance at an old man lying on the ground, stark and stiff;—and another time I heard them shriek together, as the one gave and the other took a cleaving blow!"

"Cousin!" cried James, drawing back a few steps; and even *he* shuddered at the raving victim of his own continuous and relentless plots;—"be calmer, William; let us talk it over quietly."

"In yonder back-room, then, as I said—it is quite dark there—pitch dark; and when we get in, we will shut the door; and with your good devil in company, James, arrange it all, quietly as you say—very quietly—come!"

Hasty steps were heard at the door of the outward room before William could leave it; it was unlocked, and Sir Miles Hutchinson confronted his son.

William now stood stock-still, his scowling eyes turned away from his father. James, however, disappeared into the inner chamber.

With all the studied, stern dignity he could assume, Sir Miles for some time regarded, at a distance, his unhappy companion; while the latter still turned off his looks, with an expression of sullen, savage indifference, and smothered rage. At length the father spoke, simply pronouncing his name, very slowly.

"William Hutchinson!"

"Sir Miles Hutchinson?" was William's answer.

"Come hither, and stand closer to me," continued Sir Miles.

William stalked up to him, and—"There," he said, "I stand close to you."

"Look at me in the face, sir."

"I look." And he did indeed look, and, to the destruction of any softer or more penitent feelings which might yet have been struggling in his heart, read upon his father's brow a seemingly real confirmation of his worst fears of that father's unnatural hard-heartedness.

"Have you no suit to urge, William?"

"I have, father; I sue to you for my life; I will kneel to you for my life—any man may do that—see—I kneel."

"For life it were useless," said Sir Miles, making to him coldly a sign not to put himself into the position he was beginning to assume.

"Then I do not kneel to you in any sense!" screamed William, jumping again upon his feet, like a wild beast.

"I can give no hope of life," resumed his father.

"Well?"

"You are prepared to die then?"

"Or I am reckless."

"And yet do kneel down, unhappy boy."

"And why should I?—for what purpose?"

"Apart from any hopes of life in this world, is there not a reason—and an awful one?"

William laughed, shrugged his shoulders, and walked about.

"You will not kneel down, then, to give your father the poor satisfaction to hear you ask God's pardon before you meet this shameful death?

"Pardon!—what pardon?—death and pardon? Am I a child to be cheated with words like these?—have they any meaning? What pardon can I expect when you have sworn to take my life?"

"Listen to me, my son: have you no great accounts to close on earth, before you stand for judgment at the bar of heaven?"

"That's a kind of cant, father—an unfeeling affectation of sensibility, which I am too plain a man to understand. I don't know what you mean."

"Sickening!—answer me: are you not also a christian man? do you not believe there is an eternity of punishment or of pain? and if so, can you rush out of this world without an awful preparation?"

"How?"

"First, will you not repent of your sins—and hate them?—and then, die at peace with all mankind—and with your own father?"

"Let me live in peace with my own father, and I will die in peace with my own father; but if he, being ten times over my own father, proposes to rob me of my young, laughing life, and of my almost princely fortune, yet still chimes on with only the old canting peal about christian forgiveness, and——"

"Stop, William!—I draw back from you—I stand away from you—lest the bolt of Heaven's anger, which has hissed down for a cause less than that given by your present words, overtake me in your wicked company!—but it is withheld, in mercy, or for a miracle!—Unfortunate boy!—blasphemer!—where have you learnt this?"

"Perhaps on the sea, father!"—and he again laughed loudly.

"Alas!—perhaps so indeed," thought Sir Miles.

"Ay, my good father! the swinging, roaring sea, where your fatherly hands flung me, like a lump of weeds, almost in my childhood—*it* was the nurse they found for me—and oh, how the kind Goody rocked me and danced me!—a giant wave my cradle—clouds and hurricanes my swaddling bands—and all the dash and the howling my lullaby!"

Again his father was seemingly silent, but again his thoughts were self-accusingly employed.

"Ha! Sir Miles! do you think I have no memory, and am quite ungrateful?—it made my only study too—ay, and my tabernacle—it—and the spitting tempests arched above my head—ruin, their keystone!—and I learned good christian lessons, as I roved and ploughed to seek them, through the exemplary congregations of old mother Ocean—self-denial and charity from sharks, for instance—ah, 'twas a brave schooling! and—pshaw!—to be preached to now?—as if I could forget!—as if I did not well know that if your poor, puling, first-born son were alive to day——"

"O William, William!—O viper!—and is it in this manner you speak of him who now is ashes?—of him who was your brother, and who loved you?—whose virtues were as white as even your sins are black? O son of the hardened heart!—scourge of your father!—shame of his gray hairs, and of his house and name! I *doom* you not to death *now*—I *bid* you die!"

"Curse me, then, own dear father, and so let me die."

"William!—but do not tempt me; I will not curse you. But prepare!—your clergyman shall visit you."

"For a hob-nob, then," interrupted William, smiling horribly, as he revisited the wine bottles.

"Do not touch it!" cried his father; "the accursed excitement has done but too much harm already." But seeing his commands were unattended to, he went on—"Your wife too shall visit you—your wife-widow I may call her."

"Let her not enter here!"

"And would not even *she* move you? She whom you love—your wedded wife—your young, your lovely, and matchless wife—the sound of whose name alone ought to crowd your eyes with tears—your hardened and lonely heart with most delicious sorrow!—O, had you seen her when the reports of your first more grievous offences reached us! She was sleeping calmly in her fair feebleness—the racking throes of the young mother's sufferings had just then passed out of her frame—she was sleeping, and she smiled in her sleep."

"I could have destroyed her, as I looked upon her!"

"No, no, you would have bent down gently, and kissed and blessed her."

"Cursed her!"

"From you that would have been superfluous; she has felt your actions as a curse already, and she is withering under it; she is a lily trampled upon—her life a sweet melody rudely interrupted."

"Let us part!"

"Personally cruel I am not; nor would I stint you in anything that may help to save your everlasting soul: so she, too, shall come, I say, and carrying your sinless little one in her arms."

"By hell, if ye so tempt me, I will—turning my head aside—snatch the poor little wretch from her arms, and, without once looking at it, dash its brains out! Tempt me not, I bid ye. I am sentenced—let me die—let me fall under your hand at once—do not cheat death of time that is his property!—leave me—begone!"

"Then we part, indeed, desperate man!—taint of the earth—horror of the earth and of your father—perish!—in obdurate and unrelenting sin perish—die in despair! Submit to the stroke, shrieking, and with your last looks fixed on heaven—blaspheme!"

"And you rejoice, then, excellent father!—rejoice at last in your satiated hatred—O the most monstrous hatred!—upon me—your son—your only son—your only, only child!—me, to whom you were never yet a father—in the name of nature, how could you spurn your own blood so?—ha! suppose I try to solve the black riddle? When avarice once touches the heart, we know it is a sin that quickly rusts and encrusts all over that heart;—and so, Sir Miles, calling me the spendthrift, and the prodigal, and I know not what, would you cautiously take my life—spill my young blood—to save your guineas, Sir Miles."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the father, starting back in utter horror and indignation—"O slanderer!—liar!—and ungrateful liar, too!—and monster, monster! I have promised to keep in my shriveling curse, and I will do so; but for such an insult—for such an inconceivable outrage—my very person as a father—nay, even as a man—calls on me to make some show of chastisement; and therefore—O slanderer!"—Sir Miles, passing him quickly, went through the form of inflicting a blow, and then left the room and locked the door on the outside.*

---

* To be continued.

A TALE OF THE CONSCRIPTION.

Among the thousands of French subjects who had to deplore the misery brought by the conscription, to none did that relentless system cause deeper anguish or severer trials than to Louise Dubois.

On a calm and sunny evening of August, in the year 18—, the inhabitants of the sequestered village of Berny might be seen collected in groups, reviling and lamenting the arbitrary measure which on the morrow was to wrench asunder all the sweet ties of domestic life. Fathers looked on their sons just ripening into manhood, revelling in the fresh joys of their young existence, and fancy presented the vigorous form stretched mangled and powerless on the gory battle-field! To the young men themselves, about to be torn from all they had been taught to love and value, glory was an unmeaning word, and fame held out no decoy sufficiently alluring to reconcile them to the destiny decreed by tyranny. Mothers, as they strained their first-born to the bosom which had nourished him, cursed the cruelty which deprived them of the pride and support of their declining years. The maiden, late so buoyant with hope and joy, gazed on her betrothed with tearful eye and blanched cheek, while affection sadly stamped upon her heart every feature and look of him she dreaded to think she might never behold again. But though sorrow had possession of nearly every abode in the village, none presented a scene of deeper anguish than the hitherto happy cottage of Paul Dubois.

Paul and his young wife were cousins and orphans. They had no recollection of when they first began to love each other. In infancy he had watched over Louise with the care and affection of a brother, but as they grew up, his manner assumed a tenderness which does not belong to that character. How hard he toiled to lay up money enough to pay the first year's rent of a piece of land which was afterwards to support them! for, without knowing how or when, they came to a mutual understanding that they were to be man and wife. His industrious efforts were successful; they were married, and their little crops made them an ample return. A beautiful child completed their happiness; all seemed to prosper with them, and he was on the eve of concluding an arrangement with his landlord respecting an additional portion of land, which he calculated would more than double his present resources—and then came the Conscription, which, like a frightful tornado, annihilated his plans and destroyed his hopes, and the sturdy peasant looked on the home and the blessings he had so hardly earned, and wept. His unconscious infant slept peacefully in his arms—his wife sat at his feet; she shed no tear, neither uttered she a syllable, but her quivering lip and large dark eye told a tale of agony which needed not words to make it intelligible. Occasionally her gaze wandered for a moment from her husband's face around their little dwelling, and then a sigh, like one from a breaking heart, escaped her, as each familiar object recalled scenes and hours never to be renewed!

Paul again commenced his oft-repeated attempts at consolation.—

"Do not look so mournfully, dearest Louise; your sad face will haunt me, and unfit me for everything; let us endeavour to keep up our spirits by remembering how swiftly time flies; why, the two years we have been married, *chère amie*, do they seem more than as many months?"

But here poor Paul was forced to cease; something seemed to choke him. Alas! in his eagerness to comfort her, he had unwittingly struck a chord which yielded only sounds of sorrow, for how strongly did those bright bygone hours to which he had alluded contrast with the dreary ones in store for them! He took her in his arms, and, as if acknowledging the futility of any attempt to reconcile her or himself to their cruel lot, he kissed and wept over her, giving unrestrained vent to the feelings of bitterness he had so long attempted to suppress.

* * * * *

Thirty conscripts went forth from the village of Berny to the shrill sound of the fife and wooden noise of the French drum. O what mockery did that merry music seem to the hearts of the mourners who remained! For many days after their departure, poor Louise passed the hours in the listless indolence produced by absorbing sorrow, unheeding the consolations of the neighbours who, in the midst of their own grief, were anxious to comfort, if possible, the desolate young mother, and regardless of all that concerned her own future prospects. It was not long, however, before tidings arrived that the division of the army to which the young men of Berny were attached was about to cross the Rhine. This intelligence roused Louise from her stupor. She conceived a plan which she lost no time in putting in execution.

On the Sunday following the day in which she had learned her husband's destination, so soon as the sun had risen, Louise ascended the hill which commands the village of Berny, her baby on one arm, a small bundle hanging from the other, and turning her back on the home and friends of her infancy, determined to walk to Strasburgh, a distance of two hundred miles, prepared to encounter fatigue, privation, perhaps insult, for the sole purpose—not of being *with* the object of her love—O no! that was happiness too great to dream of—but to be on a spot where a letter could reach her some hours earlier, and where, perhaps, she might meet an occasional straggler from the army—some one who had seen him, and could tell her how he looked and spoke, whether he was well or ill, sad or cheerful, and, in short, answer the endless questions she would have to ask.

At the period to which I refer, a very considerable augmentation of the military force had been required, and consequently the levy had not been confined to any particular province or district. During her long journey Louise scarcely entered a town, large or small, where she did not hear the voice of wailing and lamentation. But if the sights she daily beheld kept alive her own horror in all its freshness, the grief so many felt, in common with herself, procured for her and her child sympathy accompanied by kindness and hospitality, and as night approached, she was always certain of finding a seat at the board, and shelter beneath the roof of the first habitation she should enter.

At length her weary pilgrimage drew to a close. Before her rose the towers of Strasburgh, and as she pressed her infant closer to her bosom, a feeling almost of joy arose in her heart as she felt she was so much nearer to him who was her life of life. Traversing the city, and looking about on every side for accommodation humble enough to suit her scanty means, she stopped before a small house in one of the suburbs. The door was opened by a clean, kind-looking old woman; an arrangement was speedily concluded, and Louise installed in her strange home. Her first object was to obtain employment, by which she could support herself and child, and, applying to old Jeanneton, her landlady, asked if she could recommend her as a workwoman to any ladies in the town. There was something in the appearance and manner of Louise singularly winning, and they must have had a harder heart than Jeanneton who could have listened to her simple but affecting recital without feeling a desire to serve her.

"Are you a good embroideress?" asked the old woman, when she had heard her request.

"I have always been reckoned so," replied Louise; "I was brought up by the Ursulines, and they are noted for their skill in fancy works."

"Well, that's very fortunate," said Jeanneton, really happy at being able to forward her wishes. "My grand-daughter is femme de chambre to Madame de la Riviere, and she came to me only the other day to know if I could recommend any young person to her mistress to work her a dress. I will give you a line to Julie, and if they have not already found some one else, no doubt you will get it; but remember, my dear child, I hope you *are* skilful, for, if madame's dress should be spoiled, what should I do?"

Louise assured her kind friend she need be under no apprehension, as she was quite confident of giving satisfaction; and leaving her little child, with many a tender injunction, to her care, set forth in quest of the hoped-for employment. Perhaps it was that she began to feel the effects of her toilsome journey, or it might be, that parting with her infant for the first time, though but for so short a period, subdued and depressed her; but as she went on her unknown way, a feeling of sadness and apprehension came over her, making the distance, which in reality was trifling, appear interminable; yet, when arrived at the house, she felt an unaccountable reluctance to enter, and when, having conquered what she reproached herself for as folly, she asked for Julie, and gave her her grandmother's note, it was some time before she sufficiently subdued the emotions which had so strangely overcome her, to confirm the assertions it contained respecting her abilities. Julie was all kindness and attention, as all young Frenchwomen are to any one they see in distress, and made her rest and partake of refreshment before she would conduct her to her lady; and when she did so, descanted as volubly on the beauty of her work, as if she had seen it with her own bright eyes. The dress was brought and delivered to Louise, with a promise that if her work was approved of, she would have more to do when that was finished. While she was receiving her instructions, the Marquis de la Riviere entered his mother's room. He was a man apparently about five-and-thirty, eminently handsome; but the expression of his countenance struck one more forcibly than his beauty. It was singular—scarcely definable, but decidedly unpleasant. He gave you the idea of one who would scoff at virtue; and for any act of greatness, the result of its dictates, assign unworthy motives. On first coming into the apartment he fixed his eyes on Louise; and though he saw that his earnest look disturbed and annoyed her, he neither withdrew it, nor sought by speaking to lessen her confusion, but contrived to gaze on her for two or three minutes, then turned away, and during the remainder of her stay took no notice of her whatever.

* * * * *

"You are not the first," said Julie laughingly, "that Monsieur le Marquis has stared out of countenance. You must keep out of his way, for it is said he has worked woe to many as fair as yourself."

Louise only replied, "He can have nothing to say to me, for I am married."

The simplicity of this answer provoked a loud laugh from the town-bred abigail, with the exclamation, "Quelle innocence! mais c'est quelque chose de merveilleuse."

"What a pity that he does not marry," said Louise. "He would be happy then; he does not look so now."

"Madame would give the world that he was, for she has suffered a great deal on his account; but his only answer, when she urges him to do so, is, that he knows women too well ever to think of it."

Louise opened her large dark eyes in astonishment, and went home with her work. How her heart beat, as her child, who could now go alone, came toddling from the door to meet her! Her bosom felt lightened of half its load at the prospect of being able to earn enough by her needle to keep her baby and herself from want. Could she but get a letter from Paul—could she only obtain the longed-for intelligence that he was well, she would be content. In a space of time so short, that Julie declared her fingers must be fairies, the dress was completed and taken home. As she was leaving the house, she met Monsieur de la Riviere, who stopped, and, paying her some trifling compliment, put a napoleon in her hand.

Louise, confused and abashed, tendered him the money, saying, "Thank you, sir, madame has already settled with me."

"Well, child, but if I choose to make you a trifling present, you do not mean to say you will refuse it?"

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," replied the poor girl, blushing painfully, "but I would rather not."

He looked at her incredulously for a moment, but there was a simple earnestness in her manner that could not be affected; and as she still held out the coin to him, he took it with a half sneer, and muttering to himself "Attendons," passed on.

Louise went home, but she felt ill at ease; a presentiment of coming evil hung heavily upon her. It might be, and she tried to think it was only the effect of the fatigue and anxiety she had lately undergone; but she could not shake it off. Her health, too, began to cause her uneasiness. Instead of allowing herself the repose necessary to recover from the fatigues of her painful journey, she had, from the moment in which she obtained work, stolen many hours from each night's rest to complete the daily task she had allotted herself. Her landlady was kind and friendly, but very poor, earning a scanty subsistence by going out to do such trifling work as her strength permitted; and Louise began to be nervously afraid that the time was not far distant in which she should be unable to procure necessaries for her child. She felt she was over-taxing her strength, but would not give up.

One morning, having completed some embroidered caps, she took them home, and learned, to her dismay, that Madame de la Riviere set out for Paris the following week for the remainder of the winter. Her heart sank within her at this intelligence, and something seemed to whisper that trials severer than any she had yet encountered were now about to commence. She walked slowly from the house, and tears she was unable to restrain fell from her eyes when, on turning the corner of the street, a cabriolet, which was coming rapidly in the opposite direction, suddenly stopped, and Monsieur de la Riviere, jumping out, took her hand, and asked her in a tone of real interest what was the matter. When she had told him, he said, "I am not going to Paris, and you must let me be your friend, Louise." He looked at her as if expecting a reply, but Louise did not even guess his meaning. There was something in his manner which always made her feel uncomfortable, but she was too pure even to comprehend a dishonest insinuation. She sought employment from other quarters, but could fine none.

The weather, which had been unusually mild for the season, suddenly changed—a severe frost set in. Poor old Jeanneton got a severe attack of rheumatism, which confined her to her bed, and Louise found herself in a strange place without friends or work, with no other resource to keep herself, her child, and the friend who had saved her from starving, but the few francs remaining of what she had earned; and to add to her misery, the object for which she had encountered it, had not been realised. She had not seen a creature from the army—not a line had reached her from her husband. The poor girl would sit and count her little horde, as if by doing so she could double its value; but, alas! notwithstanding her care and economy, it rapidly diminished. It soon got so low that she had recourse to curtailing her own allowance of food, to prevent her child and her friend finding any diminution in theirs. She grew thinner and paler every day, but that she heeded not. "How much longer shall I be able to give bread to my child?" was the thought that haunted her unceasingly, and well might it do so now, for she had but one franc remaining—her last! and when that was gone!——

She had looked on it in agony not to be described, and in the stillness of night her fevered imagination conjured up scenes of horror: she saw her child, pale and emaciated, asking for food—and she had none to give it. Then her husband, wounded and bleeding, stood before her, reproaching her with having left their native village, where at least she and her child would not have been allowed to starve. Exhausted and unrefreshed, she arose and went to purchase provisions, as she felt, for the last or nearly the last time. Once or twice the idea had occurred to her of asking Monsieur de la Riviere to recommend her to some of his friends; but a feeling powerful, though to her incomprehensible and undefined, had always, even in her extreme destitution, prevented her from doing so. As she returned slowly from the market-place, all she had in the world being now only a few sous, she met him. He looked earnestly at her, and asked her if she still lived in the same place. She replied in the affirmative. "You look very ill," he said; "I will come and see you, and talk over your affairs." The poor girl, hoping he might serve her, and rescue her from her present misery, could scarcely thank him, but tears of gratitude chased each other down her pale cheeks; he turned abruptly away, merely saying, "I will call this morning;" and Louise, with a feeling of hope which had been long unknown to her, hastened home, and seating herself beside her child, awaited his arrival.

* * * * *

He held up again the glittering treasure, and in a voice as calm and unmoved as if he had been speaking on the most indifferent subject, he continued: "I repeat, here are two thousand francs, a fortune to persons in your station of life—you can procure a substitute for your husband, and live in comfort all the rest of your life; I will take care he does not quarrel with the means by which you will have procured him ease and happiness. On the other hand, consider well the consequences of a refusal—you acknowledge that you have but a few sous remaining. You have already nearly starved yourself to give food to your child; in a few days at farthest your sacrifice will be of no avail, your last sous will be gone, your infant will pine and die before your eyes, and you will remember that it was in your power to save her, and you refused to do so."

Louise did not interrupt him. In the first bitterness of her disappointment she burst into tears, and wept as those only weep who, exhausted by suffering, behold their last earthly hope snatched from them. After a little time her tears ceased, and she sat as if unconscious of all around her. But though motionless, save an occasional sobbing sigh, and to outward seeming calm, who shall tell the agonising thoughts that made her brain throb and burn, while her heart felt cold and heavy as death itself? She fancied all that had befallen her was in token of disapprobation at the course she had adopted. Disappointment had attended her every hope. It was now eight months since she had written to her husband, and not one line from him had she yet received. Perhaps her letter had never reached him. That was a bitter thought—but bitterer still was the idea that, ignorant of her removal, he might have written to her at Berny, where even now a letter might be lying for her. The possibility of such a circumstance almost drove her mad, and she cursed the impatience which had made her come to Strasburg. She would instantly retrace her steps and obtain the longed-for treasure. She rose and took up her child, as though she were about to put her plan into immediate execution; but, alas! she was speedily convinced of its utter impracticability. Her little girl was nearly a year older than when she had performed the journey before, while she herself, who was at that time in perfect health, was now exhausted with misery and starvation. Just as this unwelcome conviction forced itself upon her, the measured, calculating words of him she began to believe a messenger direct from the Evil One, smote upon her ear—"You will see your child pine and die before your eyes, and remember you had it in your power to save it, and would not." Another passion of tears burst from that breaking heart, as kneeling at the infant's feet, and clasping her arms round its sweet head, she strained it wildly to her bosom. "O God!" she cried, "be thou my friend, give food to my infant, but save her mother from infamy." She arose calmer and less despairing, for her prayer was pure and sincere. She addressed the tempter, "I have still a trifle left, and before that is gone, He, who forsakes not those who trust in him, will afford me honourable means of existence."

De la Riviere looked at her as he would have gazed on the performance of a magician, watching with a jealous eye to detect any sleight of hand, fearing to give credit to what he beheld, lest he should discover that what had excited his admiration and wonder was only a common cheat. We have said but little respecting the beauty of Louise; but beautiful she was, and now, as she stood in all the lustre of beauty and holiness, a sculptor, who had wished to embody virtue, might have taken her for his model.

"Well," he said at length, "take your own way; I am still willing to assist you on certain conditions. I shall leave the money here; if your present hopes fail you, and you choose to comply with them, it is yours—use it freely; but should I hear nothing from you, I shall conclude it is untouched, and return for it in a fortnight."

"Oh! for the love of Heaven, as you hope for mercy yourself, show it to me—leave not the money here!" Her tone showed the agony she endured. "O tempt me not so sorely," she continued. "On my knees I implore you to take it away, and leave me to my poverty and God's care. Who shall answer for themselves when one dearer than life asks for bread, and the price of guilt lies before them? Take it away—if you know what mercy is, O take it away!" She raised her eyes imploringly. He was gone; and on the table lay the bag of money; and there sat her child, pale and terrified at a scene so unusual; and she was alone with misery and temptation.

Ten days had elapsed since that trying visit. The last saleable article had been disposed of, and the provisions it had supplied were consumed. For twenty-four hours the child had not tasted food. The wretched mother sat on the side of the bed, in which it lay sleeping from exhaustion—a sleep how unlike the slumber of health! A low moan broke repeatedly from its lips, and every time that sound met the mother's ear, it seemed to send a pang through her heart, which she pressed with her hand as if to still its beating. She was pale as marble, but not even the trace of a tear was visible on her cheek. After a time, the child's sleep seemed easier, and soon its breathing became inaudible. Suddenly Louise, who had never taken her eyes from her face, rose from her seat and bent over the bed for a moment, then sobbing hysterically, she said, "God of goodness, take me likewise," and threw herself beside it.

Even this her sad hope cheated her. The child was not dead, as she had imagined; it opened its languid eyes, stretching out its little hand, murmured feebly, "Du pain, maman." The wretched girl shrieked with agony, and springing from what she had hoped would have been her resting-place from woe, she pressed her hands to her burning brow, and remained for some moments a prey to torture which convulsed her whole frame. Slowly she uncovered her face, and, spite of its beauty, it was fearful to look upon. The big drops stood on her pale forehead, her lips were colourless, while her eyes seemed dilated beyond their natural size. She took her child in her arms, and kissing it with a vehemence that seemed to partake almost of insanity, "Je l'aurai," she said, in a voice of desperation. She rose—but her steps were unsteady, she was obliged to cling to the wall for support—but she reached the cupboard where she had hid the money that she might not look upon it; she opened the bag, and taking out some silver, quitted the house.

* * * * * *

Again was Louise beside her child, but this time the infant did not ask in vain for bread—food of the best quality, and in abundance, was there. O how eagerly she watched it as it ate heartily, showing that as yet it had suffered no serious injury from its fast. The poor old woman, who from suffering and age was become quite imbecile, was not forgotten, and while the two extremes of life were satisfying their wants, unconscious of the terrible price at which they did so, Louise sat down and penned the following note:—

"I know not what you are, but your dreadful words have come to pass. I *have* seen my child pining and dying. She asked me for bread—I had none to give her—I bought some with your money. I prayed for death, but it would not come—so I sold myself to give her food."

The night was cold and dismal—the rain beat against the window—the wind swept by in mournful gusts—a miserable bit of candle served to show the utter destitution of the cottage. There was no fire; but by the cheerless hearth sat Louise miserably clad, her eyes fixed on her sleeping child; it seemed, indeed, as if all she had retained of life was derived from gazing on her infant. A carriage stopped, and a low knock was heard at the door. Louise trembled violently, but rose and gave admission to the man who took such cruel advantage of her misery. Even he, impassable as he usually appeared, almost started as he looked on her; she was so pale, so shadowy, and her hand, as he took it in his, had the clammy coldness of death.

"Why have you brought yourself to this, Louise?" he said. "But come away—this is no place to remain in longer. I love you, and will make you forget all this wretchedness."

She made no resistance—she was passive as an infant in his hands; only she gave him a note directed to his mother's housekeeper, who had shown her great kindness when she had been in the habit of going to the house, and requested it might be delivered immediately. "It was only," she said, "to beg her to come and remain with her child till her return; or, if she never came back, to be a mother to it, and a friend to Jeanneton."

As she spoke, her voice was firm and clear, but so low, so mournful, it sounded like a distant knell, borne to the ear on the evening breeze of summer.

"You shall never return to this wretched place," said the marquis; but the old woman shall be taken care of, and your child shall be brought to you."

She made no reply—she turned not once to look on the bed where lay the helpless little being for whom she sacrificed herself, but clasping her hands for a moment, as if in earnest prayer, suffered him to place her in the carriage. It stopped at his own door. As he alighted she saw him give her letter to the servant, with orders to deliver it immediately; and as she heard his injunction she drew a deep breath, as if a weight were removed from her heart. He led her into a well-warmed room, where a table was laid with everything that could tempt the appetite. On one side there was a pair of folding-doors, leading into a bed-chamber, and they were half open. As the wretched girl saw it, she trembled so violently that she was obliged to lean on a chair for support. He pressed her to eat—she sickened at the sight of the delicacies spread before her, but in the same calm chilly voice in which she had before spoken, asked for a glass of water, and, taking it with a steady hand, turned her back on him. The marquis no longer suppressed an expression of wonder and admiration; he watched her narrowly, and in an instant springing to her side, and seizing a paper which she had let fall, dashed the yet untasted goblet from her lips."

"Forbear!" he cried; "make me not a murderer. Oh, Louise, look on me. I, who have never bent the knee to aught on earth or in heaven, kneel to you for forgiveness. No, not for countless empires would I sully purity like yours. Till now, I thought holiness and virtue were but a fable. Base that I was, to require such proofs of the excellency of woman! But forgive me, Louise. 'Tis now my turn to sue for mercy, and, angel as you are, I feel that, sorely as I have tried you, I shall not plead in vain. Do not hate me for my cruelty, but try to look on me as a brother, and one whose greatest happiness will consist in promoting yours."

The girl looked on him as he knelt at her feet, and she gazed wildly, and passed her hands across her eyes as though she thought it was all a dream; but the tone of truth cannot be mistaken, and as she became convinced of the sincerity of his words, the revulsion of feeling was too great for her exhausted frame—she burst into a wild laugh, and fell senseless on the floor.

For many days she lay hovering between life and death, and when, at length, her youth and good constitution triumphed over disease, and her consciousness returned, it was long before she could be convinced that all she saw was not a deceitful dream, which would melt away, and leave her desolate as before. She lay in a comfortable bed, in a cheerful, neatly-furnished apartment. Her child, the picture of health, was playing on the floor, while Jeanneton, well clothed, sat in an arm-chair beside a blazing fire. A smiling young girl stood by the bed, and gave her a draught, which seemed to endow her with new life. It was not, however, till two days afterwards that the physician allowed her to receive a letter which her young attendant had been most anxious to give her. It was from the Marquis de la Riviere, and contained the following words:—

"Noble Louise, I will not talk of reparation—I can never make you amends for the suffering I have caused; but let me show you, at least, that I am anxious to make what atonement is in my power. The cottage you are in, with the land attached to it, is settled on your husband, together with a pension of a thousand francs a year. I have found a substitute for him, and he will be with you in a few days; I have interest enough to prevent his ever being called upon to serve again. Forgive me, I implore you, and let me speedily hear of your recovery. Remember, till I do, I know not whether I am a murderer or not. Pray to God that you may recover, that so I may be spared being the destroyer of her who has been a guardian angel to my soul."

What a restorative is happiness! It freshens the heart like summer showers. And, O the bright and lovely things which spring forth beneath its influence, where all before was scorched and arid. It was not more than a year after the foregoing circumstances that the narrator of them first beheld Louise. It was on a beautiful evening in the latter end of August. The cottage stood in the midst of corn-fields, full of wheat-sheaves. Beneath a porch grown over with jasmine and honeysuckle sat old Jeanneton, watching with almost childish glee the little girl who was making a garland of wild flowers. Paul was arranging a parterre in which his beautiful wife took great delight, and she stood beside him a living exemplification that virtue has its reward. When she was not giving him directions about her garden, she continued working at something she held in her hand. I had been in conversation with them some time, when I could not help remarking how beautiful the embroidery was on which she was employed, and asked her what it was for? She answered, "It is a dress for the young Marquise de la Riviere's first child."

THE BROTHERS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! brother, we have met again! what tedious years have past,
Since we strayed upon yon breezy hills in careless boyhood last:
We parted, each elate with hope; wide seas between us rolled;
I sought in sultry eastern climes to gather heaps of gold,
And you consumed the midnight oil in themes abstruse and deep,
Striving to climb the topmost height of learning's thorny steep.
We roam once more, dear brother, in our native glades and bowers,
And surely hopes were never crowned so brilliantly as ours.

I come enriched with countless wealth from India's spicy shore,
And in brilliant pomps and luxuries diffuse my lavish store,
While you the homage and the praise of learned men command,
And claim a noble rank amid the wise ones of the land:
Yet, brother, are we happy when we sit beside the hearth?
Do we breathe the tones of joyfulness, or smile the smiles of mirth?
No, no; your brow bespeaks a heart too ready to repine,
And well I know the feeling is reflected back in mine.

Dear brother, to our loved pursuits our constant thoughts we gave,
And never seemed the tenderness of faithful friends to crave;
You gathered classic treasures, and I sought for Mammon's spoil,
Uncheered by woman's gentle eye, by woman's kindly smile.
We gained our wish—but barren is the scene that round us lies;
We boast not friendship's cordial joys, or love's endearing ties;
We never thought of others in the summer that has gone,
And we stand, in life's dull wintry eve, unloved, unblest, alone.

Oh! if a parent's bliss were ours, how happy might we be,
Surrounded by the dear ones we had fondled on our knee!
With fatherly delight I might deck some blushing girl
In the brightly flashing diamond, or the softly gleaming pearl;
While you through learning's labyrinth might lead your ardent son
To grasp still higher honours than his gifted sire had won;
Our wives might smile beside us in their tenderness and truth,
And welcome in their offspring a second brighter youth.

Oh! brother, we have toiled in vain—we have not met success
In life's great aim—we have not reached the goal of happiness;
Yet our cold and selfish vanities still bind us to the sod,
Nor dare we put the world aside, and give ourselves to God;
The gentle charities of earth—the ties of wedded love—
These smooth the path of man below, and guide his way above;
But we never sought them, brother, and our vaunted wealth and fame
End in a splendid lonely hearth—a proud and empty name.

SHAKSPEARE FANCIES.[1]

No. IV.

PORTIA AND JOANNA BAILLIE.

Children are particularly apprehensive of meanness in their parents: it disgusts them, and they can never forgive or forget it. To reflect on this baseness is the revenge adopted by the young ones to atone for all the petty annoyances to which its owner has subjected them; and a bitter, deep, and powerful revenge it is. Parents, for their own interests, if not for their children's, should treat them well. Foster no loved vice, nor look to obtain their co-operation; for they will assuredly hurry into an opposite extreme, and undo all your long-cherished plans. Fancy not you have a sympathising hearer when you make a confidant of him whom you have ill-used; he but laughs at you behind your back, and his merriment is all you get for your pains. You are mean thus to trouble him with your paltry concerns: you, who have neither pitied his sorrows nor relieved his distresses, how can you, like a silly fool, expect him to do aught but revel in your ill luck? It is absurd to advise youth against their chosen joys —to command what is against the grain, and to which you have no means of insuring obedience. If we study human nature, we will hope for no paragons; but ever attend common failings, for which rational allowance is to be made; bearing no ill will to the erring, though, with propriety, we undisguisedly condemn their course. We are to remember that once we had like failings; or, in all probability, worse; and that now we have those which are the usual accompaniments of our age. Risk not an inducement to deceit: order little, and question less. Nothing elicits lying propensities like vain prohibitions and impertinent queries. It is ridiculous to anticipate that perfection in a servant which nowhere on earth can be discovered: and how unjust to be out of sorts with an unfortunate domestic, because he resembles all the world beside! Let us, above all things, shun manœuvring, which the most stupid child will ultimately detect, and our own weapons will be wielded to our discomfiture.

Children are never moved by their parents' complaints of servants; they always take the part of the latter, with whom their own servitude has more communion. How joyous are spirited damsels when narrow-hearted fathers take their departure, whose absence is indeed a relief, whose presence a nearly unendurable burden! If you wish to rid yourself of your daughter, bind her fast, and render yourself disreputable in her eyes. Jessica, notwithstanding her improprieties, appears now in a more interesting light than heretofore, when she was merely the designer of duplicity, and the confider in her footboy. Even then she was the prisoned nun, the merciful mistress; not, like Master

---

[1] Continued from p. 157.

Squeers, adopting the sentiments of her sire; not pining at her state, though resolving, when opportunity offered, to better it; enjoying the good that befel, and living in trust that the evil which encompassed her would pass away. Her situation is touching, and we love her during the interview with her father; she was very wise to utter no comment on his petulant directions; a tragedy queen would have moaned beneath her afflictions; Jessica is too sensible for a pathetic heroine. We can scarcely blame the trick she plays on her sire, for we are aware, as well as she, that he would have trafficked on her affections, regarding them, equally with his money-bags, his inalienable property. He would have dearly liked to bestow her on one of the tribe, who would have maintained the strictness of his discipline; then he would have said, "Thou hast seen, thine eyes have been thy judge, the difference between old Shylock and friend Tubal:" he would savour her misery, believing that it would lead her to esteem her previous bondage to him comparative happiness, as the Israelites on their perilous pilgrimage regarded their slavery in the land of Egypt. But how vexations multiplied upon him when he knew her happy, uncurbed, and with a Christian; independent of himself, despising her bygone life, as a boy, during the first week of release in vacation, contemns his past school-days! How modest, true, loving, playful, and attractive, does Jessica exhibit herself in the scene of elopement! She now assumes her station as a pretty, loveable, sensible girl; before, she was degraded into a mere cunning maiden and vulgar drudge.

Antonio loves Bassanio as if he were his younger brother, his son, or as a young wife would love her bridegroom. He guards him, and serves him; admires his virtues, and perceives attractive metal in his failings. He holds him ever in remembrance, and lays *his* interests more to heart than his own; in living for Bassanio he is happy, in existing for himself he were sad. He breathes but for his friend; and yet there is nothing selfish, jealous, or exacting in his friendship—the proofs of his attachment he pushes but so far as they tend to his protegé's well-being—the greater number who love him, the better pleased is his protector. Popularity is his son's due, and *he* will never restrict his intercourse—he offers no hinderance to his marriage, though sensible that the first-fruits of affection will no longer appertain to the secondary object. On the contrary, he urges forward the courtship, aiding its progress, annihilating every obstacle, and triumphing beforehand in the expected success of his darling one. Where shall we find his compeer? And yet, with all his unselfishness, and apparent enjoyment of the departure, his heart is ready to burst at the farewell; but not on his own sorrow will he for an instant ponder. It comes uncalled-for, stays unbidden, and unencouraged departs—the outpouring of nature—the flow of almost womanly tenderness, like that of a mother over her sucking child. It has more of pleasure than pain—the effusion of love, which augments by its plenteousness, and is thus watered into, if possible, vaster fertility. Which is greater—the love of Portia or that of Antonio for Bassanio? They are actual rivals, and, wonderful to relate, friendly competitors, for theirs are kindred souls. Happy Bassanio! how few men possess such a friend and such a lover! And as Antonio is free from jealousy, his largeness of spirit diffuses itself amongst those around, who, in their turn, are not envious of his overweening attachment to Bassanio.

Men who live much in solitude, and in the indulgence of a certain train of thought, come almost unconsciously to utter their meditations aloud. Thus Shylock gives voice to all his frets, and submits rather to ridicule than to restrain his peevishness. He has no friends in whom to confide; and he must, in self-defence, catch the ear of the public, who receive his communications with scorn and mockery. Dearly bought are his riches, dearly bought the accumulations of usury which yield such foul returns! Which does he love most—his daughter or his ducats? The first attachment is a matter of course; the second is a fostered passion, the fruit of education and zealous self-tuition—the reward of lengthened toil, and the sole source of delight. How different are the bearings of Brabantio and the Jew under their pretty similar trials! The former is reasonable and affectionate; and when he learns that Desdemona's elopement has been spontaneous, he relinquishes further interposition; while Shylock, in a like predicament, strains every nerve to regain Jessica, that he may chide her, recover his treasures, and incessantly wreak his spite on her for their abstraction: the former is measured and dignified—a gentleman in a word; the latter passionate, mean, and an unrefined son of Adam; there was much to favour the cultivation of the former, and to retrograde that of the latter. Antonio was too upright to be made privy to the flight of the lovers, though, *sub rosâ*, he enjoyed it, as his harmless enmity to the Israelite was thereby gratified; his good-nature was pleased by the success of the pretty Jewess in her exploit, and by the good fortune of the christian Lorenzo in his wooing, for he shared the happiness of his fellow-creatures.

How charming is the deportment of the queenly Portia! What a regulated mind was hers, to enable her to maintain such composure while her fate for life hung in the scales! A phrenologist must have found her cranium pretty smooth; such an equiponderance of properties as she displayed!—none afore or after other—like an instrument faultlessly modulated:—she combined energy and sweetness, talent and amiability, decision and pliability, self-respect, and appreciation of others. She duly estimates the difference between the Moor and the Arragonian; and though polite, as became her and them, to each, yet she is more kind and consolatory to the former, because the latter was all-sufficient to himself. The former is proud, the latter haughty—the former deems nobly of himself, but he does not hence scorn all the world; the latter, without discovering reflection on the subject to be necessary, is assured of his towering supremacy, all others being in comparison but refuse and dross—the former admires Portia extremely, believing it barely possible that she may be his superior; the latter regards her as nearly sufficiently good; a fine woman, certainly, or he should not have glanced on her; but he excelled—the former possesses proper pride, and wishes to ascend rather than descend in society, and at all events to retain his present notable position; the latter considers himself of too much innate greatness to decline; it mattered not what the nature of his communications might be; his pure gold admitted of no alloy; his associates were fixed upon by taste, and not principle; *they* might be partially ennobled, and *he* could not be adulterated—the former implored the assistance of the gods, the latter carelessly tossed his fortune into the hands of fate—the former fears the difficulties which beset the trial, the latter despises the cause which dared to throw obstacles in his path—the former reasons himself into not doubting of his merits, the latter dreams not of hesitation, fancying that, in his instance, others would imagine such a thing fully as much out of the question as he could himself—the former was glad in Portia's fame, and would continue to be so, partaking cheerfully in its benefits, unless his contentment was spoiled by the devices of a tempter; the latter merely tolerated her celebrity, determining, when his rule came, to put a stop to it—the former was open and quick-tempered, the latter sulky and tyrannical—dread of the misconceived threat, and of deserving its enforcement, uncertainty of his worthiness, and high valuation of Portia, an opinion which he foolishly conceived to be unwisely demonstrated by the caskets, misled the Moor; ignorant contempt of what made no outward show, and of the many, who were, nevertheless, many degrees worthier than himself, a little learning, which is more detrimental at times than simple ignorance that trusts to natural instinct, and obstinate faith in his own elevation, misguiding the Spaniard—the former wasted words in direct praise of Portia, the latter spent breath in collateral self-praise—the former had a liking of magnificence, for which the Arragonian had too cold a soul—the death's head was appropriately the Moor's, to remind him that "vanity of vanities, all is vanity;" the fool's head suited the latter, who, wrapt in self, disregarded the bounties spread upon the lap of nature, and dully lost sight of the joys stored up for the charitable in eternity.

How courtly is the advance of Bassanio! and Portia is almost convinced, when she hears the mode of approach, that none but he could prove so dainty and discerning an ambassador; but she does not acknowledge her apprehension, and the only alteration of mien which a close observer could detect is a joyous exaltation of manner. The succeeding act is indeed a masterpiece, where every scene overflows with matter illustrative of human nature, eloquence, and poetry. The noble, right, and straightforward mind of Portia is contrasted by the crooked, base, and perverted one of Shylock; and both are shadowed in such powerful tints, that although the former is an object of surpassing beauty, the latter, as by the eye of a basilisk, almost equally fascinates us. The influence of Portia may be likened to the glow of the noonday sun; that of Shylock to one dazzling lamp in the midnight gloom of a lengthy corridor.

What a torment is a suspicious temper to those who have it, and to those who are obliged to be in contact with it! It has something the effect of the Popish confessional, inducing the sins which it pretends to guard against. If we desire to banish an object of love from our recollections, the most simple may be aware that the method of doing so is vigorously to employ the mind on other subjects. If we wish permanently to fix the passion, let us analyse our own feelings thereon

—trace its origin, continuation, increase, and subsequent power—recal all the emotions to which it has given rise; the remembrance will be tenfold more delicious than the rough-draft enjoyment, for the memory of pleasure is more refinedly voluptuous than its participation—let us picture to ourselves loving looks, let us imagine thrilling touches, delicate and heart-subduing attentions, for the drawing will be infinitely more impassioned, passion-inspiring, and soul-quelling than the original—the fancy than the reality. Then we shall involuntarily proceed from the past to the future, and anticipations will be so glorious as for ever to baffle fruition. If we perceive in another the existence of a passion whose growth we are anxious to check, let us pass no verbal comment on it, and avoid the appearance of close observation—let us not exhibit uneasiness, nor aversion to, nor dread of its continuance, nor horror of its augmentation—let us not manifest curiosity, nor ask questions which might be reservedly answered, and lend the interest of secrecy to the affair, or which, if even truly applied to, would but quicken the flame, affording fresh fuel, and being nearly as provocative as private musings or mysterious confessions. No; though the object of unlicensed affection were altogether removed, we ought not to talk over bygone sentiment: we could not foresee to what wild and headlong acts this stirring up of old sensations, this revival of sensibility, strengthened rather than abated, might incite. Let us, on the contrary, invent pleasing occupations, and aid in their fulfilment; whether the commencement be entirely agreeable or not, by a gentle and scarcely observable force, insisting on their pursuance, unintermittingly exercising an irresistible influence, the machinery of which is apparently so simple as to elude observation, and really so complicated as to puzzle the person for whose benefit it works; the employments must be interesting without being too exciting; tasking the brain, and giving some trouble, but not asking too much labour, for that would create a distaste—sufficient to stimulate and pique the spirit to progression, without inducing fatigue, is requisite—without the semblance of maintaining strict watch, yet let us never permit her to be out of sight—let us arrange our affairs so as to necessitate us to remain in her society—let us, if possible, have recourse to her advice, and in every event shun separation. If we have been hitherto kind in manner, let us now be doubly so—if we have been harsh, let us, at whatever pains, tutor ourselves into gentleness, overwhelming her with lovingness, as Lady Annabella did Venetia Herbert.

We have no hold upon underlings if we always suspect them, for we leave them an opening, when there is room for offence, to retort that we are ever distrustful: having been proved innocent before, they will assert that the case is now similar, because guilt is daring. Why not, they will also soliloquise, enjoy the pleasure, while we bear the blame of transgression? Those who are not under the timorous man's rule will only make sport of his mistrust, and, instead of being affected by his accusations, mock him for having permitted or given rise to the ill which he endeavours to father on them. There is a matter-of-fact truth in Shylock's wit which is worth all the mere playing upon words possible—it is genuine ore—the substance, and not the shadow: there is an originality in his fretfulness which is more than equivalent to a combination of all spurious passions, false heroics, and semi-vexations, and yet different from the depth of tragic emotion, which is harrowing—it is on the surface, as it were, stimulating like the prick of a spur, without penetrating far—not mawkishly entertaining a passive recipient, but briskly exciting, like the sparkle of champagne; like the dry humour of a friend, whose scolding, though unreasonable, from its raciness we more than endure, we relish, disliking to lose a word of it; like the bitter of the damascene, which adds zest to its flavour; like the acid of pickles, which anew whets the blunted appetite. How full of life are the portraits of Shakspeare!—not merely life-like. What sly smartness does Shylock display by the manner in which he plays upon Antonio! Aware of his weak points, the Jew pretends to imitate his liberality, and suiting himself to his fancies, demands no interest, seeking for nought but thanks: he bettered his instruction, and turned the master's implements against his own bosom. His thorough contempt of the victim was the sweetest morsel in his vengeance. It is an unspeakable and a hoarded comfort to discover grounds for scorn in those who have slighted, disdained, affronted, and treated us as inferiors, while at the same time they have deemed themselves condescending beyond measure, and using us with infinite kindness. But every little service, so conferred, only cements the wall of hatred springing in the wide breach which sunders fellow-creatures, that ought by right to possess community of feeling. Woe to those who designedly exalt themselves! misfortune to those who unwittingly do so! The wheel of fortune ever revolves, and we who are now abased may, by pains-taking, gradually ascend.

It is a question whether those who are most sensible of injuries are not likewise so of benefits: the sensitive only are capable of gratitude, to tears. Often, however, the disdainful are not much to be blamed, their neglect arising from natural inability to perceive the becoming, the acceptable, and the discreet; and though the degraded must suffer transient annoyance, they will be more silly than their prosecutors if they allow the molestation further to perplex. Shylock, notwithstanding how he might once conduct himself in order to effect his purpose, was no habitual hypocrite. Not being ashamed of his wickedness, he rather exaggerated than diminished it; and the dissembler rarely mends; the trouble he takes to appear good nearly satisfies his conscience, and leaves him scarcely time for radical improvement. When we seem wise we are instinctively self-complacent, as when we are well dressed. There is more hope of the barefaced sinner being awed to, or convinced of, the necessity of repentance. Whose society is most profitable?—that of him whose words are a true index to his mind; whose ideas, embraced, not from imitation, but from individual selection, are virtually his own; whose feelings are unaffectedly demonstrated—nothing added to or taken from—what is, stiff and strong, like half-and-half punch; even though those words should be uncharitable, those ideas erroneous, and those feelings inhuman. We may vastly profit by a ready spokesman of this desired species; he teaches much more than the reserved man, who is only a subject for guess-work. The quickfeeler and ready-teller is invaluable to a philosopher and moraliser—immoderate wealth pines for boundless riches. What joy surpasses that of gloating over gold, one's own hardly-earned treasure! before one discovers that guineas purchase not happiness, nor exemption from the miseries of life—joy such as the author's over his just-finished work, before time has cooled him to a quiet perception of its faults, follies, errors, and common-placeness—joy such as the mother's over her new-born child, before she has learned, by overhearing the opinion of strangers, that every feature is not the *beau-ideal* of personal beauty, and by experience that he is partaker of the sins to which all flesh is heir.

Portia, no longer the firm and independent woman, is now more interesting than ever, for women's attractiveness lies in yieldingness and dependence; and now our heroine leans for happiness, support, guidance, and direction, upon Bassanio. She trembles like an unfledged bird, lest he should not succeed in obtaining legal dominion over her; she will have him to act the usurper for a darling interregnum, lest the election should prove unfavourable. She imagines that his mere presence would content her—O that this hazard were not needful! She evinces that her passion is real by doubting its existence—it is not love, she fancies; it is simply natural gratification in his profitable society, good-will, benevolence, *bonhomie:* she sees how much her influence elates him, how many joys he derives from it, and she charitably desires to prolong the pleasures of her friend, incited by pure friendship, unsexual attachment; she dotes on him like a sister, like a brother; and she has that veneration towards him which inspires a sister for a brother, whose sex has placed him above her, given him experience, introduced to a hundred-fold more extended society, caused to be instructed with more solidity, and informed of more true knowledge. Men are infinitely exalted above women; but as rank does not insure content, as the peasant may be more light-hearted than the queen, so this elevation does not bestow a greater degree of felicity. How love weakens the judgment, while it endows other faculties with genius before undreamt of! Where was imagination till now?—powers of glorious exaltation, brilliant description, and softest fascination. Where was refinement from corporeal cares? We can live on air, and sleep on visions. No stoic could compete in bearing pain with the enamoured girl. She could walk through flames. Courage, bravery, heedlessness of self, where were ye till now? While love, as it were, endues her with a new sense; the sorrow, pain, slightest uneasiness of another thrills her; her veins tingle with suffering which her own aches have ceased to induce. An invisible chain, the golden links of sunny souls, unites them. This communion is bliss upon earth, and this alone. Yet she is, as the inspired Pythoness, capable of all things, save of analysing her own emotions, and scrutinising her internal sensations. Let the excitement pass, and she looks back upon it as an enchanted dream, a maddening joy, a delirious rapture, an ocean of the blest, which drowned all previous and sublunary recollections, transfiguring the indwellers, while they reclined on its fairy sea, to gods and goddesses. Like Venus, they rise in beauty from the waves, but to be mingled again with earthly dross, sullied and polluted; but to be again mixed with all the vileness from which during those halcyon days they had been laved, borne onward by the billows, yet intoxicated, and unconscious of progression. Happy that such hallucination does not last, or we should be too blissful to reflect on death without repining, too preoccupied to think on preparations against eternity!

Maidens are told that they should give no tongue to their thoughts; but the rule is oftener broken through than adhered to. Portia, like Desdemona, was superior to her lover; that is, rich, while he was poor. Every woman is, however, once in her life enthroned; that is during courtship, when her suitor bows and bends like a slave. The parts are then reversed, as they once were with Scython, that he might not be devoid of the advantages of experience on any point; and thus a poor female is for a short space allowed to taste the pleasures of command. But by women of a noble order this rule is gently exercised, nay, is voluntarily resigned; and they entreat, as the greatest favour which can be conferred, that their lover will take the sceptre from their hands, and, as deputy, govern both him and themselves. They only retain the power of showing mercy and showering benefits—of robbing themselves to enrich him—of lavishing on him all their possessions. Yet Portia, though she yields all herself, will not give up one jot of virtue; and her lofty principle shines out like a sun from the cloud of temptation. And she cheerfully pursues the path of duty, without repining at her fate, or condemning the instrument of her destiny. Juliet had not nerve for such behaviour; her passion must have overmastered; and however she resolved, or conceived that she endeavoured, the hour of meeting, though the caskets had proved inauspicious, should not have been that of parting. The farewell must have terminated in private marriage or elopement. Desdemona might have submitted to the testament; but, grieving to death under obedience, she must have sunk a martyr to a broken heart. There is not so much poetry in the expression of Portia's as of Juliet's love; not such gorgeous imagery, such bewildering ecstasy, such resistless enthusiasm; but there is magnificence, majesty, plenteousness, bountifulness. The first may be spoken in broad daylight, on an open lawn, whilst the heroine drinks in the nectar of nature, stepping firmly, or pausing, while she gazes honestly on her lover's face, a slight but scarcely perceptible blush on her cheek, the eye glancing subduedly, yet scarcely betraying tenderness, her air that of proud humility and maidenly self-possession. The second to be uttered in a crowded ball-room, a populous solitude to the world-forgetting lovers; begun in a whisper; her eyes fixing gradually, not on the beloved, but on vacancy; the voice rising; the eloquence flowing more rapidly; hurrying to a close, and dying, like the swan, in music; her cheek glowing till it burns; her eye beaming till it lightens; and her attitude, from perhaps drooping carelessness, stiffening into motionless erection; too much rapt for movement: in the end she casts on her lover one glance of mingled soul, genius, ineffable tenderness, and unearthly love, which, when reciprocated, those dazzling orbs are dimmed by the heart's rain, a shower of tears relieves he over-excitability of her frame, and, sinking on a couch, the tension of her up-strung nerves is loosened. *Her* loving soliloquies should be spoken beneath the burning sky of a sultry day—the firmament an indescribable and thrilling blue—the heavens cloudless and speckless —the world panting in the embraces of heat. Her first confession was appropriately uttered by starlight. And yet Portia sometimes exhibits a playfulness of demeanour; when she blushes, pales, and blushes again; shaking her curls coquettishly from side to side; and when her rosy lips pout, and she glances with fairy-like cunning from the corner of her eye, expressing—"I am discovering too much; but I cannot help myself—can I?"—then she is serious once more, and the eventide of mighty love sweeps on.

Lovers ought to weigh well their words, for, however trivial, their ladies will ponder on them, considering their meaning, derivation, different bearings, and the allusions of which they may be deemed susceptible; just as we love to study and pore over a favourite author, reading, marking, learning, and inwardly digesting. And such doings the hearty lover enjoys, readily entering into the joke, explaining and dilating at random and at will. And why should he not enjoy them? It is pleasant to be of such paramount importance to another, to be made so much of, petted, spoiled, and worshipped. Portia is not now, as during former trials, composed and stately, mastering excitement. It is to those only whom she loves, and to whom she looks up, that she would display her feelings, unless to an inferior and habitual confidant. Portia was not one to select a superior in whom to confide; her talent rendered her sufficient to herself; where shall we find two energetic people fix on each other as bosom friends? Variety constitutes the charm of such society; the vigorous are glad to counsel, the meek to be admonished; the former to cherish, the latter to venerate, as in the still closer intimacy of marriage. Besides, where could Portia meet with a superior? There is a tangibleness in all she says; its sonorousness strikes, rather than its spirituality; there is not the extreme of fancy, like shivers of glass, as with Juliet; but, instead of girlish volatility, the sober dignity of a young queen, whose heart, nevertheless, palpitates, though pride of place calms her exterior. A loving girl is impatient. If her wishes are not directly accomplished, she blames. Her genius discerns twenty means of surmounting obstacles; and were she in like position, she must and should succeed. Portia, having a sense of effect, prohibits all subordinates from intercepting the view of Bassanio, whom she thus leaves alone in his glory to survey the caskets. She is too deeply interested to be sanguine of the consequences; and she has little of that confidence in affairs turning out desirably which on former occasions supported her, when her affections were disengaged. Her fears realise the worst; the inspiration of excitement imagines the best. We should like to press her to our bosom while she fancies ill, and flags; we should like to press our lips to her burning brow, as she dares to augur good—too sweet a privilege ever to be substantiated!

The first two lines of Bassanio's deliberations over the caskets were but the result of personal experience, for he had shown largely upon small means, and had found the world willing to be gulled. He does not conceive falsely, like the Moor; nor is he dull, like the Arragonian; he is neither persuaded that he ought to think highly of himself, like the former; nor that it would be out of the power of nature for him to avoid doing so, like the latter; and he does not confer loudly, for the benefit of the public, like the former; nor presumptuously declaim,. like the latter: he communes with his own soul, not for the purpose of display, but in order to arrive at truth; and vanity and arrogance are sure preventives to success in such an essay. He might indulge his love of approbation after triumph had ensued; but he was too earnest to permit of any diversion while engaged in the pursuit: and without such sincere zeal we must fail in our efforts. How happily harmonising with his concentrated meditations is the light, soothing, gently-wiling, spiritual song!—so amorous—delicate food for lovers—a refined stimulus—a vision—a fragment—nothing completed—neither joyous nor sad—a pensive medium—fit introduction to either solemn or triumphant strains, as his conquest or defeat might demand—the enchanting sportiveness of genius—full of tender melody, bewitching music, and natural poetry—so artless and unstudied—so graceful, and at the same time short, that we long for a prolongation of the symphony—a passing voluntary, so masterly and exquisitely touched, that we entreat the performer, who, like all geniuses, is whimsical, and suddenly ceases, to go on once more, and still to thrall our senses.

Portia soon spontaneously yields to wild enthusiasm; and it is beseeming. The successful are free to pour out their feelings; they are ever listened to with readiness by a fame-loving mob: those who envy, wish to obtain matter for railing; those who love, wish to have their sympathies elicited; those who admire wish to detect the combination which has produced so worthy a whole. A similar difference as that which lies between Portia's and Juliet's mode of expressing her love exists between that of Bassanio and Romeo; the former is fluent, matter-of-fact, and brilliant; the latter has the *nerve* of a young spirit, ardent, unpractised, and inexperienced—like the new-fledged eaglet who soars to gaze upon the sun, and deems not of aught sublunary. But long-continued happiness, we may coincide with the ingenious Mrs. Carleton in stating, seldom falls to the share of so susceptible a being: " and in a world of cares and trouble the joys of life can only serve to brighten his horizon, as the aurora borealis illuminates the northern sky with a temporary splendour." Yet cares and troubles are words which we would fain blot from our poetical vocabulary. To inspire happiness and a trustfulness of good should be our aim; an aim which may be accomplished, we have firm faith. Why is Shakspeare so popular, but that he is the apostle of felicity? Byron had his enthusiastic followers, but they were comparatively a sect. The majority were amazed and interested in the author; but did they press his effusions to their bosoms as dearly loved children, in whom each day must develope new beauties? There is a rich fund of enjoyment in Shakspeare's woful tales. We are impressed with a feeling that those who are now most wretched have lived hitherto in contentment and delight. It is false philosophy which holds up as doctrine that life to all is a sorrow, to most a perpetual one; and that the most fortunate taste but a few scattered instants of prosperity. Look to the miserable side, and we shall find this notion belied; and, if we are not partial, we may discover a yet brighter portion of the picture.

As with Portia, every woman, it matters not how superior, submits herself with utter devotion to the lover of her choice, it matters not how inferior, thinking her deserts poor, though beyond compare she be wealthy, beautiful, and wise, and desiring them trebled twenty times for his sake, although, even if they were, they would not content the largeness of her wishes to bestow. When she loves, the most self-sufficient becomes humble-minded as a little child. There is much grace in Bassanio's diffidence, proving him worthy the generosity of Portia. His affection for Antonio is displayed in his unwillingness to open his letter, until assured of his welfare—a genuine manifestation, for there was no object to be gained by an unsubstantial show; the merchant was not present, nor any curious spy; nor any acquaintance of his friend's sufficiently shrewd to establish an evil report, or sufficiently venomous to be on the watch for its foundation. When alone, we tear open an epistle with frenzied haste; when in society we shrink from divulging our emotions; we converse until the first flurry has subsided, or we question so as to arrive near the truth, and enable us to break the seal with less tremor. Altogether, Bassanio is a particularly amiable character. How wife-like is the watchfulness of Portia! Every sensible woman should thus partake, and reasonably insist on sharing, the sorrows, and endeavouring to lessen the difficulties of her husband. Happiness without perfect confidence is incomplete; and how rarely do we meet the latter! The husband is reserved, the wife imprudent,—not setting about breaking the ice in the right way—the husband is indiscreet, and dislikes to tell his follies to the wife who is ill-tempered—or the husband is proud, and the wife interfering. Confidence seldom exists except between a clever woman and a weak man, who has judgment, however, to appreciate and glory in her merits, while she has wisdom never to assume or protrude herself; never to take the credit of his good deeds, though she may have been their sole instigator: and thus it is we often perceive such an union especially happy.

And now, how Portia shines!—taking to her heart of hearts the justly-loved friend of her lord: and no truly loving wife seeks to alienate her husband from his previous relations and connexions, for that is a foul, selfish, base, unwarrantable, injurious act, which will always bring its punishment; on the contrary, she teaches herself to love and cherish every soul who is beloved by, or has been friendly towards her lord; she studies their characters, so as to suit her bearing to their tastes: she humours their harmless fancies, rendering herself all things to all men; and, when subjects of annoyance arise, she checks her anger by recollecting that they pillowed the infant brow of her husband before she was privileged to know him; that they listened to his words, and were the participants of his feelings, before she had any part in his thoughts. She is sad to remember how long she existed without his acquaintance, and she tries to atone for the deficiency by living his boyhood over again with the friends of his infancy and youth, deeming herself fortunate if they consent to receive her to their bosoms, fostering her like the sister, as well as wife, of her consort, and refraining from throwing a blank, by discarding her—an unhappy blank—over the visions of her childhood. Portia is now indeed glorious; circumstances develope her; but we must not excuse our own imperfections by fancying circumstance everything. Desdemona, in like place, would have sympathised with Antonio and Bassanio, and been very unhappy for the former; but she would not have thought of making Portia's noble proposal; she would have looked for guidance to her lover, and willingly acceded to any demand of his; but she would not have originated the design. And thus, though Portia submitted her own ways to the direction of Bassanio, she could not fling aside her independent notions in the cause of others. Juliet, in similar situation, would have said, "Do whatever is expedient, and use me in any manner that will further your wishes;" but she would not have drawn out the scheme of action, and she would have saddled her generosity by a—"but you must not leave me." So little ostentation as Portia exhibits!—so superior to feminine vanity as she is!—otherwise she must have deferred the wedding ceremony until it could be performed in style: whereas, that Bassanio may be master of her coffers, and of all the advantages annexed to the station of her husband, she will not admit of a moment's postponement. How generous is her self-denial! Her zeal does not cool when her lover readily complies with the departure, fancying, then, that he was neither sufficiently fond nor sorry, as Juliet inevitably would. Instead, she retains her merry countenance, showing no gloom, lest it should heighten his grief or damp his ardour in the merchant's cause. Desdemona would have looked dolorous; her smile would have been, if possible, sadder than her tears—a second Medora—and not with hopeful energy, but with despairing indolence, must she have inspired him. And even though Juliet allowed his going, she would grow pettish when it came to the point, accuse him of lacking force of affection, and dismiss him in something of a fret, thinking her a dear little unreasonable creature, not with unalloyed and pitying love, as from Desdemona, nor with admiration so exalted as almost to swallow up love and earthy sentiments, as from Portia.

It is no marvel that Antonio's sweet, loving, pathetic-without-an-effort, tender, simple letter, should have had such an instantaneous effect, working, as with a spell, on the congenial nobility of Portia's soul. What a wide heart was Shakspeare's! The conception of such characters speaks almost as favourably for him as if he were himself their prototype. We love Antonio the more that he does not haughtily maintain state, but willingly abases himself before Shylock, essaying to move him to compassion. The Jew's manner might have been more hateful than it was; cold, speechless, smiling, contemptuous gazing would have been more irritating than Shylock's incessant talkativeness, and hardened merry-making on his rival's misfortunes. As a matter of principle, he works up his spirit of revenge; and he would have considered himself positively faulty to assuage it. Antonio has a sense of the becoming, and acknowledges not to the jailer, nor perhaps to himself, the extent of his previous provocations to the Jew. His admirable temper, unless when an Israelite is in question, is testified by his expression of the impossibility that the Doge should suffer him to escape, not dwelling on his merits, station, and the general respectful opinion maintained of him by all classes, even his persecutors. Vengeance was rendered more palatable to Shylock by this partial esteem, and by the regard for his victim entertained by others; he was consequently the loftier object for ambition to reach; the more difficult mark at which to aim; yet he had succeeded: and the more joyous was his triumph on account of the many impediments already overcome. Antonio at this trying period is as little exacting as ever; and nowise sanguine, irrational, or peevish; he frets not because of the ways of life and the world; he rebels not against the Master of the universe for permitting the subjection of the righteous by the wicked; and he has no unkind sensations connected with the origin of his ill, Bassanio; but, as Julia singles out the child, by saving whom from drowning she met her end, to caress him even more than those faultless of her death, so Antonio only loves his friend the more self-sacrificingly.

What good sense Portia displays in refraining from self-commendation, though she has acted as nobly as it has ever fallen to the lot of woman to do, though she is in her own house, and though her guest introduces the theme by venturing to praise her! There would be no use in it; she could only repeat known facts; thereby betraying herself into egotism, and learning to think too highly of self; and she would have demeaned herself by so spoiling the simple elegance of her deeds. We never sink so low as when we presume more than we ought. Portia, besides, was conscious of a mixture of motives unrevealed to others; and she felt that she could not have done otherwise; that she was impelled so to act: there was no trial iu the case; nature urged the action. Why should she, therefore, require to be lauded? If there were any purpose to be attained, she might, for a sympathetic analyser, describe her emotions before, during, and after the transaction; but why vaunt herself to the somewhat insipid though good-hearted Lorenzo? Her gratifications are of a higher order; for in all respects she is the noblest of God's creatures. It is well for Antonio that Portia had not been long married, or she would have settled down into the stay-at-home wife, not dreaming of the possibility of such an event as her starting off, without planning the adventure in her head for months beforehand, and without consulting and discussing with her husband for weeks. She would have lost the independence and genius which now qualified her to embrace the opportunity. Neither Juliet nor Desdemona could have have acted so. The former would have meditated on the nobleness of such a deed, and remained in quiescence pleasurably to contemplate it: only when her own passions were excited could she prove original and energetic. The scheme, under whatever aspect, never would have flitted across Desdemona's brain. Both she and Juliet might have been friends to Portia, but the latter, in each case, would have been head and chief. Portia's long-tried valuation of Balthazar speaks well for her; a generous, kind-hearted mistress she must have been; withal, shrewd enough not to endure a system of deception, whatever occasional practices her unsuspicious, careless tone of mind might permit. None, better than domestics, can appreciate such excellence; and it tells favourably for both parties when service is long continued. Again, Portia reminds us of Miss Baillie by her description of how she will bear herself in manly attire, except that the effusion of the first is nature, that of the second a study from nature. Miss Baillie has pondered over Shakspeare, and over her own mind, like Mrs. Carleton, and over her own conceptions, until she has produced a whole which we admiringly and veneratingly confess to be noble, handsome, and duly proportioned in all its members, yet like the statue of Pygmalion ere it wakens into life. It speaks well, also, for Portia, that Jessica, a sister-woman, praises her so heartily; it reads prettily, too, for the Jewess; but our heroine was elevated too far above her to admit of envy or competition. There is, almost invariably, a "but" in the expression of one woman's opinion of another; though it is not so in the manner in which men mention their brethren. Besides the additional spice of envy and jealousy in the composition of the former, there is another reason for this difference. Females have, in general, quicker observation and discernment of character; and they regard such readiness a matter of importance; whereas men, who are usually deficient therein, considering such knowledge of no moment, do not trouble themselves to define similar ideas, even when they have had the smartness to form them. Weaker animals have sometimes acuter senses.

The Doge is pretty much like Desdemona's friend; equally friendly to the accused—just, yet merciful—affable and courteous—a staple character, serving divers occasions: the duke in Romeo and Juliet was also such another; Shakspeare believing that those in high rank are frequently tiresome and prosy, presenting less variety and interest of disposition than those who move in lower spheres—Antonio, having made up his mind to suffer, is pitiably resigned; and the melancholy smile of bitter despair gleams at intervals athwart his placid brow. He has dignity, but it is neither cold nor philosophical; it is touching and humane, neither steeling him to his own griefs, nor hardening him to those of others. His spirit triumphs over the flesh, while his heart throbs as fast as ever with all kindly feelings; and he is so calm because the child of his love is by, whom he must not unreasonably affect by pining, but rather set him an example of purified humanity for his improvement—of placidity for his ease. He does not desire that acrid tears should flow from the loved one's eyes: no; as it ever is with unmixed affection, if, after death, he might return from the grave, his first task would be to wipe all sorrow from every friendly eye, and to aid by new acts of munificence, and being again the instrument of felicity, to dress in smiles once more the cherished face;—the living must grieve; but their pain will not pleasure the disinterested gone; it is not black garments which they demand, or visages lengthened to disfigurement, or recreations resigned to the prejudice of the health of body and mind: these things they rather condemn. But that the beloved should grow in grace of every kind, mind, heart, and person—that they should exhibit a cheerful, thankful, contented brow; an air so pleasant as to inspire the passer-by with joyous admiration; while an emanation, as it were, of pure, bright mind adorns the figure and beautifies the robes—that they should enjoy, with praise and gladness, the delights which a bounteous Providence has supplied—that the lost ones should be remembered in the hour of adversity, but more especially in the season of prosperity—that the tribute of a wish for their sympathy and assistance should be offered to their memory; a sigh, recalling past associations with their happy presence and influence; an involuntarily tear, caused, in the midst of joy, by their absence; an increased flooding of grief, in time of trial, by their loss—this is simply all the loving and generous require of their surviving friends.

The duke's speech might have answered well, if addressed to a man of less obstinate temperament than Shylock—one of more veneration; with less motive to spite; and less of a fixed position in life, above which he could not be raised. As it was, the lecture only vexed and settled him more resolutely in his purpose; and the notion of *his* making presents to Antonio amused him not a little. Not one of the personages, excepting Portia, can cope with the Jew in talent; and he rules the assembly until she appears: they are the two stars of the piece; but one is the day-star, bearing light, life, and happiness—the other, of ill-omened aspect, murky, red, outrageous, and threatening. Bassanio's fuming is only what we ought justly to anticipate. It is somewhat laudable to storm in the cause of a friend, though ignoble to rage in that of ourselves. How hard it is to attack an offender, without laying ourselves open to a legitimate accusation from his part, if he have daring to retort! We cling with more downright self-will to a cruel scheme than to the performance of a merciful and praiseworthy deed; the first is of ourselves, earthly; the second is of above, heavenly; the first spontaneous, the second involuntary—we are gifted so to act, and we wonder at the achievement, even while we joy in its execution, and delicately titillate our vanity in consequence. We are more apt, in the first than in the second instance, to assert and confide that we have law and right on our side. How fidgetty is Shylock's longing that the sentence, which must of necessity turn in his favour, should be at once awarded; and the cold sweat of annoyance suffuses his brow when the Doge hints at prorogation, defeating his desires, and baulking his gratifications. Fever lightens through his veins from anxiety lest the goal should not be finally attained. The nervousness, incident to a criminal design, consumes his flesh, lest the plot should burst in some unexpected manner to the contriver's hurt and ruin;—while Antonio was sunk in such despondency that he scarcely heeded the notice of deferment, and if for a moment his spirit bounded, it was but to be forthwith sadly and determinately checked—Shylock cannot resist manifesting his satisfaction when the cause of previous postponement arrives, in the person of Bellario's kinsman's clerk.

We may imagine Portia a playful pupil of the lawyers in "*auld lang syne*," having a taste for technicalities which did not necessarily occupy her, and of which she could not therefore grow weary: they were a novelty that entertained, and moderately exercised her wit, which, unlike the German's, required substantial material for its spiritual essays. Some can exert their brains on mechanics, mathematics, and any tangible science, who would be without ideas on more abstract subjects; although the more comparatively independent thinker believes himself to possess just as reasonable ground as the materialist on which to erect his theories. And Portia, aware that Bellario was the Duke's and Antonio's chief counsellor, guessed that he should be employed on the present occasion, but knew that he was too ill in person to attend the court: and who would be so zealous a proxy as herself, when the safety of her lord's second-self depended on the issue of her endeavours? Besides, Bellario himself, though of ancient standing and great name, might not have been in discourse, as she resolved she must be, eloquent, soul-touching, and irresistible; and, with his assistance in the chicanery of the business, she anticipated and determined that her own genius, energy, and decision should accomplish the rest. Portia inquisitively surveys the persons of Shylock and Antonio, to discover whether they correspond with her preconceptions, and to learn from their countenances how she might most judiciously proceed—a female's usual mode of testifying her tact. She frames a question for either, that she may further develope their characteristics, and at the same time gain space for the formation of her plans—"Shylock is my name"—he is a regular "*old Poz;*" proud of himself, or teaching himself that he ought to be so, and determining that he will be so, in spite of the teeth of all his ill-wishers. Portia essays every noble method of persuasion, before she stoops to those quirks and quibbles, which, until irritated by low and surly opposition, suit not her lofty temper. She does not seem studiously to try, without at heart believing in it, to credit the Jew's ability for mercy; but with feeling and sincerity she boldly takes it for granted, thus aiming to conquer him by surprise, and to leave him *minus* a reply. There are no divisions and details with which to cavil, no pivots on which to hang objections, in Portia's as in the Duke's unsuccessful address. It is a grand, manly, (if we may here apply the epithet!) straightforward, right, and beauty-impelled discourse; it is stamped by genuineness and truth; it has no loophole, of which the Jew might avail himself; no hinge, to which he might fasten carping wranglings: and no beam disfigures the eye of her who detects the mote in his. Here was heartfelt and heart-moving eloquence!

Portia displays wisdom in acknowledging that the law is on Shylock's side, thus inclining him to lend a favourable ear, and predisposing him to coincide with her opinions; and when she has him, by this means, partly in a trap, she turns suddenly upon him, with some hope of effecting a seizure—"Ay, so he says." Antonio will not, in public, verbally pretend to credit that there is danger in his case—death to the righteous is not hazardous—and he will not grant Shylock the satisfaction of confessing that he believes there is no outlet from his persecutions. The first clause of Portia's speech calls into play the imaginative powers—and we all have some—Shylock a great many, though warped by evil morals, and contracted by close and paltry details; the second touches the Jew's notions of interest and personal advantage; the third tickles his vanity; the fourth stimulates him, raises emulation, elicits his innate conceptions of dignity, and carries him aloft on the wings of genius, while the consciousness that his present position renders him monarch over the destiny of Antonio inflates him; the fifth developes dormant ideas of morality, in which none, neither the savage nor the super-refined, is wholly deficient; the sixth moves his affections, for none are altogether callous; the seventh summons into action whatever little veneration he possesses, and none are entirely void of it; and the eighth is the acme and noble deduction which must kindle any single spark of grandeur in the soul, and enforce to a coalescence of faith. Women are devotional; and on none but religious motives does the inspired and elevated Portia dwell. The Jew forgave her all, in consideration of her pointed conclusion; and he spoke as the Israelites of old to the cowardly Pontius Pilate. Passion is as masterly an instruction of eloquence as talent: and Antonio is fluent in the tirade which haughty and unquenchable anger against Shylock induces, his being in such a vindictive man's power rendering him scornful and fretful when tantalised by his enemy's presence; and he deems himself licensed to give utterance to everything severe, as he has found, by experiment, that nothing conciliatory has the desired effect—a mixture of contempt points the arrows of invective. The young, hot blood of Bassanio is hopeful, sanguine, and quick of big promise; besides, there was a fearful, dull, death-like, drowsy drooping about Antonio, which appeared to demand the inspiration by his friends of treble *coraggio.*

> " I pray you let me look upon the bond;"—

Another pause, like the calm before a storm—a pause, during which thoughts multitudinous, and emotions varied and deep, swept across her brain, and furrowed the bosom of our heroine—a heaving up of the waters, as it were, before they splashed upon the shore. All her words until—

> " Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
> But, in the cutting of it, if thou dost shed," &c. &c.

are but the rippling of the smaller billows; until, after a succession of such, the mane of a leviathan wave erects itself in the air. " There's thrice thy money offered thee;"—and here there is a tension of her nerves—a straining of her attention—a writhing last effort, before all chances are over—a beseeching that mercy should be granted, before the hour of demanding and affording the opportunity of bestowing, is for ever passed—and an assertion of the benefit, instead of loss, to be incurred by compassionate acquiescence. She once more generously insists on Shylock's right, that she may heighten the contrast of that kindness which she entreats, and render him more apt to leap the abyss, without plunging into it. Insignificant deeds we care not to execute; great acts we are proud to perform—the nearer the church the farther from heaven, is a proverb—we travel to view the marvels of strange lands, and we leave unvisited those of our own—on the smooth level road a horse stumbles, rather than on the stony boreen or slippery precipice, where he is on the alert, in a jog trot or ambling walk, rather than in a stirring gallop, when his metal is roused. " Bid me tear the bond." Had she, who was so persuasive, no influence?—she, to whom his heart leaned, and his judgment inclined—she, who was so loveable and loving, so beautiful and beauty-breathing, inspiring goodness by sympathy—she, who was so strong in her purity, vigour, disinterestedness, and affection for the right; in talent and enthusiasm! Shylock atones for his unyieldingness by a little praise and flattery of Portia, trying to fancy that nothing more was then due; he swears, knowing that she, who is so truthful, will not require him to gainsay his word; and, finally, he appeals to the whole court to hurry the decision, of having which in his favour he is now more certain than ever, since the clever Portia can say nought to counteract it.

And now the crisis approaches. Shylock has shown so little worthiness, that she regards every means of defeating him legitimate; she deems it allowable to tantalise him by appearing to hasten his joys, while she leisurely proceeds to blight them; to torment with the shadow of success while the substance of failure is at his threshold; she may urge the penalty to extremity. Yet we pity the Jew; for his punishment is greater than he can bear. It is all meet and right, one would suppose, until a conversion to Christianity is suddenly and irrationally made the proviso of his safety. Portia developes his frailties to admiration; she has a pleasant malice in doing so, since all her generous overtures have failed to excite corresponding emotions in his breast, since his heart has been proved impenetrable, his humanity quenched and extinct. Antonio's affection goes so far as to lead him to discover reasons of thanksgiving in his melancholy fate, lest Bassanio should too bitterly accuse himself of having brought it about. His farewell is about as affecting as some of Catherine of Arragon's last words. Their situations are alike pathetic; they have each the same noble, touching character; and his love for Bassanio, in spite of all, may be likened to hers for Henry.

Such an overflowing of imagination as the first scene of the fifth act displays!—spontaneous and unforced; as if it could not be withheld. On such a night it was fit that Portia should be re-introduced. The garish day suited her first meridian splendour; the chastened moonlight her matured and manifested worth: her pristine energy was no longer so much displayed in manner, because it had been testified by deeds. If, previously to having made the experiment, we desire and feel competent to perform great things, we are naturally and involuntarily louder in the proclamation of our intentions, and more eager to prove, by original thought and conversation, our competency, lest the contrary should be suspected: such restlessness ceases on the attainment of the desired goal, when the excitement of expectation is past, and the mellow, calm certainty of fruition arrived. Then, however, we experience, if not the aching disappointment attending the gratification of imperfect wishes, a dissatisfaction with the little we have done, with the poverty of our essays in comparison of the oriental riches of those of master-spirits, with our insufficiency to avail ourselves to the utmost of even those talents with which we have been endowed, and with the vast inferiority of these abilities to those of the nine-tenths who have established a name. The only real source of happiness in success, and a much more amiable one than the egotistical profit of analysing and depreciating our capacities, arises from a forgetfulness of self in the small good that we have obtained, or endeavoured to obtain, for others; from a pleasure in our intentions, if praiseworthy, though deep humility in our acquirements; and this frame of mind maintains a happy balance in triumph or defeat. It is impossible we should be elated by the former, or unduly cast down, except momentarily, by the latter; we are raised by the former to a virtuous, thankful, and lofty tone of spirit; we are conscious of a noble self-satisfaction, accompanied by a feeling that that self is not our own, but another's; and from the latter springs a firm and generous resolve to overcome in futurity those difficulties which have now baffled us,—thus establishing the truth of that inspiration which men have dared to doubt.

N. R. Q.

A RECOLLECTION.

Brightly o'er us beamed the lover's favourite star,
And faintly came the sound of music from afar;
And fragrant was the breath, on the warm summer air,
Of the rich flowers we saw not, yet felt that they were there.

Fair in that garden bower, a star amid the night,
Was one that lent the day a charm, gave beauty to the night;
And both were come unconsciously, unknowing that we came,
Impelled through different ways by love, our resting-place the same.

We needed not the mocking-bird, near singing in the tree,
We needed not the light, that we might each other see;
We needed not the common aid of either eye or ear—
It was enough for happiness to be each other near.

It could not be the star, the flowers, soft darkness, odorous air—
No outward presence beautiful that made the feeling fair:
But that which gives a fairer tint unto the fairest flower—
It was the inward bloom of love imparted to the hour.

Now like deserted Eden is that remembered spot;
I cannot rest within it—I love, yet seek it not;
I look not on the star, I do not heed the bloom,
Nor find I in the darkness a soft and pleasing gloom.

Washington Browne.

New York.

THE COURTIER OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.[1]

BY MRS. C. GORE.

CHAPTER XII.

LITTLE suspecting the existence of a plot against her peace, still less imagining the return to England of one who had long announced, like Bertram in the play, that "till he had no wife, he had nothing in" his own country—happy and happy-making, cheerful as Innocence and beautiful as Truth, Lady Lovell was enjoying, at Lovell House, the brightness of the opening spring. One day, roused from her slumbers by the reveillée of the hunting-horn and the mellow voice of the jolly old knight calling upon her to rise and accoutre; the next, renouncing her sweeping skirts for the tucked-up garments of the forester, she loved to follow Enoch Shum and his train of woodsmen, marking with her own fair hand the clearings that she selected to afford vistas for the embellishment of the estate. A third day the formal young steward had to attend her with plans, and pencils, and compasses, taking orders for the new plantations destined for the benefit of that far-off posterity in which Lady Lovell possessed no more than a philanthropic interest; while, on a fourth, she was to be seen in the pleasure-grounds, directing, with sparkling eye and glowing cheek, the sowing of the summer seeds, the raising of new bowers, and the pruning of old arbours; resisting only, as in previous years, the proposals of her new-fangled gardeners for the embellishment of a certain terrace which, they protested, was a defeature to the place.—"Let neither stone nor plant be displaced," was ever her reply. "Be the old quince tree looked to, lest its roots be injured by penetrating towards the water; and let the hedge of honeysuckle and sweet brier be carefully trimmed. But, beyond such entertainment, see that ye lay not a finger on the old terrace."

It was, moreover, a noted thing in the establishment, that when my lady betook herself to her daily promenade on that uninviting spot, none were to approach her with molestation. Young Mistress Shum, a gentle but gay and happy creature, whose company and affections were highly valued by her patroness, never intruded there; though privileged, she or her two fair babes, to approach with the freedom of friendship in all other times and places—nay, even Sir Richard, the joyous, daring, bantering, unforbearing Sir Richard, would turn away, and betake himself to the lawn or the shrubberies, if he beheld his fair niece direct her steps towards a spot which observation of the changes of her countenance assured him was consecrated to memories of the past.

So well was all this understood in the household, that Lady Lovell was startled with surprise—almost with displeasure—when, one glittering afternoon in April, as she was inhaling the early fragrance of the brier-buds, and admiring that while the woods were still gloomy and unclothed, her favourite spot was already green with the hardy shoots of the woodbine hedge, she saw advancing to meet her from the house her favourite page Edmund, the grandson of that dear old nurse who, as well as the venerable Gervas, now rested from her labours.

---

[1] Continued from p. 188.

" May it please your ladyship," the boy began.

" It doth *not* please me, Edmy, that you should so disregard my wishes as to interrupt my walk," interrupted the lovely lady, attempting to frown ; " the terrace is a forbidden spot."

" I know it well, madam," replied the boy ; " but Master Shum, though unwilling to break in upon your ladyship's walk, thought it right you should be instantly apprized that a great lord from court was alighting with his train at the gate."

" Where is the general?" cried Lady Lovell, turning very pale. " Hie instantly to the fort, and entreat Sir Richard to visit me without delay."

" It were a bootless errand, madam," replied Edmund. " Your ladyship may remember that Sir Richard set off two hours ago for Oakham ; to visit, as I believe, with Master Wright, your ladyship's farms in Rutland."

" 'Tis true, 'tis true !" cried Lady Lovell, growing more and more confused. " That I should have chosen such a moment of all the year, to claim such service of my good uncle !"

" May it please your ladyship," resumed the boy, gaining courage from her embarrassment, " I heard one of the saucy grooms yonder, who escorted the coach of the stranger lord, cry aloud with an oath to his mates, that 'twas a fitting thing truly no greater respect was shown by a horde of Northamptonshire bumpkins to the retinue of the great Duke of Buckingham."

" *Buckingham !*" ejaculated Lady Anne, who, at the moment of the boy's communication, was directing her steps towards the house, ' ar't sure the fellow said the Duke of *Buckingham ?*"

And on receiving confirmation, from Edmund's account of the bearings and liveries of the equipage, that her visiter was no other than the man notorious for his excesses and insolence, she determined on regaining the house by a by-path branching from the foot of the terrace. Bidding Edmund return by the grand entrance, and despatch Master Shum to her dressing-room, she hastened her footsteps homeward.

On reaching her chamber, Lady Lovell found that her kind friend Hope had already summoned her tirewoman to provide a change of dress.

" Your ladyship will wear the tunic of pearl-colour satin, which was made for Sir Richard's last birth-day ?" demanded Judith, the elder of er maids.

" And the pinners of Alençon lace ?" added Margery, the younger waiting-woman ; " or will your ladyship give me time to arrange your hair with pearls ? The wind hath sadly discomposed the curls."

" For what, pray, am I to make all these splendid preparations ?" demanded Lady Lovell, with a smile. " Away with ye both ! Hasten to Thomas Cellerer and Antony Cook, with my commands that nothing the house can afford be spared in serving up a collation as quickly as possible in the grand eating-chamber."

"But you will not surely give audience to the Duke of Buckingham in this unseemly trim?" inquired Hope, mortified at the thought that her young lady should not be seen to the best advantage.

"If the Duke of Buckingham purpose to tarry at Lovell House till he obtain audience of *me*, his visit is like to be of inconvenient duration," replied Lady Lovell. "Ha! my good friend," cried she, turning towards Master Shum, who at that moment made his appearance in his full-bottom wig and black velvet suit of ceremony, in which he maintained a most respectable and very professional appearance, "I pray you, wait in my name upon the very unexpected guest who hath dropped upon us from the skies. Acquaint him that the Lady Lovell receiveth no visiters, and hath delegated you to learn from his lips the purport of his coming."

"I greatly fear, madam, that this will scarcely be esteemed a courteous, still less a hospitable reception," replied the auditor.

"It is my intention to accord no other," replied Lady Lovell, in a tone which Master Shum perfectly understood to be decisive; and bowing respectfully, he withdrew to fulfil her commission.

"Thy husband, dearest Hope, is beginning to comprehend the peremptory nature of thy friend!" observed her ladyship, drawing down Mistress Shum to a place beside her on the settee.

"Your ladyship well knows that Enoch is anxious to act only for your honour and advantage."

"Had he persisted in forwarding my honour and advantage by advocating an interview with this parlous Duke of Bucks," cried Lady Lovell, recovering her spirits, now that she found herself secure in the stronghold of her own chamber, "I would have requited his sauciness, and promoted his own honour and advantage, by insisting that his pretty wife should bear me company in the audience."

"And why not, madam?" inquired the simple-minded young woman, reared in modest puritanism, and unversed in that gossip of foreign courts, which, in spite of her endeavours, the old general chose occasionally to bestow upon his niece.

"Ay, why not, indeed!" cried Lady Lovell, not choosing to enlighten her mind with a sketch of the character and pursuits of the Duke of Bucks; and it was a relief that Judith at that moment returned, panting with inquiries touching the disposal of his grace's retinue—at what table my lord's gentleman of the presence was to dine?—at what table his ushers and pages?

"This is coming down upon us like an ambassador indeed!" cried Lady Lovell, with a smile. "'Tis well if Robin Forrester have venison enough at his lodge to make out a fitting entertainment. Your dovecot and poultry-yard, my dear Hope, are, I know, never to be taken at a disadvantage, even by a knight who brings us, like the patriarchs of old, his whole household at his back."

But while Judith and Mistress Shum were discussing together the arrangements to be made, the grave spouse of the latter reappeared, to communicate, with an air of deep deference, to his lady, that "the Duke of Buckingham was bearer of a message from the king, which regarded her private ear."

"Have the goodness to explain to his grace," replied Anne, with a harassed look, "that my private ear regardeth my private friends;—his majesty has delegated the duke to signify his pleasure to me—I select *you* to receive the signification."

"In the absence of better counsellors, such as the general and my uncle Wright, I presume, madam, to observe to you," said the auditor timidly, "that such marked disrespect towards the representative of the king will excite universal disapproval. If his majesty's message, for instance, should relate to some law process in contemplation against the title of your ladyship's estate——"

"Thou dreamest of nothing but processes and estates!" cried Lady Lovell, with a smile. "Be assured that were the affair of a legal nature, it would have been communicated to me through a common pursuivant-at-arms, on a skin of parchment, having the great seal of England suspended to the corner, lest peradventure any one of the fifty hungry officials, having fees to claim upon the deed, should be defrauded of his perquisites. No, no! to interpret the errand from the bearer thereof, his majesty hath rather some idle project in hand, the report of which is to be despatched to Italy for the diversion of Sir Richard's nephew. I pray you therefore, sir, to do my pleasure."

The Duke of Buckingham, meanwhile, who had undertaken the adventure in the mere wantonness of a festive hour to thwart Lord Lovell, of whose rivalship in the favour of the king he stood somewhat in awe, was now stimulated, by all he had heard and seen at Lovell House, to a deeper interest in the business than the winning of his wager. He had prepared himself for the heavy humdrum rusticity of a country seat and country madam, curtseying obsequiously at the first intimation of his arrival; and the proud independence of Lady Lovell commanded his respect. There was something in the very mansion, and its ordering, singularly accordant with his tastes, which hitherto in such matters he had esteemed transcendent. Ushered through the suite of state apartments, hung with brocade richly panelled in scrollwork of white and gold, he was at liberty, during the period of Master Shum's negotiations, to penetrate through the grand saloon into a chamber which was evidently the favourite retreat of the lady of Lovell House.

A small bookcase, recessed in the wall, contained exactly the selection in several languages of the poets and essayists he would have made for the recreation of his own leisure. In an agate cup, upon a marble table, was a single spray of a rare exotic of singular beauty. On a bracket nearer the silken lounging chair stood a tapestry frame, the half-finished embroidery in which was such as he had never seen arise under the nimble Parisian fingers, with whose fairy labours he had been recently familiar; and beside it a pencil and sketch-book, filled with studies from nature, and crayons of the most piquant description, each bearing the initials of A. L.

"Truly a dainty bower-chamber for the rantipole Blowzabelle described by Arran," muttered his grace on a first survey of the little sanctum; but ere he had stood five minutes upon its hallowed ground, the cause of Lady Lovell was sanctified and embalmed by the poetical atmosphere of the spot. "This is the retreat of no ordinary mind," was his secondary reflection; and by the time Master Shum came to deliver the message from his lady, Buckingham had begun to regard an interview with the coy beauty as essential to his happiness."

"My Lady Lovell prays you will partake of the hospitality of her poor roof until your grace's horses and retinue are rested," observed the auditor, with a respectful obeisance. "Her ladyship is grieved to understand that the Duke of Buckingham should have breathed his horses at Thrapstone after pausing for the night at Wrest Park; but trusts that, after communicating to myself (her agent-at-law) the message of his majesty, he will condescend to accept a collation here ere he retraceth his route."

"Now, out upon this woman and her smooth-spoken agent-at-law!" was Buckingham's secret reflection on receiving an intimation so worded as clearly to express Lady Lovell's cognisance that short baiting-time was necessary to enable the noble traveller to resume his journey. All, however, that he overtly expressed, was a cheerful acceptance of the latter part of the proposal, trusting that, in the course of the banquet, his hostess might be mollified by a sense of the duties of hospitality, or moved by feminine curiosity, to accord him an interview. While the table was preparing, Master Shum, with the established ceremony of country breeding, proposed to the noble visiter to visit the French garden, the pheasantry and apiary, which were esteemed curious in the neighbourhood; and Buckingham, fresh from the glorious gardens of France and Holland—St. Germain en Laye, Fontainebleau, the Louvre, the Hague, found himself in politeness bound to saunter by the side of the precise Enoch from parterre to parterre, praising fountains which he regarded as threads, and parterres which were as vulgar in his eyes as a judge's posy.

Nevertheless, being persuaded that both the Lady Lovell and a certain fair damsel, of whom he had caught a glimpse on crossing the great hall, and little suspected to be the spouse of the steeple-crowned and solemn gentleman by his side, were slily peeping from the windows to take a survey of an animal so rare in Northamptonshire as a courtier from Whitehall, he demeaned himself with the most courtier-like urbanity. Alack! poor gentleman, his airs of dignity had no worthier spectator than Lady Lovell's favourite spaniel, which went whiffing at his grace's heels as if trying to make out the meaning of so unusual a display of laces and ribbons, and such vapours of frangipane and musk.

It was fated that the gallant duke should receive rather than create agreeable impressions. On reaching the doors of the great banqueting-chamber, where a splendid collation had been hastily set forth, his grace was startled by a concert of French horns, such as he had never yet heard save in the establishment of the Duc de Vendôme, *grand veneur de France;* nor did the triumphant Enoch think it necessary to diminish the charm by informing him that four of her ladyship's prickers had been instructed in the art by General Lovell, who had perfected himself as an amateur in the school of the Grand Veneur. It had been Lady Lovell's charge to Master Shum that the name of Sir Richard should not be pronounced in presence of the duke; and so strictly was he in the habit of obeying his lady's commands, that when Buckingham, in the course of his morning saunter, struck by the elegant simplicity of the sylvan lodge, made careless inquiries touching its destination, the auditor could find no better reply wherewith to parry the interrogatory, than—"The lodge was built, so please your grace, after a special design of my Lady Lovell, as a residence for—for—an officer—a cavalier—a gentleman of high honour and account, whom her ladyship did not hold it expedient to lodge ostensibly at Lovell House."

"And who resides accordingly at yonder rustic pavilion?"

"Who resides yonder at the rustic pavilion?"

Had Enoch Shum been an interpreter of visages, he might have perceived how, from that moment, the countenance of the Duke of Buckingham began to brighten. All was now explained. The lady's seclusion, his own *ex*clusion, and the *con*fusion of the steward under his questioning! He freely forgave her now the ungraciousness of her reception. This cavalier paramour might be some jealous susceptible Drawcansir, whose chastisement she dared not provoke. Nay! he forgave her even the loss of his wager; for the news he was about to bear to court touching this Lucretia of Northampton would prove more mortifying to the malapert Lovell than would have been the failure of his bet.

It was this sudden accession of good-humour, perhaps, which caused his grace to estimate so highly the reveillée of the *cors de chasse;* and to whisper within himself that Chiffinch's *petit couvert* at Whitehall was not more appetisingly served than the viands of my Lord Lovell's bumpkin wife.

"On my soul!" cried he, after tasting a truffled pheasant pâté *à la financière*, a favourite dish with Sir Richard, whose most trifling whims were studied by his niece, "I passed two days last hunting season at Chantilly, and Vatel himself produced nothing more purely and exquisitely *giboyé* than this *pâté!*"

The wine was equally to his taste. There were Spanish wines of great age, brought over in the latter years of Elizabeth's reign, when a Lord Lovell represented the British court at that of the Escurial; besides French wines of every kind, recently provided to gratify the palate of the old general, so long accustomed to the light and sparkling vintages of France.

"My message, good sir, is half answered already, without so much as speech of your invisible lady," cried Buckingham, behind whose chair Master Shum had made a motion to wait, which was instantly negatived by the high breeding of the guest. "I came hither charged by his majesty to express to the fair Lady Lovell his earnest hope that one so fitted by birth, fortune, beauty, and accomplishments, to do honour to his court, would not longer continue to seclude herself in homely retirement, but deign to accept some post of honour in the establishment about to be formed for our expected queen."

"The happy news is authentic then, my lord, of his gracious majesty's marriage?" cried Shum, interrupting him.

"True as the Talmud, Alcoran, Gospel, or whatever other code, most worshipful sir, may happen to command your faith!" cried Buckingham, with a sneer. "But (if I may be permitted to continue my exposition) I am already cognisant of the unlikelihood that your lady will be moved to stoop to so uncouth a household as the royal sty of Whitehall. Betwixt ourselves, Rowley's cooks are mere *gargotiers* compared with the *cordon bleu* entertained by her ladyship; and for plate, saving a few wretched platters, salvers, and flagons for his majesty's private buffets, pewter is the richest metal that graceth the royal banquets. The crown cupboard found its way with the crown jewels to the Hague, in the pouch of the gracious queenmother, some fifteen years agone, to be changed into ducats and doubloons; and God send our pragmatical gentry of the parliament may ever find grace to repair the loss by a sufficient grant! The varlets maintain that a good haunch eats more savourily off the baser metal. They to set up for judges! who have evermore dieted on wether-mutton served upon trenchers, washed down by black jacks of ale. I crave, fair sir, another glass of the choice Malvoisie with which you just now favoured me, to efface the filthy notion from my palate."

"Your grace (pardon me) is wholly in error!" cried the auditor, with rising warmth. "Permit me to declare that my Lady Lovell is as indifferent to creature comforts as though by profession belonging to the Presbyterian church; her ladyship's mind——"

"'Tis fair as her body, and doubtless a mirror for the reflection of soberness, temperance, and chastity!" interrupted Buckingham. "Granted!—unheard and uncared-for. Since the death of Elizabeth the Prudish, I am convinced that so peerless a dame never set the lances of chivalry in rest. Nevertheless, I must still take upon myself to believe that the elegant luxuriousness of Lovell House would ill prepare her for the disorderly *mesquineries* of the royal household."

"Luxuriousness, my lord, is a word scarcely applicable to a lady of my noble mistress's active and self-denying habits; to a lady whose draught is evermore of pure spring water; the hangings of whose chamber are of simplest linen, while every other apartment here is rich in velvet or brocade; who, winter or summer, riseth with the sun, and is galloping over hill and dale, while others are yawning away the morning in lounging chairs, discoursing scandal with their dainty mates."

"Of the nature of her ladyship's potations (as she declines to do me the courtesy of a pledge) I pretend not to judge," replied Buckingham, with ironical solemnity. "To the hangings of her apartment—less fortunate than yourself, worthy sir—I am equally unable to bear testimony. And with respect to her horse-coursing, hawking, hunting, and other truly feminine pursuits, I am no further qualified to bear witness for my mission to Northampton, than I was to defend her ladyship when these propensities were lately pithily described at Whitehall for the diversion of his majesty. I held it at the time a romantic project on the part of Rowley to dream of attracting so buxom a peeress to his court! Yet was he in gallantry bound to attempt the civilisation of a lady reputed so fair; and in taking my leave of Lovell House, as the sinking sun yonder warns me it is time to do, I feel that I shall have the reproaches of the king to add to my own regrets, at proving a disgraced ambassador—dismissed without an audience."

"With your grace's permission, I will once more attempt to move the spirit of my noble lady!" cried Shum, stumbling towards the door in the earnestness of his desire to exonerate his beloved lady from the ignominious charge circulated against her at court. "I trust I may even now persuade her to receive your grace's parting salutations."

"And hark ye, friend," cried Buckingham, resting his ruffled boot on an adjoining chair, and swallowing a fragment of chocolate macaroon as a zest to his glass of Rivesaltes, "should her ladyship prove obdurate, after the approved fashion of country-gentlewomen, beseech her to despatch hither as proxy a certain pretty little article in a sad-coloured gown and starched pinners, a vision of whose blue eyes greeted me on my entrance. For want of the mistress, I will allow myself to abide by the maid."

Fortunately, Master Shum had retreated, without hearing or understanding this unseemly allusion to his fair and modest helpmate; or his pleading to Lady Lovell to rescind her determination might possibly have been less zealous. Nevertheless, when he beheld her seated in a simple undress in her own apartment, wearying, with a book in her hand, till the departure of her troublesome guest should place her once more at liberty, he perceived in a moment that he might as well attempt to root up Mountsorrel, as deter her from her purpose of seclusion.

It scarcely surprised him when, on crossing the hall on his return to the banqueting-room, he perceived that on a private command despatched by Lady Lovell to the stables, the equipage and people of the Duke of Buckingham were already in attendance, as the duke must needs perceive from the bay windows of the chamber in which he sat; and expecting, in his country breeding, that his grace would be indignant and resentful at so flagrant a breach of courtesy, he was amazed to find the duke, beaver in hand, prepared for instant departure; and pouring forth, with smiling volubility, expressions of regret that it would be impossible for him him to protract his stay sufficiently to accept an audience of Lady Lovell.

"I have only this moment become aware of the lateness of the hour," cried he, with an air of insolent superiority. "I fancied that your country clocks were as much behindhand as everything else in the country. Nay," he continued, following Master Shum's glance towards the setting sun, "I was idiot enough to surmise that even the sun went slower here than elsewhere. I shall, therefore, pray you to commend me to the Lady Lovell, assuring her of due report to his majesty of the splendour and favour with which his messengers are entertained; and an intimation of her ladyship's humble sense of unworthiness of the honour designed her."

"But, my lord duke," interrupted Shum——

"Leave it to *my* care, excellent sir," cried Buckingham, waving his hand, "to garnish the message with those common forms of politeness, in which your province is supposed to be deficient. *Foi de chevalier*, *Monsieur l'Auditeur*—though my absence from Whitehall will have been but of forty-eight hours' duration, I shall make it a duty to go through a course of *douches* and fumigations at the hands of my French *baigneur*, ere I present myself in his majesty's presence, lest the bumpkin atmosphere should adhere to my garments, and discredit me in the eyes of the decent class of the community. Farewell, sir; not a step further, I beseech ye!"

And crossing the hall with an easy picktooth gait, which left Master Shum in open-mouthed amazement at his *sangfroid*, he tossed a purse of gold pieces to the page as vails for the household, which, according to the custom of the times, would have been freely accepted but for the established regulations of Lovell House.

"Send it as alms, then, to the parish church!" cried Buckingham with a scornful smile, when, to his amazement, the old steward advanced to the portal of the courtier's painted coach, and requested him to resume a gift which was contrary to the forms of the house. "Since the customs of civilisation do not yet obtain here, it is to be hoped that your beggars have still the good grace to be thankful."

"We have *no* beggars hereabouts, my lord duke," replied the old man, tossing the purse to the duke's groom of the chambers, much as it had been thrown by the duke to little Edmund. And the glass being that instant indignantly drawn up by Buckingham in the face of the presumptuous menial, a signal was given to the *cortège* to proceed.

Glancing back to the old mansion, as a turn towards the lodge-gates brought him once more within view of the house, the duke was astonished to perceive that, instead of the rustic household bursting forth from the porch to stare upon the departing train of carriages which displayed a degree of magnificence at that period rarely witnessed beyond the limits of the capital, not so much as a groom or chambermaid was at the trouble to play spectator! There was not a single consolatory circumstance by which his wounded vanity could be appeased.

"The devil fetch this untaught wench!" cried he, as he mused sullenly in a corner of his unwieldy carriage. "Though it goes against me to take up the gauntlet she has presumed to throw down, my honour is concerned in bringing her to shame! Let her look to it. Never yet did man or woman provoke with impunity the vengeance of a Villiers."*

* To be continued.

MEMS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.[1]

BY LAUNCELOT LAMPREY.

> "Chi va lontan dalla sua patria, vede
> Cose da quel che gia credea, lontane."

No. VII.

Girgenti and Agrigentum—The Temple of the Giants—Girgenti Theatricals—Sicilian idea of London life—Alicata—Terra Nova—Biscari—A convent of Capuchins.

The path from Monte Allegro to Girgenti, a distance of fourteen miles, wound among almond, fig, and cork trees, the latter barked to the height of about ten feet. We passed, too, through whole meadows of the iceplant, whose large globules of frozen dew glistened with a freshness that almost made one feel cool in looking at them, notwithstanding the intensity with which the beams of a scorching sun beat upon the huge umbrella canopies which we carried over our heads. By the way, I finally discovered that the heat was much more oppressive in such a shelter than when exposed directly to the rays of the sun, with only the rim of a straw hat or the penthouse of a travelling-cap to protect the eyes.

Before entering the town, we passed on the right the mole of Girgenti, where great quantities of sulphur-cake were lying ready for exportation. From it there is a carriage-road, the first we had seen since leaving Palermo, leading to Girgenti itself, which, as usual, is perched on the summit of a rocky hill, once, if the doctor was to be believed, the citadel of Agrigentum. Citadel or not, the view from the winding road that climbs to its summit is magnificent. Our foreground, when we drew up to take a long and tranquil view, was filled up by the enormous cacti and budding aloes (buds six feet long!) that formed the fence. A begging friar, in his brown robe of serge, made a point in the picture, and contrasted well in colour with the verdure behind him. On our left was the city, with its gray walls and flat roofs clustered round the rock. Before and below us extended a rich wavy, wooded plain, covered with olive, myrtle, and almond, mingled with aloe, and here and there a palm, from among which peeped out in strong relief the brown clayey-looking pillars of the temples, some of which, half hidden among the foliage, seemed as if they were still portions of a perfect edifice, sheltering its Pagan worshippers. Beyond was the sea, looking glorious in the calm sunshine, coming with a bold sweep from the chalk-like promontory that bounded our view upon the east.

At Girgenti our accommodations were a shade or two better than they had been at Sciacca or Castel Vetrano, a point of more importance than any one who has not had some experience in Sicilian travelling will readily believe. The fatigues of the day are nothing; one soon gets accustomed to the peaked saddle; the hard fare is nothing. A bit of brown bread and an orange are almost always procurable, but it was the bed, or rather the want of anything that could, without a powerful figure, be called such, that gave the *coup de grace* to one's patience. In place of ordering a pair of slippers and the evening paper, with which to while away the time in the company of a glass of sherry and water until supper is ready, with a snug fire, a neat carpeted room, a sofa to lounge upon, obsequious waiters ministering to your wants, (your slaves for the time, in consideration of an extra sixpence,) the unfortunate Sicilian traveller, after jolting on mule-back over rough mountain-paths for forty miles or thereabouts, broiled by the sun, hungry and weary, is shown into a room, on whose tiles, innocent of water, small salad might conveniently be grown. The windows are unglazed, a wooden shutter alone partially excluding the wind and rain. In the corner is the bed, composed of two iron "horses," three planks, a filthy mattress, and a rug. A rickety chair and a small deal table form the remainder of the furniture. Over all these—chair, table, bed, floor, walls, and ceiling—is running a lively population, any one of which is ready to attack with a vigour sufficient to chase away sleep from the eyes even of Morpheus himself after an extra dose of poppies. One's heart sinks at the obvious impossibility of procuring an hour's slumber in such companionship.

---

[1] Continued from p. 73.

Girgenti, however, as I have said, presented accommodations a shade better than those of the two previous evenings, and it was in better spirits than usual that we the next morning mounted our mules to visit its antiquities. The first ruin to which our guide conducted us was a portion of what evidently had once been a cellar, but which has been repaired, so as to serve for a modern church. It stands on the heights indented, as it were, into the rock, which has been cut away to afford it room. We then visited the temple, called that of Juno Lucina; of this the greater number of the pillars remains with a portion of the cella. Next was the Temple of Concord, which, like that at Segesta, is nearly perfect, wanting merely the roof. It has not, however, the same appearance of stability. The pillars are much shattered, and the softer materials of which the edifice is composed bear much stronger traces of the ravages of time, the air having in many places eaten out whole blocks from the wall. Even the reparations which the temple has suffered, presenting a whitish patchwork on a ground of a deep clay colour, though necessary perhaps to stay its fall, do irreparable damage to the *sentiment* of its appearance, and give it a modern antique kind of air, not at all relieved by the slab of white marble running across the pediment, and containing the date of the repairs, with the royal name under whose patronage they were executed. The old city walls (the most perfect specimens of which are to be found in the space between these two latter temples) presented to the eye of the doctor a much more gratifying sight. He had been muttering discontented grumblings all the morning, and talking incoherently about plaster and Pæstum, Segesta, King Ferdinand, and the Goths; but these old walls, *au naturel* as time had left them, restored the sunshine to his brow, and perched on their summit; looking on one side down on the plain and the distant sea, on the other up to the site of the ancient citadel, he discoursed long and eloquently of Agrigentum and its wars with Carthage, of its famous horses, of Theron, Phalaris, and his brazen bull.

The walls themselves on which we sat were very remarkable, being not built but hewn. The calcareous rock was in some places merely cut away, so as to present a precipice on the outside, in others a wall was actually formed by excavations on the inside also. Chambers, which seemed as if they had been used for tombs, were cut in their thickness. Some of these were mere oblong holes, others formed a small chamber with compartments, intended apparently to hold bodies of different sizes. Flights of steps on the outside provided the means of access. It seemed strange that the defences of the city should have been used for a purpose by which they were so much weakened—a circumstance that seemed unaccountable, unless the theory of the doctor should happen to be the correct one, namely, that the walls had not been used for sepulchres until they were useless as defences, and in a great measure destroyed.

We afterwards visited the prostrate remains of the temple called that of the Olympian Jupiter, a ruin which has given rise to innumerable speculations. It has evidently been of great extent and of a colossal bulk, testified by the massive fragments of pillar and frieze, cornice and capital, that lie scattered around. Its plan, however, in the state of confusion in which its ruins remained, was a hopeless puzzle for the antiquarians, until the Neapolitan government ordered excavations by which its proportions were developed. It then appeared to have been composed of three aisles, the bases of the buttresses by which they were divided being still easy to be traced running from end to end of the building. But lo! in solving the one mystery a greater appeared. Elbows and knees of colossal figures were found among the ruins; a foot, an arm, a head, were discovered, and at last the searchers succeeded in putting together, in all his giant bulk, a massive figure of tolerably correct proportions, his arms elevated above his head, and his shoulders bowed as if burthened, like Atlas, with some crushing weight. The fragments of another, and another, and another, were discovered, each in the same attitude, each with the same developement of muscle, each with the same full-lipped negro-like aspect. One of them lay stretched out before us, a huge Colossus.

"There now, doctor," said Dawson, "you're fond of nuts to crack. Try your teeth on that son of Anak—what doth he here? The 'Cockerell' theory, as laid down by that gentleman, is, that these were perched on the top of the buttresses dividing the side aisles, and were supports to the roof. Rather a droll locality, certainly, and somewhat out of the way; but we must, I am afraid, put up with this theory for want of a better."

We lounged about the antiquities of Agrigentum the whole day, peeping into the tombs, clambering along the walls, and sitting on the steps of the Temple of Concord, with our mules picketed around us, in the full enjoyment of "summer's delicious idleness."

In the evening we discovered that Girgenti was possessed of a theatre. We went early, and established ourselves in the pit before the house filled, so that we had abundant time to study and examine its fair proportions. There were six diminutive boxes and a proportionably small quantity of pit, insufficient, as it appeared, to accommodate the friends of the drama at Girgenti. In they came—dark-eyed, Moorish-looking ladies, and young gentlemen with magnificent waistcoats and silver chains. The drop-scene represented a ruin, probably the Temple of Concord, in which a number of columns were leaning in every variety of stand-at-ease, and a heap of joints of pillars, like a huge aggregation of cheeses, occupied the foreground. From behind this, a *padre di famiglia*, in a full-bottomed wig and a huge pigtail, (as the *padre di famiglia* usually appears on the Sicilian stage,) peeped occasionally to see what progress the audience was making, and exchanged a nod, or now and then a *sotto voce*, with some favoured acquaintance who had just made his appearance. The hour for the commencement of the performance had nearly arrived, and we were anxiously expecting it in the hope of being thereby relieved from the inquisitive gaze of the audience, who, in default of better amusement, were actively engaged in quizzing the *forestieri*. At this moment, however, a gigantic beau, who had apparently taken the precaution of procuring his ticket beforehand, came lounging up the central passage of the pit. He made his way between two closely-packed rows until he arrived opposite an elderly individual, who was comfortably arranging his spectacles on his nose, in anticipation of the rising of the curtain.

" Excuse me," said the young gentleman, blandly.

The old gentleman rose to let him pass.

" Excuse me," he said again, " I am *numero quindici.*"

" I beg your pardon," said the old gentleman; " *I* am *numero quindici.*"

" E una bugia—it's a lie," said the other, adopting the common form of contradiction in Italy and Sicily, which, though with us an insult to be answered only with a blow, seems there but the usual mode of expressing a difference of opinion on a matter of fact.

Loud waxed the war of words, vehement were the contradictions, and varied the epithets of abuse, shrill rose the voices of the contending parties, while every muscle of their bodies took its part in the active pantomime of gesticulation with which their dispute was accompanied. The *Padre di famiglia*, who had been peeping from behind the drop, came forward to the lamps, his flaxen wig fresh powdered, and the wrinkles on his venerable face deepened and darkened as far as burnt cork could do it. An English nobleman, one of the *dramatis personæ*, in a blue coat with bright buttons, white waistcoat, and nankeen inexpressibles, joined him in his endeavours to throw oil on the troubled waters of the pit. The commotion, however, was rapidly extending in consequence of the discovery being made that there were two billets with the same number. Which then was the real Simon, the original *numero quindici?* An animated contest arose between the actors and the audience, in which every individual in the house, so far as his lungs would serve him, took a share. One suggested that the old gentleman should sit on the young one's knee; another thought the matter could be easily arranged by a lady taking that position; and a third in the boxes, with a bald head, who, we understood, was a custom-house official, solemnly declared his opinion, "that if the proprietors of that house would issue to the public more tickets than that house could hold, why then the proprietors of that house were bound to find accommodation in that house for any individual to whom a ticket for that house had been so issued." This turned the indignation of all parties upon the management. The *Padre di famiglia* shrugged, protested, and asked what he was to do. The English nobleman lost his temper, and swore, most aristocratically, he would end the matter by putting both the contending parties out. The pit in general took this threat in desperate dudgeon; and there is no knowing to what lengths their indignation might have been carried, had not a third member of the *dramatis personæ* came forward in the shape of Polichinello, dressed as usual in his loose white dress and his white peaked hat. This was the manager. He was familiarly addressed from all quarters as Giuseppe; and, after a neat speech in extenuation, offered the young gentleman, as the last comer, a seat in the orchestra. For this purpose, however, it was necessary to dislodge one of the three performers, a blind fiddler, who was in consequence seated on the stage at the end of the lamps with his face to the audience, and the young gentleman having sulkily taken his seat, the performance proceeded.

The scene, to our surprise, is in London. It opens in the house of the *Padre di famiglia*, where a large small family is discovered taking tea and eating macaroni. Of this, however, there is but a scanty portion, which the padre distributes among them, grumbling all the time that he is as hungry as the devil. In the mean time Polichinello, supposed to be invisible, is peeping out at the side-scenes, ducking under the table, tasting the macaroni, and playing a variety of antics. The padre at last rushes from the house in despair.

The scene changes to London Bridge, where we find the English nobleman soliloquising, Polichinello giving a running commentary. Milor is in a state of intense misery. He is a bachelor, young, handsome, and rich—rich beyond all the ordinary limits of a Sicilian imagination. He has a palazzo in the country and a palazzo in town, vineyards and olive grounds of an inconceivable extent, from which a constant stream of colonnati is poured into his pocket. Horses and equipages, plate and pictures, the most delicious wines and the most magnificent banquets, are his for the wishing. But, alas! this facility of satisfying his desires is the source of all his misery. His cup is too sweet, it wants a dash of the acid, a little disappointment to give it a zest. He is weary of having his own way—miserable for want of a little unhappiness. He has no object for which to strive. He can set nothing before his imagination which he will have any difficulty in obtaining. Besides, it is November, and rather muggy weather. What can he do but die? A splash in the cold water would at least be a sensation, and his ennui is unendurable.

He has just made up his mind for the plunge, when the poor *Padre di famiglia* enters. He too has come to the conclusion, that in his circumstances, and in such weather, the river is his only refuge. London Bridge is a lonely, desolate spot, the night is dark as pitch, and there he can, undisturbed and at his leisure, bid farewell to a world that has treated him so hardly.

They approach the side of the bridge, and each at the same moment lifts his leg to get over the wall into the stream. It luckily happens that while Milor lifts the right leg his companion elevates the left. They come in contact. Each retreats in great alarm, surprised at finding any one in so solitary a spot, but shortly after ventures on another attempt. Again there is a similar hinderance, to the great delight of Polichinello. Finally, having all but succeeded in getting over, each discovers that some one else is engaged in a similar operation. They seize on each, and after many mutual expostulations on the folly and wickedness of such conduct, an explanation takes place. Each represents in vivid colours to his fellow suicide the misery that has driven him to this desperate resolve. There is a sympathy between them. They agree that this world is not worth living in, and prepare to go over the wall together.

Suddenly the thought strikes the father that it would be as well if a small portion of the superabundant wealth of his new friend—for which the said friend will have no further occasion—should be applied to relieve the necessities of the family now about to be left destitute behind him. He suggests this to Milor. The latter is delighted. He proposes to accompany the latter home, to spend the night under his roof, settle a portion on each of his daughters, and return with him in the morning to consummate their original intention. They shake hands upon this bargain, and go off sworn brothers.

We next find them at the house in which the play opened. Milor has ordered a comfortable supper, and is delighted at the zest with which it is devoured. Il Signor Padre himself, though looking somewhat gloomy at the idea of this meal being his last, does not allow himself to be cheated out of a single stroke of his teeth by the reflection; and by the time that supper is finished, and a bowl of punch, blazing like a furnace, is brought in, he is quite prepared to relish it. Another and another follow, both become exceedingly joyous, and their mirth is only checked at intervals by the remembrance of the rather serious engagement into which they have entered for the coming morning. The scene ends by both gentlemen getting very drunk indeed, in a style which one of our neighbours characterised as "*Veramente Inglese*," whereupon *Il Signor Padre* finishes the matter by pouring a ladleful of punch over the candle, and lighting his friend to bed with a goblet.

Next morning they again meet, still resolved on taking the fatal plunge. They begin to converse, however, respecting the pleasures of the preceding evening. Il Signor Padre expresses the delight he felt at seeing his family around him, and knowing they would be provided for when he was gone. Milor declares his enjoyment was no less in employing for so good a purpose that wealth which had formerly been a burden to him. Il Signor Padre suggests that they might enjoy yet one more such evening, of which, in their unhappy lives, they had had so few. Milor rejoins that he was just thinking whether they might not enjoy a great many such, and dispense with the drowning altogether. Il Signor Padre declares it was the very idea that was running in his own head, gives Milor a hug and a kiss, calls in the family, and explains the whole affair. Milor marries his host's daughter, and the curtain falls, leaving all parties to enjoy a long elysian perspective of suppers and hot punch.

We had a good laugh at the theatricals of Girgenti, and our amusement was not diminished by the evident delight with which the good folks around applied to us the jest against the English; looking, whenever a good hit was made, to see with what equanimity we bore it, and giving us seemingly some credit for good-nature, when we could laugh at satire so severe.

The next day we resumed our pilgrimage, and proceeded as far as Alicata, a city of considerable size, situated on the bank of one of the largest rivers we had yet seen in Sicily. In the course of the journey we met several Lettigas, swinging over the hills to the merry jangle of the innumerable bells with which the mules were decorated, and which, though somewhat deafening in their immediate neighbourhood, has, at the distance of half a mile or so, rather a pleasing effect. The Lettiga is a magnificent sedan with two seats, the poles carried by mules in place of men. It was at some places terrific to see the animals passing along the narrow path, where a single false step must have precipitated the whole down the rocky declivity, yet threading, as is their wont, along the very edge with as free and careless a step as if they trod on the green sward. The motion of these vehicles seemed particularly disagreeable, being a succession of sharp and rugged jolts, which, with the tintinnabulary accompaniment, would to me have been intolerable.

The streets of Alicata were wider and in better order than those of most of the taverns we had lately visited; and here, for the first time since leaving Palermo, we saw a four-wheeled carriage. The situation is good, backed by a small and rugged but well-wooded hill, behind which extends a wide and fertile plain, covered, when we saw it, with grain of the brightest green.

From Alicata to Terra Nova our route lay along the shore, behind a range of low sandhills. We crossed the mouths of several considerable rivers on the shallow bar formed by their meeting with the sea, the primitive Sicilian bridges that suit the torpid indolence of the inhabitants. Terra Nova is a considerable town, the population of which seemed to be all employed in different branches of the cotton manufacture. From thence we pushed on by the shortest but least frequented route towards Syracuse, and as evening fell we drew up, heartily fatigued, at the door of the miserable hovel pointed out to us by Domenico as the albergo, in the petty village of Biscari.

A good-looking bustling dame, with an unwashed face, came out to welcome us and point out our accommodation for the night. On the outside of the stable appropriated to the mules, a flight of stone steps led to two upper chambers next the unplastered tiles, where the heat was most oppressive, and in which were mounted four of the primitive Sicilian bedsteads that gave little promise of rest.

The doctor turned up the mattress, and shrank back from the contact with horror.

"Igins, my dear fellow, there's something entomological for you! Millions of 'em. How dare you," he added, turning savagely upon our landlady, "how dare you propose to put a Christian into such a bed as that?"

"Cosa è?" said the landlady, shaking her head inquisitively, with an air of the greatest innocence.

"Cimici! signora," said the doctor furiously. "Bugs, madam!" and he shook his fingers to free himself from the pollution.

"Non è possibile, signor."

"Possible or no, ma'am," rejoined the doctor, "there they are, regiments of 'em, the bloodthirsty Cossacks! Domenico! Domenico!"

"'Ccellenza!" said Domenico, coming out of the stable, as we hastily descended the stairs.

"Come—the mules! Quick, presto, prestissmo,—come spicciatevi, Andiamo! Andiamo!"

"Ma dove? 'ccellenza," said Domenico in amazement.

"How the d——l do I know?" replied the doctor, with somewhat furious impatience. "Anywhere—everywhere. To Syracuse, if you like. It is at the peril of one's life to remain here."

Domenico was in despair, and expressed, with all the hyperbole of a Sicilian, the intense grief he felt at finding our accommodations so bad, turning parenthetically with fury upon the hostess, and demanding in the name of Satanasso whether he had not told her a thousand times that English travellers did not like bugs. As to going to Syracuse, he said, his excellency was pleased to jest, and at Chiaramonte, the next stage, half a day's journey off, the accommodations were not likely to be much better. "But, 'ccellenza," he added, "we can go to the convent."

"A convent! Domenico. Not of Capuchins, I hope."

"'Ccellenza si—they are Capuchins."

"Well, my lads, what say ye?" said the doctor. "Worse off than we are here we cannot be. Whether we shall be better among those shirtless rogues may admit of a doubt; but, at any rate, we shall have seen the inside of a Capuchin convent. I move that we try it."

"I second the motion," said Dawson.

"It has been moved and seconded, that seeing the bugs of Biscari are intolerable, and seeing that we don't know whether the bugs at the convent are intolerable or not, we resolve that we prefer the possibilities of the last to the certainties of the former. All who are of that opinion say 'Aye'—all of the contrary opinion say 'No.' The 'Ayes' have it. Come, Domenico—al convento."

The convent lay a short distance from the village, and commanded a splendid view of Mount Etna, rising in lonely majesty, his conical top streaked with snow and ashes, and a thin column of dark smoke stealing from the summit. The building itself was irregular, with a lonely and neglected appearance, that half-fortified look which we had observed in the convent of Sciacca. A few stone steps led up to the folding-doors of the main entrance, and a vigorous application to the bell brought the head and shoulders of a burly member of the brotherhood, with a Cain-coloured beard, to a little square wicket in the story above.

Danks, as spokesman for the party, related to the reverend brother the circumstances under which we made our appearance at their hospitable door, and in a kind of serio-comic version of "Pity the Sorrows of a Poor Old Man," demanded lodging for the night *per carità*.

The Capuchin, a short-necked, apoplectic-looking gentleman, listened in sleepy silence to the doctor's oration, and then, without uttering a word, slowly extricated his shoulders from the narrow wicket, leisurely closed the shutters, and disappeared.

"Cool, that," said the doctor.

"Silent contempt," said Dawson. "You may depend he's sound asleep again by this time, dreaming of white wine and fat pullets. Come, wake him up again; we have no choice between effecting a lodgment here, and bivouacking *al fresco* for the night, without even the spare stall of a stable for a refuge. O for a marquee of Edgington's!"

Dawson's wishes were cut short by the slow opening of the folding-doors, the same sleepy friar officiating as porter. He neither bade us welcome, nor forbade us, but stared at the *forestieri* with the leaden look of a plethoric alderman dozing away his supper.

"Can you lodge us for the night, buon padre?" said the doctor.

"'Gnor-si."

"Can we stable our mules here?"

"'Gnor-no."

"Must they go back to Biscari?"

"'Gnor-si."

"Are you the superior of the convent?"

"'Gnor-no."

"Can you say anything but 'gnor-si and 'gnor-no?" said the doctor, seriously.

"'Gnor-si," said the Capuchin, a slight flickering of thought lighting up his eye, as if he had some faint idea that the question was a droll one.

"Then would you be good enough to go to the superior, and say an English traveller requests the pleasure of a word with him."

"'Gnor-si," replied the sleepy janitor, and he slowly wended his way up a flight of stone steps rising from the courtyard to an upper gallery, half stopping every now and then to look at the doctor, as if to recal to his mind the nearly-forgotten errand of which he was the bearer.

A tall, pale-faced man, with a beard which had once been black, but was now sprinkled with gray, soon made his appearance. He was, we understood, the lettore or reader. He received us with a staid graciousness, and in reply to the doctor's apologies for disturbing the solitude of the brotherhood, made us welcome to their poor convent. He then recommended us to the care of Giuseppe the porter, and Antonio the cook, and sweeping along the colonnade that surrounded the courtyard, disappeared under an archway in the corner.

A number of the friars had in the mean time gathered round, young and old, displaying the great ornament of the human chin in uncropped luxuriance, and with an amusing variety of hue and style. They had maintained a respectful distance during our conversation with the lettore, but now busily occupied themselves in transferring our luggage from the panniers to the cells in which we were to pass the night. They eulogised the lettore as a man of wondrous scholarship, who even knew French, and must have read, they thought, nearly all the books in the world. He was now in his study, where he almost always remained. I was inclined to think, as well from their account of the matter as from his demeanour to ourselves, that the lettore was a man little likely to forget the old proverb, or be betrayed into that familiarity that breeds contempt.

Each cell of those set apart for our use was a small square room, arched with stone, and having a narrow window sunk in the thick wall. It contained a bedstead, (on which was a mattress covered with a brown rug,) a small deal table, and a chair. Over the door of each was a coarse fresco, representing some variety of future torments, with a Latin motto, such as "Religiosus negligens, lætitia dæmonis;" or "Prodesse aliis, et nocere sibi, stultitia est, non caritas." We had an apartment of somewhat larger size as a sitting-room.

Now came our inquiries about supper, and Antonio made his appearance, a dark-eyed youngster, with a merry glance, and a dark moustache that would have been invaluable in a marching regiment.

"Well, Antonio, what can we have for supper?"

"Cosa vi piace, signor."

"Why, we are easily pleased, Antonio—what have you in the convent?"

"Niente, signor."

"What! nothing at all, Antonio? How then do you live?"

"Ah!" replied Antonio, half laughing; "we live on charity, noi altri—we are poor, signor. Molto poveri."

"What's to be done, then?" said the doctor.

"We can buy," said Antonio.

"Ah! now I understand. Come, there's a dollar, and forage for us as well as you can."

The result of Antonio's labours made their appearance in about half an hour, and proved to be a huge dish of macaroni, enough, according to our limited ideas, to satisfy at least a dozen—a roast capon, some oranges, and a couple of bottles of tolerable Marsala.

During supper we held a levee somewhat in the style of the king's dinner at Versailles under the old regime, all the brotherhood being anxious to get a peep at the *forestieri*, and ask a question or two about the strange lands from which we came.

The lettore, however, did not again make his appearance, and with him vanished apparently the learning of the establishment, the whole batch seeming to be in a state of as blissful ignorance as ever illustrated the folly of wisdom.

Nothing could exceed their amazement at the discovery that England did not produce oranges fit to eat. That we did not make macaroni was to them a strong evidence of our savage condition, and all their original ideas of an inhabitable country being thus upset at once, they proceeded, like a posse of grown children, to go over an interminable list of names, asking with regard to each the same dull question—"Have you that in England?" Bells, butterflies, sheep, beetles, were a few of the items; and a jolly old gentleman, with a white beard, not to be behind-hand in the pursuit of knowledge, blurted out, after a long silence, during which he had been listening attentively to the questions of the juniors—" Have you any rivers there?"

" Tacete, Pietro," harshly grumbled a pert youngster; and poor old Pietro, for whose intellect they did not seem to entertain any very high respect, lost on the instant the self-satisfied look of importance which he had assumed, and sank back again into his chronic silence and insignificance.

In the course of the conversation, however, it happened to be mentioned that Dawson was not an Englishman, which of course produced an inquiry on the part of one of the younger brethren as to his peculiar nationality.

" Son' Irlandese, Io," said Dawson.

" Ah!" said the inquirer, brightening up, and taking evidently an interest in the answer, for which in the *crassa ignorantia* of the community I could not account.

" Lei è Cattolico dunque."

" No—son' Protestante."

" Ah!" replied the other in surprise, " there are then Protestants in Ireland?"

" Vi credo—I believe ye," said Dawson.

The friar, though rather puzzled with the construction of Dawson's Italian, considered it to imply an affirmative, and there was a short pause.

" What is the difference then, signor," he said at last, " between the two religions?"

Dawson was rather puzzled. He had been in the habit of drinking the glorious memory, as he himself expressed it, like a Briton, and could tell the political differences to a shade, but with the theological he was, truth to say, not quite so intimate. He was proceeding, however, as well as a man can who endeavours to discuss points of doctrine, of which he has rather a confused notion, in a language with which he is not very familiar, and the doctor had just suggested the propriety of laying due stress on the orange and green, when one of the elders put an end to the explanation at once by saying—

" Via! there is no occasion to speak of these things."

The young inquirer was silent and abashed, the conversation was stopped at once, and the whole party shortly after bade us good-night. I threw myself on the bed, in which, to my unutterable delight, I found there were no previous tenants, and was awakened by the hum of the midnight mass in the chapel from a horrid dream, in which I was riveted to the floor in the centre of a huge circular theatre, the benches rising tier above tier, until they were lost in the distance, like one of Martin's perspectives, and covered with myriads of Scotch bagpipers playing *con furore*.

DECEPTION.[1]

A TALE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Resolved to know my fate at once, I arose with tottering steps, and proceeded to the library. Mrs. Neville sat on one side of the table, with her handkerchief hypocritally placed at her eyes. Mr. Neville was opposite to her writing rapidly in a memorandum-book, and my poor husband, pale, trembling, and looking like one under the influence of a horrid dream, sat near him. Mr. Neville glanced at me in a cold, contemptuous manner, and had not even the common good feeling to offer me a seat, but my knees trembled under me, and I sank into the nearest that presented itself.

"Isabel, my beloved, precious Isabel," said Lord Ellerton in a hollow tone, "speak! tell me that you are innocent of this terrible charge, and I will believe you against the assembled and accumulated voices of thousands."

A pause ensued—a dreadful temptation crossed my mind that I would brave my accuser by a declaration of innocence, in which I doubted not I should meet the ready support of Lady Barlow; but I lifted up a fervent aspiration to God for strength to rise above the snare, and in a low but audible voice rejoined, "I cannot deny the charge—I am guilty!"

My husband uttered a deep groan, and hid his face in his hands. Mr. Neville could scarcely restrain an exclamation of triumph; and my sister-in-law, removing her handkerchief from her eyes, began to declare, with the malignant exultation of a low mind, "that she had never thought well of me—that she had always suspected something very mysterious about the birth of the child, and was not in the least surprised at having her conjectures confirmed."

This I felt convinced was false; for if a suspicion of the kind had ever crossed her mind, she would immediately have instituted the most minute inquiries into the particulars of Lord Montford's birth; but I made her no answer, and Lord Ellerton impatiently waved his hand to her to be silent. Mr. Neville now proceeded to lay before me all the proofs of my guilt, evidently fearful that I might hereafter recant my confession, imputing it to temporary delirium. It appeared that Ruth Hammond was confined of her first child in the neighbourhood of Sidmouth, under circumstances of great want and distress. Mr. Wickham obtained the infant from her, during a temporary absence of her husband, by the bribe of a handsome sum of money; she would not accede to his wishes, however, till he had given her the name of the lady to whom it was to be delivered, since she suspected he might meditate some imposition on her; he on his part was equally wary, and only gave her the name on condition of her signing a paper, and also taking a solemn vow that she would never reveal the name to her husband, nor to any one else, and that she would never voluntarily seek an interview with her child, or its reputed parents. When Hammond returned she gave him the money, and told him the circumstances of the case, concealing, however, her knowledge of the name of the family. The money proved a bane instead of a blessing to him, since it led him into habits of low company and dissipation, which he never afterwards subdued; and the want of maternal tenderness shown by his wife in the transaction furnished him with a constant subject of recrimination and sarcasm whenever she ventured to remonstrate with him on the culpable course he was pursuing. She had several other children; none of them respected or obeyed her; they followed the footsteps of their father in the paths of evil, and death or the laws of the country snatched them from her one by one. She still preserved a reverence for her vow of secrecy, and a kind of wild stormy affection for her husband; and nothing but the sudden and irrepressible bursting forth of the latter, under such awful circumstances, could have caused the violation of the former. She adduced as witnesses to the truth of her tale, Lady Barlow, the nurse who had attended me, and who was since married to a respectable tradesman at Exeter, and a cousin of Mr. Wickham's, who was in partnership with him at the time of the transaction, and through whose mediation the affair had been in a great measure adjusted. A silence ensued more terrible than words; it was broken by the sudden entrance of Lord Montford.

---

[1] Concluded from p. 215.

" Father," he exclaimed, sinking on his knees before Lord Ellerton, " they have surely been mocking and deceiving me by the dreadful and disgraceful tale they have imparted to me: tell me that it is false. I could bear the loss of rank and wealth, but not the trial of being told that I am henceforth to cease to consider myself as your son."

" My dear boy," said the earl, raising him and clasping him in his arms, " be composed; you shall ever be the first, as you are now, alas! the only object of my care and affection: you shall be my son in all but the name."

" And am I not then your son in truth?" he passionately asked. " Am I the offspring of the low and vile? Must I hereafter be a stranger to you?"

" Talk not in this manner, my beloved Montford," said the earl; " ever while I live shall you share my house, my fortune, and my heart."

" Never," he replied with vehemence, " never will I be the object of the scornful mockery of the world as the idle and abject dependent of the generous and forgiving man on whom I have been basely imposed as a son; my thanks and blessings shall ever rest on you, your name shall never be forgotten in my prayers, but our earthly intercourse must cease. For you, Lady Ellerton," he continued, turning to me, " to offer any thanks to you would be an insult to my feelings and your own: for the purposes of heartless ambition you tore me from the arms of my rightful mother, but you never attempted to supply her place by any instance of kindness or tenderness to me; coldness, neglect, and misapprehension, even from my earliest years, are all for which I stand indebted to you. In every character of life, selfish love of your own consequence and popularity has been your guiding principle; you professed fond, earnest, even morbid affection for your only son Aubrey, but how did you prove it? Although a frank acknowledgment of your deception would have bestowed on him all the honours of which you had deprived him, you withheld it. I professed not love for him, but I can unhesitatingly, safely say, that had I entertained the least suspicion that I was usurping his rights and name, I would, in the face of the world, have willingly restored them to him. You knew the real facts, but you preferred your own good repute to the interest, the happiness, and the life of your only son."

I sobbed in conscience-stricken agony as he uttered these words.

"O my Aubrey, my neglected Aubrey!" exclaimed Lord Ellerton, "would that you were here to receive from me a tardy reparation of the wrongs which I unknowingly inflicted on you; but you are safe in that refuge which I would I were about to share with you, 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'"

I heard no more—I fell insensible from my seat. When I recovered I was in bed in my own room, and the old housekeeper presented me with a composing draught, which took so successful an effect that I slept for many hours. When I awoke, my own maid Andrews was sitting by me; she asked me how I was, and I felt grieved and mortified to be obliged to tell her that I was perfectly well in health: where the mind is suffering the tortures of guilt and exposure, bodily pain, so far from being considered as an infliction, is welcomed as a relief; and had I awakened to the consciousness of some agonising complaint, it would, I felt, have led my mind from brooding over my sorrows, and have gained for me a portion of kindness and commiseration from others. Andrews assisted me in dressing, but her manner was stiff and constrained, and I was much hurt at it. Since she had been in my service, it had been in my power to confer some material benefits on her; she had professed exceeding gratitude towards me, and I did not anticipate that she would thus readily have joined in my condemnation. If a person of a proud spirit cannot be restrained from the commission of a sin by motives of religion or morality, surely the consciousness that they are exposing themselves to the contemptuous and insulting reprobation of their inferiors in the event of a discovery, should have some effect in deterring them from it. Fearfully I asked after Lord Ellerton.

"My lord," she said, "seemed to be composing himself pretty tolerably till a few hours ago, when Mr. Neville suddenly told him that Lord Montford and Ruth Hammond had left the house, and that a few lines written by the former were found in his room, requesting that no pursuit for him might take place, since nothing could prevail on him to return. Mr. Neville told my lord that it was not likely the poor young man or his mother either could bear to remain under the same roof with you, and the sudden shock seemed quite to throw him back again; he is now confined to his bed. Dr. Ferrars has been sent for, and thinks him in great danger."

"Oh, support me, Heaven!" I inwardly exclaimed; "let not my punishment be greater than I can bear." I heard carriage-wheels approaching the door as I spoke. "Is Dr. Ferrars going away?" I inquired; "I am anxious to speak to him."

"No," replied Andrews, looking out, "it is the carriage of the Marquis and Marchioness of Hilsbury come to take them away; of course none of the visiters like to stay after what has happened, and some are already gone."

I felt more than ever degraded that I, a woman of rank, intellect, and consequence in society, should be thus deserted by those who had partaken of my hospitality without receiving a word of farewell, or even a parting message from them! It was truly humiliating, but it was a part of my just chastisement, and I felt that it was my duty to bow to the avenging rod of Providence.

"Go to the earl's apartment," said I to Andrews, after I had completed dressing, and calmed my mind by reading a few appropriate passages in scripture, "and say that I am anxious to have an interview with him."

"If you please, my lady," answered Andrews, "I am sure it will be of no use; for Mr. and Mrs. Neville are ordering everything in my lord's room, and I have heard them give orders that you were not to be admitted."

"Go directly, as I desire you," I repeated; and Andrews went with a very bad grace.

In a little time she returned triumphant at the event of her prediction, and said that "Mrs. Neville was quite surprised that I should presume to make such a request, and desired that I would never repeat it."

"Go once more," said I, "and deliver your message to Lord Ellerton himself."

"He would not understand me, my lady," answered Andrews; "his senses have been wandering ever since Lord Montford's (I mean young Hammond's) departure." I was about to leave the room, when Andrews prevented me. "You had better not attempt to go there, my lady," she said, "you will only get some unpleasant observations from Mr. or Mrs. Neville."

"I am not going," I replied coolly; "but surely I may have the liberty of walking through the galleries of my own house."

"I would not do it if I were in your ladyship's place," said she; "all the visiters are not yet gone, and the Nevilles are perpetually rambling about the house; and it would be very unpleasant, you know, my lady, to meet people, and not to have them speak to you."

I sat down again. Oh, how low had I sunk through my own blind and guilty folly! A woman in the meanest ranks of society, if she have preserved her claims to respect, may fearlessly assert her consequence beneath her own roof, and may resolutely maintain her right to hold the first place in the sick chamber of her husband; but I was excluded from every privilege, shunned by every associate. I could not deplore my punishment as hard and undeserved; mine was a crime tending so much to affect the interests of society, that it was impossible to wonder at society uniting to express their horror of it, especially among the circles of the aristocracy. It would be painful to any man to think that he was perhaps caressing the offspring of strangers as his own; but to the nobles of the land, justly proud of a long unsullied line of ancestry, and looking forward to an equally pure race of descendants, the reflection must be unspeakably mortifying that all these honours and dignities may be engrossed by one of plebeian birth. My successful prosecution of this scheme of deception had shown that such a thing might be done, and that it might pass for many years unsuspected; and therefore it was fitting that an example should be made of the perpetrator of such an act, to deter other women from imitating it. I requested and obtained an interview with Dr. Ferrars that day; his manner towards me was decidedly distant; he was an upright and a moral man, but not a religious character, consequently he was stern and rigid in his judgment of his erring fellow-creatures. He had also a professional kind of feeling towards me; had my feelings made me very ill, he might have soothed and pitied me, but as they did not, he concluded that I could not be properly sensible of them. I inquired eagerly after the health of my husband. Dr. Ferrars replied that he did not consider his life in any danger, but that his constitution was never likely to recover the shock it had received.

"At his time of life," he bluntly added, "the loss, as one may say, of a wife and child in an hour is not to be so easily got over."

After a wretched and restless night, haunted with frightful dreams, I rose to the prospect of another day of misery. I sent to inquire after Lord Ellerton; the answer was, that he was much better, and able to sit up. My greatest anxiety was to obtain an interview with him, and I was actually schooling my proud spirit to the humiliation of writing a few lines of entreaty to my despised and disliked sister-in-law, when I heard a frank and cordial voice on the stairs, saying, "Don't announce me, I know Lady Ellerton will be glad to see me;" and Mr. Percival entered the room. I retreated, scarcely knowing how to receive him, but he warmly pressed my hand, and said, "Pray trouble yourself with no explanations, Lady Ellerton; I know all. I am not come to flatter you by telling you that you have not committed a sin, but to try to do the little in my power to remedy the effects of it. You repent, I am certain," he pursued, looking with a compassionate air on my wan cheeks and inflamed eyes, "and God has mercy for the repentant—mercy that I am sure we all stand in need of on one account or another."

I cannot describe the comfort which I derived from the sight of this warm-hearted and excellent man. I had long considered him as a cheerful, amiable, and agreeable friend, but I had yet to learn his value in the dark time of adversity. It appeared that Lord Montford had gone to Percival's country-house as soon as he left Ashburn Park, anxious to pour his griefs into the bosom of one sympathising friend. Percival consoled and advised with him, recommended patience and quietude for the present, and learning from him that he had bestowed all the money in his possession on his unfortunate mother, Ruth Hammand, forced on him a draft on his banker, and told him that his house should be a home to him whenever he wished it. He left him behind in a state of mind somewhat soothed by his kind attentions, and proceeded to Ashburn Park, promising that he would write to him a particular account of the mental and bodily health of the earl.

"And have you seen my poor husband?" I inquired.

"Not yet," he replied; "the moment I entered the house I was beset by your termagant, hard-hearted sister-in-law, who has more of the spirit of a hyena than a woman in her; she hoped I was not going to countenance you by any notice, and I answered her by pushing her aside, and forcing my way to your presence without the formality of an announcement. I had inquired, however, at the lodge concerning Lord Ellerton's health, and was happy to hear that he had left his bed, and was not considered in any danger."

"O! Mr. Percival," I said, "what a support does your presence give me!"

"Then do not fear the loss of it, Lady Ellerton," he replied; "I am aware that Ellerton, ill or well, will always wish me to lengthen my visits at his house to any period I like, and no asperity or ill-breeding on the part of the dragons that guard him shall drive me away. In fact, I shall try my influence on him to permit me to give a gentle hint to Mr. and Mrs. Neville and their sons that their presence here is quite unnecessary, and when they are once dismissed, I have little doubt that I shall succeed in persuading him to see and forgive you; and you, and he, and poor Montford may yet enjoy many years of happiness in a foreign land; for, dearly as I love England above any other country, I would not, under existing circumstances, recommend you to stay in it."

He departed, leaving me under the influence of hopes and anticipations which I had imagined could never be mine again. The conduct of my husband on the dreadful evening of disclosure had shown that I was still exceedingly near and dear to his heart; my penitence was so bitter and so intense, that I could not doubt that the expression of it would satisfy him of its reality. Percival was decidedly my zealous friend; he was loved and valued both by Lord Ellerton and Lord Montford, and he had a self-possession, courage, and elasticity of spirit, which fully qualified him to cope with all the malicious artifices of my brother and sister-in-law. His allusion to a residence in a foreign country also gave me much pleasure, for I shrank from the idea of mixing with any of my former acquaintance. Alas! I was too sanguine; I had not hitherto paid the full penalty of my crime; my cup of bitterness was not yet full. Percival returned to me in the evening, but his countenance was clouded, and his spirits depressed.

"You find my husband worse than you anticipated," I eagerly said.

"Far from it," he replied; "I have just been writing to Montford, giving him a favourable account of my friend's health."

"Then you have spoken to him about me," I exclaimed, "and he is implacable in his displeasure?"

"I have not mentioned the subject," said he; "I thought it better not for the present to venture any allusion to it." And seeing me prepared to overwhelm him with inquiries, he mildly added, "You have been pleased, Lady Ellerton, to express your entire confidence in my friendship and judgment. I entreat you to believe me when I say that I have good and powerful reasons for not deeming it expedient at present to mention your name to Lord Ellerton, or to offer any hint respecting the dismissal of the Nevilles."

I retired to rest, not to dream of peace and reconciliation, but to weep over the demolition of my fond hopes. The next day Percival again waited on me; he was kind and soothing, and assured me that Lord Ellerton had undergone no relapse, yet I could not prevail on him to fix any time when he would solicit him to grant me an interview. There evidently was a mystery somewhere, and I felt that I could not have a moment's peace till it was explained. That evening, when I knew that Percival and the Nevilles would be engaged in the drawing-room, I took the desperate resolution of satisfying my doubts by my own efforts. I dismissed Andrews from attendance on me, and pursued my way to the apartments of Lord Ellerton. Two men-servants were in the ante-room; I gave money to each of them, and they did not oppose my entrance. I entered the inner room. My husband was sitting at a table, reading intently; his head was inclined over his book, and I did not see his face, but I was shocked at observing that his hair, hitherto partially silvered, had within the last few days become entirely white. I sank on my knees by the table, ejaculating, "O Reginald! my beloved husband, forgive me!"

He lifted up his eyes, and fixed on me a vacant stare; in a moment I became aware of the fatal truth—the expression of helpless, hopeless idiotism was not to be mistaken; the shock that had spared the health of his body had triumphed over the powers of his mind.

"I do not know who you are," said he, after a short pause, in a voice more resembling the querulous whine of childhood than the firm mellow tones which naturally characterised him. "I do not know why anybody should want to see me—I am sure I can do nothing for them."

I wildly threw myself in his arms, and wept upon his shoulder; he drew back for a moment, but presently took hold of a glittering chain which depended from my neck, and played with it as an infant would with a favourite toy. The attendants, as soon as they had gained possession of my money, went to the dining-room to mention my intrusion, and at this minute Percival, Mr. and Mrs. Neville, and a gentleman whom I did not know by sight, but who I afterwards found was a London physician, eminent in cases of lunacy and imbecility of mind, entered.

"My dear Lady Ellerton," said Percival, hastily advancing to me, "I am to blame for this; I ought yesterday to have informed you of the distressing situation of my poor friend, but I was unwilling to do it till the arrival of this gentleman from London should confirm my worst fears."

"Let me beg of you, Mr. Percival," said my sister-in-law, haughtily, "to remove Lady Ellerton without any further explanations. You do not wish," she added, in a caressing tone of voice to Lord Ellerton, "to see any thing of a person who has so deeply injured you—do you?"

"No," said my poor husband, looking around him with a bewildered air; "I do not wish to see any of you. I wish you would all go away, and leave me to finish my book in quiet."

I looked at the book over which he again bent, and shuddered; it had been procured for him by one of the servants, and was a little story in verse for children, bound in a gilt cover, and embellished with glaring coloured prints; and this study seemed fully to satisfy the wishes and engross the attention of the fine mind that had so lately been able to understand and appreciate the most abstruse treatises of philosophy and science. Percival carried rather than led me to my apartments.

"And this was my work," I wildly exclaimed; "O wretch that I am! why am I suffered to live, while I am the cause of misery and destruction to those around me?"

"It is all permitted for some wise purpose, my poor friend," said Percival, pressing my hand; "and sad as your visit to your husband has been, it has relieved my mind, because now everything is known to you, and I can confer freely with you on your future plans."

He then proceeded to inform me that it was the intention of Mr. Neville to take out a statute of lunacy against his brother, who would be placed in a small establishment of his own, with proper attendants.

"I will take care," he continued, "to see that every possible comfort is secured for him, and also that a suitable allowance is made to you from the estates."

"Do not mention it, I implore you," I exclaimed; "I cannot, will not accept it—my own income is as much as I require, and more, far more than I deserve; but would you procure for me a privilege which I should value in a higher degree than anything yet remaining to me on earth, let me be an inhabitant of the same home with my dear injured husband, let me devote my remaining days to his service, and attempt in some faint measure to repair the ruin I have wrought."

Percival tried to persuade me from this plan, but when he found all endeavours ineffectual, he mentioned it to the Nevilles. Mrs. Neville, wishing to mortify and circumvent me in every possible way, warmly opposed it; but when the London physician sided with her, saying that persons laboring under mental aberration were far more likely to recover if consigned entirely to the care of strangers than if they remained in the society of their family, she immediately changed her opinion, and said that "though Isabel chose to consider her as her enemy, she was sure that she was willing to grant any request of hers that was at all reasonable."

I will not dwell on every minute particular that ensued; suffice it to say, that when all the necessary arrangements were concluded, I removed to a small but elegant and convenient habitation in a retired part of the country with my poor husband, who was as pleased as a child with the journey and change of scene, several servants, and an experienced and confidential man who had long been accustomed to the care of insane and imbecile patients, and who was highly recommended to us by a noble family with whom he had long resided. Percival accompanied us thither, and remained several days, feeling that his society was a comfort to me, although the earl had never shown any symptoms of recognising him. He informed me that the unfortunate Montford, notwithstanding all his efforts to detain him, had persisted in joining a party of settlers who were on the point of emigrating to Upper Canada: civilisation, society, and refinement had lost all attractions for him; his first wish was to avoid the sight of any human being whom he had known in his more happy days, and it was with difficulty that Percival could prevail on him to accept a sum of money which might in some degree lessen the toils and risks of his undertaking. He commended his mother, Ruth Hammond, to the kind offices of Percival, but she did not live long to require them; she soon sank a victim to the trials she had undergone. When Percival left us, I could not help drawing a painful comparison between his situation and my own; he was returning with an easy mind and a quiet conscience to the world, by which he was honoured and respected, to fulfil his multitudinous and pleasant duties as a landlord, a master, a friend, and a neighbour; while I, blamed and shunned by all, was destined perhaps for many years to watch in sadness and solitude over the wreck that I had myself caused: but I soon reverted to a better state of mind, and sincerely thanked and blessed the Almighty that he had not called me to appear before his awful throne with my crimes unowned and unrepented. I once met with a few old lines, quaint and homely, but so very solemn and striking that I cannot resist quoting them.

"Whoso him bethought,
  Inwardly and oft,
How sore it were to flit
  From life into the pit,
From pit into the pain
  Which ne'er shall cease again,
He would not do one sin,
  All the world to win!"

I had suffered bitterly and terribly for my one great sin, but I had repented in tears, in prayers, and in humiliation; I confided in the intercession and sacrifice of my Redeemer, and I did not dread that I should pay the fearful penalty of everlasting punishment, although I felt that such must have been my fate, had not the grace of God led me to repent my sin, and the mercy of his blessed Son procured for me a ransom for it. I passed the greater portion of every day with my poor husband, trying to amuse him by the same infantine contrivances which I should have adopted towards a young child. He never for a moment seemed aware of my identity; but he evidently missed me whenever I was absent, and expressed pleasure at my return. My days were not always, however, so tranquil; occasionally he was violent and tumultuous, and then, although his senses still failed him, his memory seemed partially to return, and he would loudly recapitulate the wrongs that he had suffered at the hands of his cruel and deceitful wife, and passionately call on his poor slighted boy Aubrey and his still dearer Montford. At these dreadful periods force and coercion became necessary to restrain him, and I would often shut myself in my room, enduring far greater agony than did my poor husband in the reflection that my deception and wickedness had reduced him to the situation which rendered such inflictions necessary.

When Percival again visited us, I inquired of him respecting Lady Barlow; to my great surprise, he informed me that she still retained her place in society: she protested everywhere that she had yielded in the first instance to my earnest request that she would coalesce with me in my deception, as the only means of saving my life, and that she had been deterred afterwards from disclosing the truth, fearing that exposure might drive a person of my strong passions to madness or suicide. I received this information with calmness; some time ago I might have been inclined to murmur, that she who had been my tempter to guilt should have totally escaped the penalty which I was doomed to bear in so signal a degree; but I had learned to value the opinion of man less highly than I had formerly done. I felt myself to be a guilty creature, and it little mattered to me whether the world heightened or diminished the precise measure of that guilt. Solitary and despised as I was, however, I enjoyed many hours of sweet consolation. My husband, when he recovered from his attacks of temporary frenzy, never alluded to the past, nor seemed indeed conscious that any past had existed for him. I then walked with him, sang with him, bent my thoughts and imagination entirely to his amusement, and on the sabbath, after going twice myself to the village church, I would prevail on him to be quiescent and seemingly attentive while I read a few of the striking passages in the psalms and lessons of the day, and afterwards knelt with him to offer a short but fervent prayer.

And who can say that the idiot or the infant may not derive some benefit in such moments of quiescence?—who can say that the God who has chosen to cloud the mind of the one, and to hold back from immediate developement the intellect of the other, may not vouchsafe to each some occasional mysterious flashes of his mighty spirit, while they are sitting passive auditors of his blessed word? No injury, at all events, can result from the trial; and if the holy words of comfort are unheard and unappreciated by the listener, they will still return with a sweet and soothing calm to the mind of the reader. I read the scriptures much in private, and found them a greater solace than I had ever done before. While I was impenitent, and triumphing in the success of my duplicity, I had shuddered at their threatenings, but now I clung with fond trust and belief to their promises, and ventured, sinful as I was, to repose on the kindness of that gracious Lord to whom " belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him," and to throw myself on the mediation of that blessed Saviour, who came " not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

* * * * *

Nearly three years have elapsed. I feel the hand of death heavily upon me, and I close this sad narrative. I am no longer doubtful respecting its destination. From the worthy and kind-hearted Percival I have received unremitting offices of friendship, yet have I never been able to summon resolution to acquaint him with the exact and accurate detail of the events of my life and feelings of my heart; he has the best right to them, and to him, when my death takes place, have I directed this packet to be conveyed.

Month after month had elapsed in perfect and uneventful quiet since I closed my narrative; the health and the faculties of my husband remained as heretofore, and since our residence in this secluded place, I had never, with the exception of Percival, exchanged a word with any but the surrounding peasantry. At length I received a letter from Percival, which seemed to open afresh the wounds in my heart—it informed me of the death of Montford. Since he had fixed his residence in Upper Canada, Percival had several times heard from him, and he had spoken with respect and gratitude of a worthy and excellent man with whom he had formed a strict friendship. From this person Percival had now received an account of Montford's death, containing gratifying evidences of his religious feelings in his last moments, but expressing the firm conviction of the writer that sorrow and disappointment had injured his constitution and accelerated his death. I felt him to be my victim; I thought of him, of his parents, of Aubrey, of my afflicted husband, of all those who might be now enjoying health and happiness, were it not for my transgression, and I seemed bowed to the earth by the weight of my sin. It was a strange and affecting coincidence, but I had scarcely finished the letter which caused me so much pain, when Lord Ellerton fell from his chair in a swoon, as if by some mysterious channel of communication he had been informed of the death of the supposed son whom he had so fondly loved. We conveyed him to his chamber, and when he recovered, his face had lost the vacant look of idiotism, and recovered much of its former expression. " It is a bad sign," said Burton, his attendant, in a low voice; " when the senses return, death is generally not far off."

" My Isabel, my dear wife," said Lord Ellerton, holding out his hand to me, " I have been having the most terrible dreams about you; do you know, I thought that you had imposed a foundling on me for our son Montford, and that his mother came and claimed him. What could put such gloomy fancies in my head?"

" Tell him he has dreamed it all," whispered Burton, in the background; there is no use in making any words about it."

For a moment I was disposed to yield to the temptation of fresh artifice, but I had suffered so much from deception that I was determined never again to have recourse to it. " Reginald," said I, " in as firm a tone as I could command, " you have not been dreaming; your poor, sinful, misguided wife has been guilty of the crime you imagine. She has suffered severely for it: she trusts she has obtained the forgiveness of her God, and earnestly, humbly, she entreats that she may also receive that of her husband.

He clasped me in his arms, and fervently pronounced my pardon.

" Let me collect my thoughts, Isabel," he said; " I can scarcely reconcile these rapid events with reality."

I walked to the window; in a few minutes he recalled me.

" My own Isabel," he said, " your late confession shows that you love and regard the truth; I have a vague and strange thought that years have elapsed since those fatal circumstances took place; if so, reason has deserted me during the interval,—tell the truth to me—a dying man has a right to claim it."

"I *will* tell you the truth," I replied. "Three years have elapsed since the fatal night when Ruth Hammond claimed her son; your mind has been under a cloud during that time; you have passed it in this tranquil abode, situated in a retired village, and I, the repentant, truly repentant wife, who so deeply injured you, have been your constant companion and assistant. I have watched you, and prayed for you, and Heaven always seemed to encourage my exertions by holding out to me a cheering promise that one day you would recover, and bless and forgive me."

"And have you devoted yourself to a helpless, senseless being for three years in solitude and sadness? O Isabel, you have transgressed, it is true, but humbly and meekly have you expiated your transgression, as far as expiation lies in mortal power. Poor Montford!" he continued, "is he still in a world of trouble?"

I sobbed aloud: it was a sufficient reply.

"Nay, Isabel," he continued, "this is no time for weeping; God has graciously granted me a short revival of my senses to bear my dying testimony to his many mercies; but I feel the shadows of death fast coming upon me; do not then shed tears for me, my beloved wife. I shall soon meet with dear Montford and Aubrey, and I feel that ere long I shall be followed by you, my devoted Isabel."

"You will, you will," I exclaimed; "all my cares, all my comforts, will expire with you. I must wait the Lord's allotted time to call me hence, but I feel it will not be long."

A pause ensued. I was fearful of agitating him by pursuing the theme. "My Isabel," he said, after a pause, "I seem to have wild, unconnected remembrances of some of the occurrences that have happened since we left Ashburn Park: have you not sometimes knelt with me, and prayed for me?—do it yet once more, I entreat you; it may be the last time."

I knelt down. Earnestly and humbly I prayed for him and for myself, that God would smooth our passage to the grave, protect us from the snares of the enemy, forgive us our sins, and finally take us to himself, through the mediation of his blessed Son.

"You believe and trust in that gravious Saviour?" I asked, as I rose from my knees.

"I do," he replied, clasping my hand; "fervently, entirely I do."

I spoke again to him, but he sank back motionless on his pillow. I called for assistance, but that trance was the deep sleep of death; he had died without a pang or groan, with the praises of his Saviour on his lips, and had gone to be received to the mercy of that adorable Saviour in Heaven.

"Here the manuscript concludes," said Percival; "Lady Ellerton wrote the last sheet the day succeeding her husband's death; she never wrote another line. She had despatched a messenger to me immediately after the sad event took place. When I arrived, she was herself on the very brink of that awful change which her husband had so lately undergone. I could not mourn for her fate; her allotted task on earth had been completed, and her last words were those of penitence and resignation. She died in three days after my arrival."

Dudley had appeared much and deeply affected during this narrative, and although in general his feelings found a ready vent in words, he seemed too much overpowered by the sad tale he had heard, to enter for some minutes into any diffuse observations on it. At length he pressed the hand of Percival, whose tears were flowing fast, and said, " This story conveys a strong and powerful moral. We are all aware of the sin and danger of unlawful wishes, but we may learn from Lord Ellerton's example that even lawful wishes may be perilous and pernicious, if indulged to an excessive degree. It is natural and allowable to wish for offspring, but if Providence deem fit to withhold this blessing, it is as culpable as it is unavailing to repine at his dispensations. The whole of the afflictions which befel Lord Ellerton may be traced in the first instance to his unreasonable anxiety for an heir. All subsequent events might have been averted, had he been submissive and resigned to his appointed lot. Lady Ellerton affords an equal exemplification of the sin attending even lawful wishes, if unlicensed means be resorted to for their fulfilment. Her love for her husband was praiseworthy; her dutiful solicitude that his hopes might be gratified was honourable to her; under her peculiar circumstances she might even have been pitied for feeling the temptation to act as she did; but had she called on her heavenly Father to assist her in the moment of trial, she would doubtless have been inspired with sufficient strength to resist it. On the close of her history, however, we may dwell with perfect satisfaction; she was humble and meek in her contrition, and her patient devotion to her husband was unremitting and exemplary. Let us then, while we trust that her errors will be shunned by all her sex, rejoice that she was spared to confess and deplore them, and dwell with hope and thankfulness on these words of promise—" There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

SONNET.

TO VENICE.

City of palaces and dungeons dread,
Venice! of patriots the living tomb:
Thy Bridge of Sighs in me may stir not gloom;
Nor yet the memory of thy glory dead,
As when of Silvio Pellico I read
The rigorous and most unnatural doom,
Who, in the strength of manhood and the bloom,
Suffered—until at times his reason fled.
Gorgeously desolate, old ocean-queen!
Men such as he thy freedom must restore,
If ever thou mayst be as thou hast been,
Great—with rich argosies on every shore:
Such pangs, such blood, and tears as thou hast seen,
Sink not to perish in a dungeon floor!

Richard Howitt.

MEMOIRS OF A CADET.[1]

In the month of May we were visited by the most terrific hail-storm I ever witnessed in the plains of India. It came from the north-east, and must have been cradled in the mountainous regions of that *airt*. At about four P.M. the north-eastern horizon darkened to pitchy blackness. The air was still, and not a sound disturbed the breathless tranquillity, save an occasional low growl of thunder very distant. The dark mass at first advanced so slowly that the motion was not perceptible, and we were only conscious that it *did* approach, in the manner we are aware that the hour-hand of a clock has moved after an interval of time.

Suddenly a flash of lightning clove the thick gloom, which for an instant only disclosed a gulph of liquid and living fire, that made the succeeding darkness more intense; a crash of thunder followed, that shook the habitations of men to their very foundations.

It seemed as if this first discharge were the signal for a general storm, which came on rapidly; the lightning gradually became one flashing stream of fire, the thunder an almost unceasing roar above and around us, accompanied by a tremendous fall of hail.

There appears to be a general depression of nature, animate and inanimate, during a thunder-storm, and the wildest spirits seem attempered to seriousness. It is felt as the voice of the Ruler of all worlds, that will be heard and listened to with solemn awe and deep reverence by all his creatures; and I have seen the most reckless scoffers at religion abide with blanched cheek and in solicitous anxiety the duration of a storm, and the boldest hold his breath while the voice of the Lord of all things has spoken in thunder.

The storm lasted in its fullest violence for about two hours, and after it had ceased, an evening so calm, so cool, so ethereally beautiful, succeeded, that words would utterly fail in an attempt to describe it. Those who have witnessed such a storm will also have experienced the calm relief and joyousness of spirit which succeeds when the storm has passed away, and the agitated air again sighs itself to rest, refreshed and purified. In this storm several of the natives were killed by the lightning, and the flagstaff was shattered to pieces.

The time of our sojourn at Berhampore had now nearly expired. A fortunate increase in the army had given lieutenancies to all the ensigns of my standing, and the order had arrived which posted us finally to regiments. Those of us whose destinations were attainable by water conveyance, were, by the kind and considerate permission of government, allowed to remain at Berhampore until the rise of the river should render the shallow places navigable.

The water in the various rivers of India begins slowly to rise about the month of April, although the rainy season does not commence in Upper Hindostan till late in June. This is consequent, in the first place, on the heavy falls of rain and hail in the mountains during March and April; and, secondly, on the melting of the snow in the higher regions, when the sun becomes more vertical, and which appears to me to be one of the most striking and beautiful arrangements of Divine Providence which can be imagined.

---

[1] Continued from p. 224.

Almost the whole of Upper Hindostan is one vast plain, so level, that the fall of the Ganges, after quitting the mountains, is by survey averaged at no more than four inches in the mile. From the breaking up of the rainy season, in the latter end of September, to its recommencement late in June, rain is scarcely known to fall, excepting in a few very light showers occasionally about Christmas. It may be well imagined, therefore, that the burning tropical sun, pouring its unceasing heat for nearly nine months successively upon the sandy soil of India, would dry up the rivers, and calcine the surface of the land with all its vegetable produce to dust, had not the omniscient Creator caused the very agent of destruction itself to be its own corrector, even from the moment that the work of desolation would otherwise commence; for the self-same heat that parches the plains opens exhaustless fountains of water in the mountains, by dissolving their snows, and the rivers are thus unceasingly supplied.

It was not till the commencement of July that we were able to leave Berhampore, as we were detained by the commanding officer of the station to perform the local duties, in consequence of the paucity of officers, until the arrival of a new corps finally relieved us.

We commenced our voyage under the auspices of a fine easterly wind, which carried us rapidly up the Bhagritty.* On the third evening we entered the mighty Ganges, which appeared like an ocean rolling its waves along. We came to for the night a few miles beyond the village of Sootee, where we found two budgerows with their attendant boats already moored. On inquiry, we ascertained that they were tenanted by a small party of officers proceeding to Agra, my promised land.

Introductions are speedily effected in India, especially in the army. Milden and I sent a message with our cards to Captain Morland and his brother, a young lieutenant, purporting that we should be happy to wait on them in their boat, if perfectly agreeable to them. A polite answer came, that they should be glad to see us. We accordingly went, and introduced ourselves to the captain and his brother. The captain then performed the same ceremony between us and a third gentleman, who was in their company. This was a Lieutenant Lake. Such was my first meeting with these officers, with whom I became subsequently on terms of great intimacy. Captain Morland was the officer whose return from England had been awaited by the native servant Seurage, as formerly mentioned. This man was now with him, and recognising me, came to make his salaam. I shall say no more of the captain at present than that he was a man of very mild and gentlemanly manners, and a good performer on the violin.

---

* The first stream that leaves the main river to find its own way to the Bay of Bengal. This branch, though a comparative rivulet, carries away with it all the holiness from the native Gunga, which, after this separation, is by the natives called Pudda.

When he returned to India, his brother Henry accompanied him as a cadet. He was now a lieutenant, for the East India army disavowed, as it were, the rank of ensign at that period, on account of the proper complement of lieutenants being incomplete. The intermediate grade was therefore passed through as a matter of form. These fine times could not, however, last for ever; and I dare say the ensigns of the present day consider their stay in that rank sufficiently long.

Henry Morland was posted to the same regiment and battalion in which his brother was, by chance and not from application. He was of a "hasty temperament," kept, however, in considerable check by his brother's presence and example.

Our voyage on the Ganges was one of peculiar interest. There is a remarkable feature which attaches to that river throughout its whole course, from its entrance into the plains to the sea; one of its banks is invariably high, while the other is a mere low sandy plain, extending for some miles inland. When the low bank becomes elevated, which it generally does abruptly, the opposite one invariably as suddenly falls, so that during the rainy season the river has always sufficient space for expansion either to the right or left along the lower line of country. This would be a complete safety valve, as it were, for the protection of the towns and villages on the higher bank, were the latter composed of hard and durable material; but this is not the case, the soil is sandy, and consequently, when the current is strong during the flood season, the banks become rapidly undermined, and large masses fall continually into the water with a great noise. This causes, in a very few years, a material change in the course of the river, and particularly affects landed property. In a single season large estates become completely embedded, and new ones created from fresh deposits of alluvion. The Ganges, during the rains, is so muddy, that Major Rennell says—"The quantity of sand held in suspension by its waters is so great, that in the year 1794, one of the mouths of the Bhageruttee, "(Ganges,)" at Sadigunge, full five miles in length, was in the course of a week filled up very nearly to a level with the contiguous country, although it must have contained about nine hundred million solid feet. In the neighbourhood of Colgong, where the depth of the river is in many places upwards of seventy feet, new islands have risen to more than twenty feet above the level of the stream. At about two hundred and forty miles from the sea by the river, there is a variation in its height of thirty-one feet at different seasons."

This is immense, when we consider the amazing increase in the breadth of water for each foot of elevation in so level a country.

I have thought it advisable to give the above sketch of the Ganges, as it may render the narrative of my journey along its devious course more intelligible.

About noon on the second day after our departure, we discovered right ahead a large fleet of boats, like our own, proceeding upwards. These contained detachments of European soldiers, with their officers, who were *en route* to join their various regiments stationed in the interior. As their vessels were for the most part much heavier sailers than ours, we rapidly gained upon them, and had nearly closed in with the rear, when our manjhee (both pilot and helmsman) advised us to run ashore with all speed, and moor awhile, as a heavy squall appeared brewing to windward. To this we immediately acceded, as it is very dangerous to thwart these people in their wishes on such occasions. Many young men have lost their lives, or property, or both, by so doing. Not only ourselves, but the whole fleet, appeared actuated almost simultaneously by the same impulse; and we had all well nigh snugly sheltered ourselves, when a rush of wind swept suddenly across the river, that was perfectly irresistible. One boat only, a heavy sluggish barge, had not yet attained the shore, and it was upset in an instant. It contained soldiers, with some women and children, besides the boatmen. Fortunately, the vessel had succeeded in getting clear away from the strong current of the river, and lay in almost still though deep water at the distance of perhaps twenty yards from the shore. The boatmen (who are almost amphibious) and the soldiers who could swim, made their way to land; but the remainder, with the women, were in a most perilous situation. The poor creatures were seen clinging, as their only hope, to the wreck, which was momentarily yielding to the violence of the storm, and must inevitably go to pieces very shortly. The boatmen offered no aid, and the soldiers, who were able to swim, were struggling in the waves for their own lives.

At this moment a young sepoy belonging to the native guard which accompanied the detachment, "a strong swimmer," plunged in from the shore, made his way to the heaving vessel with astonishing speed, and returned ashore with one saved. This he repeated eight or nine times, each successive time rescuing a perishing fellow-creature from a watery grave, till at length the wreck went to pieces, and one soldier and two children sank to rise no more.

The humane sepoy was soon after promoted to the rank of *naick* (corporal). The whole battalion was paraded for the purpose of witnessing his preferment; and, in front of it, the two chevrons, or official stripes, were attached to his sleeve; also the order from government for his promotion, with a high encomium on his excellent conduct, was read aloud to the men.

Shortly after this, we came within sight of the Rajmuhal hills, and on the eighth day from our departure arrived at Rajmuhal. This place was once the capital of Bengal. The palace of its former princes is, however, nothing now but a mass of ruins.

FATHER-LOVE.[1]

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

CHAPTER VI.

Before William's brimful passion could in any way explode, his cousin also passed him from the inner chamber, whispering—"I leave you a moment for your own sake—for your own good—stay quiet until I come back." Then he knocked at the door, and when it was opened for him by the soldier without, issued through it.

"Quiet!" there was but slight probability that William Hutchinson could have shaped himself to the counsel conveyed in this word; and it would be vain to attempt to describe how he passed the short space of time until his cousin's reappearance.

But when William again stood before him, the tempter, as if awe-surfeited with the near verging of the precipice towards which his own hand led the staggering victim, was deadly pale; and he moved, looked, and spoke, slowly and stealthily.

"Your father has just sent off for Blake again," he said—and he lied.

"But I have no weapon of any kind," muttered William; "give me one."

"I! unarmed like yourself, how can I do so? But stop—yes—for our little *spree* last night, I think I did buckle round me, out of view, a pretty something of the kind—ay, and here it is—your own old *middy* dirk—your initials on the little hilt, too—and hark ye, I have just left *him* in his dressing-room, where, with the good daylight shut out, just as you have it here, and a lamp, he proposes to rest, he says—to rest and think, for half an hour or so, until Blake and the soldiers come to drag you away."

"Thank you, James"—he snatched the little weapon; "now, good-by;" he was approaching the door.

"No, not that way," interposed James; "the soldier, you know—the sentinel——"

"I'll strike him down before me!"

"Tut—no, no—hearken to me; within this same inner chamber that you spoke of a while ago is a little private door, on which there is no attendant—it has been overlooked. Come, I will show it to you."

"Ay—do—come!" and William walked after his guide, almost tottering, and senseless, and blind, under the fever of his emotions: and—"Giant force!" he whispered, as his cousin led him through the little private door, "whatever you are that have lent me strength for this resolution, prop your own good work! cramp it all round with thoughts of iron! Nature, if it is *your* doing, befriend it as you ought to do! stop the beatings of my heart and brain—choke up all memory—all instinct—all early prejudice—the very running of my blood—lest it may whisper of a father-source! Come, James!"

---

[1] Concluded from p. 269.

They gained a silent lobby together, and separated for different parts of the house.

A few steps brought James Hutchinson into the hall of the mansion. Here, to his surprise, he found the officers from Dublin much sooner than he supposed Michael Cassin could have expedited them, run, as he might, upon his own feet, or even galloping, as he might, upon the back of the fleetest horse. The men looked at him, and he looked at them, with mutual wistfulness and inquiry. But after a short pause he beckoned them to follow him up the stairs towards his own study. They did so, whispering amongst themselves.

Upon the threshold of the study he encountered, to his increased surprise, the Dublin physician.

"We were seeking you, Mr. James Hutchinson," he said, with a severe and startling frown, "we were seeking you—these officers and myself."

"Me! seeking me, sir!—why? upon what account?" stammered Mr. James.

"To explain——*this*, sir." The worthy doctor opened the hollow of his hand, and James saw in it a very, very small phial; a "certain little article" of which James had spoken to Mike Cassin in the Laurel Walk in the garden, and which had cost poor Mike so much unnecessary trouble. With a catching of breath, as if he had been stabbed, James staggered into his study, well attended there.

But James Hutchinson had truly informed William that Sir Miles intended to endeavour to repose awhile, or at least to collect his thoughts, upon a sofa in his dressing-room; as also that, in the hope of assisting himself in his attempt, he had arranged to exclude the daylight, and keep a chamber-lamp burning.

The baronet stretched himself on a sofa. Old Martin waited on him.

"Everything is lost to me, good Martin—every hope."

The old man uttered low, inarticulate sounds of sympathy and condolence.

"My sins—ay, all the sins of my life—ay, and all the sins of my father, and of his father before him—have been well registered in heaven, or this dreadful visitation would not have fallen upon me! I have been with him, Martin. But as I said, my good Martin, there is not a jot of hope for us. He is lost—lost here and hereafter!"

Again the old servant uttered low sounds of lamentation.

"Go to bed, old man," resumed his master, "and take some sleep; you have had none all last night, and your eyes are bleared with watching, and I believe with crying too."

"I could not sleep, sir," answered Martin, his voice quite faltering.

"Well, *be* obstinate. Give me that book from the table, and I will try to read a strengthening lesson of resignation to the will of God."

Martin handed him the book, and left the room, that he might indeed weep heartily and without notice.

But the poor father strove in vain to read, even though the book he opened was the Great Book of comfort for the heart of suffering man. Almost unconsciously his thoughts shaped themselves into muttered words.

" I thought, in my pride, that my name might have been a fragrant example of good. But, right or wrong as I might have been, everything worthy has now departed out of it; the good—the fragrance—the example—everything. I do not live in this wicked son; and with your bones, my gracious, first-born boy, and with your good mother's, which followed yours, my hopes must rest——"

He was interrupted by Martin again coming in greatly startled, and leading a man, also much flurried and frightened, whom Sir Miles did not immediately recognise as having seen before.

" What is this now, Martin?" he demanded, rising, and looking almost sternly, at the interruption.

" This man, Sir Miles—indeed it is not my fault—this man says his business with you is life and death; and he would take no denial."

" Well, then, sir?" and Sir Miles turned to the other.

" We must be alone, Sir Miles," whispered the man.

" Ay? and yet as I look upon your face it indeed seems fright-ridden—leave us, Martin." The servant obeyed.

" Now, sir?"

" O Sir Miles! my lord—are we alone of a sartinty? Are you quite sure of id? Is there no little hidin'-hole where Misther James —or his red divvle for him——"

" Speak your business at once, sir," interrupted the baronet, his tantalised nerves giving way to impatience.

" I will, Sir Miles, I will—och, sure I will—an' what I come to speak to you about can be said in one word—it's——" he continued, stuttering and still sinking his voice—it's—it's murther, it is."

" Murder! are you mad, fellow? what murder? murder on whom?"

" Husth—whisper—on your own self."

" On me?—why?—what hand? You named my nephew!"

" Bud it is not him."

" Who then?"

" Your own——"

" Stop!" weakly screamed the baronet; and he fell back, his hand catching at his throat, and his frame shaking. He thought he knew what name the man was about to mention, and human nature craved a pause of preparation, before he could nerve himself to hear it plainly pronounced. After a short time he spoke again, in a low tone.

" Go on, now. It *is*——"

" It is your own son," added the man.

Sir Miles clutched his hair with both his hands, and while his lips moved, his eyes strained upwards.

" But saize on your nevy first—for he is the worst of the two in the business."

"Outface this man, O God!" continued the agonised father, now praying aloud; "speak in thunder against so hellish a charge; but if he utters the truth, in mercy, then, let the bolt cut its way through me!"

"You may remember a poor crathur of a man, Sir Miles—one poor Mike Cassin—that you gev a pardon to, on the head of the little misundherstandin' a short time ago."

"Ay—yes—well?" and Sir Miles turned to him, as if passingly relieved by a new thought.

"I'm that Mike Cassin, Sir Miles."

"You are? and how, then, can you have naturally come to me with this information? My nephew, and not I, was your real benefactor—and now you are here to inform against him—explain that."

And while Mike Cassin went on with his explanation, Sir Miles heard him not; but pursuing his own rapid reasonings, if reasonings they might be called in such a feverish moment, suddenly turned upon him, and seized him by the neck.

"Ah!—to be sure!—the scoundrel only invents a lie to get at my purse!—Martin!—Look on me, fellow—look straight into my face! Yes—it *is* a falsehood—I see it there in your eye! Martin, come here! Now, villain, you shall rue this!"

"Wid all my heart, if I tell you a word o' lie," said Cassin.

To Sir Miles' reiterated calls Martin reappeared. His master commanded his assistance to bind Mike hand and foot. The huntsman submitted without a murmur. "Only stay where you are, Sir Miles, for a little while," he added, "and be alone, an' you'll see who is right, and who is wrong."

They took Cassin into the next room. "If you have wronged him," resumed Sir Miles, before he turned back into his dressing-room—"if you have wronged him, man, may all the curses of Heaven shower down on your head like rain!—may a blight come over you!—may the blood sicken in you, and may the flesh dry up on your bones, while still you go on living, and living, and living—and that life be your death!"

Hot, scalding tears burst from the poor speaker's eyes. He returned with old Martin to the dressing-room. Cassin remained quietly locked up.

"Martin!" now said Sir Miles, absently. The servant answered. His master remained silent. He mentioned the old man's name again.

"My dear, dear master!" said Martin, clasping his hands, and looking up to his face, terrified and bewildered.

"Hush, not a word, Martin. I do tremble, I believe—but no matter. Get me a sword. The one you will find over the mantelpiece in the dining-parlour. It was my father's—get me that!"

The old man, scarce knowing what he said, or, indeed, what meant anything he now saw or heard, remonstrated feebly and pointlessly; Sir Miles stormed at him—an unusual occurrence between them. He tottered away on his errand, hurried back with the sword, and presented it.

"Now leave me once more, Martin." The faithful follower still hesitated. "Leave me, old man, I say!" and at length Sir Miles was alone.

We may put his mind and his heart into language.

"Ay! I do tremble indeed; yet surely 'tis not poor fear—not mean cowardice. Come, I will be firmer." He knelt down and prayed—O with what beseeching anguish of soul!—that this bitter, bitter cup might pass away—that he might have been misinformed, and that William Hutchinson might not come into his presence. He arose again. "Or even let him come!—it will not be as my son;—nor as the son of the good mother who, however he may forget them now, taught him, with his prayers, the principles, at least, of good; and the seed that the mother sows in a young boy's heart is hardly ever rooted out, they say, although for a time it may be choked up;—ha—yes!"—Acting on a sudden impulse, he advanced to a full-length portrait which fronted the door of the dressing-room, and drew back a curtain that generally covered it. It was that of a young and beautiful matron, holding, half-asleep upon her knee, a fine-formed, rosy-faced boy, while her smiling eyes of love, and pride, and tenderness, were turned upon him.

"*He* will know that," continued the father, "if indeed he is to enter in here; but no, no—even should he appear, as I have said, it will not be as William Hutchinson; but rather as a poor, pale maniac, raving of a something to be done—a something, too, he dares no more attempt than—tut, tut—I trembled at nothing at all. I only present my person to him—I only stand before him—our looks only encounter, and he drops—drops at my feet! Along the iron nerving of very madness, nature's touch will shoot a spark so mighty and so all-conquering, that everything sinful in his soul must quake to it—melt to it! I will lie down on the sofa here, and hide the sword, and pretend to sleep; but still watch him——hist!—does not a stealthy step come along the lobby?—hist—hist!"—

Hastily reclining on the sofa, and, as he had proposed, concealing the sword under its pillows, Sir Miles closed his eyes, and affected to breathe hardly. The footstep did continue to come nearer. It arrived outside the door, and there, for an instant, was unsteady and shuffling. The father's heart beat so loudly as to become plainly audible; cold blood seemed to run through his veins, and from the crown of his head down his neck and his back bone. An unsteady hand protruded through the unclosed door, pushed it fully open, and the unhappy William stood, indeed, on the threshold.

His boat-cloak, which he had not thrown off since the evening before, was folded tight around him. His face was a wretched sight—ghastly, white, and dragged; his jaw half-dropped and half-chattered, and his eyes rolled wildly and weakly—continuing to stand in the doorway, his body swayed from side to side, and his knees bent forward. All this his father was able to observe, though very confusedly, through his slightly unclosed eyelids.

"Where am I?" Sir Miles then heard him mutter; "yonder is a man taking his rest—"Waken! waken!"—he shouted; and then he paused to listen, as he thought, to the echoes of his own voice, shaping themselves into loud, yelling cadences, mingled with shrieks and laughter; and he laughed loudly in answer. "It *is* a dream I am in!—I know it is—though I cannot rouse myself out of it, and must get on with it—waken, sir, waken!"

He tottered nearer to the sofa. His father started up—and—"Who calls?" he thundered out.

William fell back, and with a smile of fatuity, which wore a miserable, deprecating expression, muttered incoherently—"No one—no one did call—why, here is Sir Miles Hutchinson!"

"William!—what do you here?" continued his father, mournfully and wailingly; "William Hutchinson, my only son, what do you want with me?"

He laid his hand gently on the wretch's shoulder, and William writhed under the feathery pressure, and cringed from it as if he had been clutched by a lion—"Nothing, father—nothing, indeed—no, on my soul! I turned in by chance—your door was open, and I just turned in—faith and honour, yes! that's it—and nothing more."

"Perhaps you came to steal a visit to this picture, William. Well, look at it; you will never look upon the likeness of a better woman, or a better mother—look at it."

The hitherto demoniac young man, as his hollow eyes rested on the portrait of the mother he had loved, and who had well loved him, recognising, at the same time, in the chubby imp on her knee, a likeness of himself in childhood, uttered a low, doleful wail, and after turning a glance to his father, hid his face in his hands. The sound of that cry had a kind of expiative misery in it; and it only indicated his feelings. Even on his hesitating way from his prison-chamber to his father's dressing-room, nature, feeling, reason began to stir into life again in his bosom, amid all the passion which raged around them, and trampled them down; his heart found out that it had only given way, for a moment, to a raving, self-deluding impulse, instead of having *formed a resolution*. Now, although sense and reflection had by no means reasserted themselves in him, he *felt* that he had been working under a horrible, and sinful, and detestable fantasy. The soft touch of his father's hand on his shoulder, and the godlike smile of love of that beautiful young mother upon that happy infant, undeceived him at once—instantaneously—like a miracle. "It was a lie!" said his heart; "a black lie! I was not hated—and I did not hate—I do not hate!"

He unconsciously spoke the words aloud.

"What do you speak of, William? demanded his father. "Hatred! what hatred?—what words are these?—who could ever have hated you, or given you cause to hate?"

They were interrupted by the harsh, ringing report of a pistol-shot in the house. Both started; but William, from the shattered state of his nerves, looked greatly terrified—indeed helplessly so. He dropt on a seat.

The physician entered the room, almost as much alarmed as either of them.

"Good God, my dear Sir Miles, all this is too horrible!" he said, glancing with a shudder towards William; "but, Heaven be thanked, I have come *here*—here, to this room—time enough, at any rate."

"What do you mean?" asked the baronet; "that shot—can you explain it?"

"I can indeed; it was fired by your unhappy nephew into his own head, and he lies dead—dead by his own hand!"

William turned, gasping, to the speaker. He grasped tightly the chair upon which he sat, and red flushes now flew over his hitherto white face. Sir Miles, scarcely less fevered, asked for more explanation.

"'Tis soon given," answered the good doctor. "I suspected who it was that had destroyed your poor little grandson, the moment we met Mr. James on the threshold of his study some hours ago."

Uttering a pitiable exclamation, which interrupted the physician, William suddenly stood up, still holding by the back of the chair for support. "Do I understand you aright, sir?" he asked; "is *my* boy dead?"

He got his answer, and was silent. The explanation continued.

"Your nephew's nervousness afterwards at the sight of the poor little corpse, in his study, heightened my suspicions. Before leaving the room, I found between his books a small phial, which confirmed them. You may remember that I returned hastily to Dublin. There I soon ascertained at what shop the poison had been bought, and what kind of a person had purchased it. I returned with police-officers to this house, and, without consulting you, Sir Miles,—pardon me, but I thought I should best do my duty by avoiding you in the first instance—the cruel babe-murderer was arrested. He attempted no defence—no denial; he could not, for our evidence against him was demonstration. He asked permission to sit a moment at a table in his study. He did so. For a considerable time I saw him remain silent and motionless—the quietness of despair alone sealing down his features. He at last opened his table-drawer, and saying that he would write a little, seemed to search in it, as if for paper, I supposed. Then he said it would be useless for him to write—that a message by me to his cousin would do as well."

William was heard to breathe fearfully short, loud, and quick, and he did so still more as he stood up, his inflamed eyes devouring the speaker.

The doctor resumed. "'Well then, sir,' he said, 'go look for my dear cousin in his father's dressing-room, where, by this time, he is standing over his father's dead body, and tell him from me that he has killed a father who never gave him cause for such a vengeance—who, much as we have spoken of the matter together, loved him only too well, instead of hating him, as we said,—and who, in the very last scenes that happened between them, put on a show of severity, and talked of leaving him to suffer for his sins, only to frighten him into being a better boy for the future, and to make forgiveness the sweeter;—tell cousin William that I know such to be the case of my own knowledge—tell him *that*, Mr. Doctor, and then *this!*'

"Your nephew, Sir Miles, here suddenly withdrew his hand from the table-drawer, and, before it was possible to hinder him, the pistol was at his head, and the trigger pulled."

Loud cries, screams indeed, broke from William Hutchinson, even before the good man had ended his melancholy narrative, and "Father! father!" he exclaimed, throwing up his arms wildly, "mercy!—not life now; no, but mercy!—the only mercy I can hope for—wish for—death, father!—death, in reality!—death, father of my being!—God of Nature, death!"

As if the knitting power of every joint in his body gave way together, he fell, where he stood, in a heap; and these words were the only coherent ones which, for a long time, the poor young fellow uttered. At first he lay quite insensible on the floor, then came back to animation only to work in strong convulsions. The long-gathering malady—the kind of long-fuzing shell burst, at length, in his brain, shattering and prostrating him. They raised him, and the physician pronounced him to be in a raging fever. They bore him to bed, and he lay three days and nights raving, and all his ravings told of terror and horror, of his late errors and crimes, and love of his father. They wandered, too, to his wife and his little son; and he would beseech her to intercede for him with his father; or he thought that the infant had been placed by her in his arms to rock it asleep, and he would sit up, and go through the show of holding it to his bosom, and carefully nursing it. His senses returned to him; he lay on his back, feebler than the new-born babe; he recognised a strange attendant; he strove to speak; the kind woman made signs for perfect silence. He drank a little weak cordial; he slept; he awoke again to consciousness, and in a degree to recollections of the past. Still the nurse would not permit him to speak; but she told him how very ill he had been, and that his life was now out of danger. Nature, mere animal nature, glowed warmly and gratefully round his heart at this information; he felt a kind of weak, muscular happiness. He slept again and again, he awoke again and again, each time a little more capable of thought and true feeling, the feeling of principle; and his gratitude for life restored was now a moral and a holy gratitude, rendered humbly, meekly, religiously, child-like, to God. His heart gave deep and awful thanks for the prospect of a future opportunity on earth to atone for his crimes, to redeem his character, and to prepare himself, as a christian man ought, for, in reality, the dreadful summons from earth to the face of his Maker.

Hours wore on. He thought of his father, and shed blessed tears of remorse, contrition, and tenderness. He yearned, but dreaded to see his face—even to ask after him. Upon awaking out of another sleep, and a slightly refreshing one, an additional attendant, old Martin, stood at his bedside. This was a luxury. The old man spoke of his father and of his wife; and, when he got stronger, they would come in turn, he said, to see him. In turn? and which of the two would come first? William prayed it might be Fanny. And it was. The next day he folded her in his arms. She spoke much to him; and though of nothing distinctly, still much that softly insinuated into his humbled soul a slight return of self-confidence. He asked after their boy. Fanny was prepared for the question. The babe was well, she said, very well—a *happy creature!* and on this point he remained undeceived for the present. It was strange that the last circumstances which he had heard the good doctor relate in the dressing-room were now totally obliterated from his mind and his memory.

There was a pause between the young husband and wife. Fanny thought she saw him labouring under a question he wished to put. She anticipated it; asking him, did he think he should be strong enough the next day, or the next, to receive another visiter? He winced a little, and, after remaining some time silent, told her that beforehand he should wish to see a clerical friend, whom he named. He had his wish. At length the day and the hour came for his father's visit. No one was present with them. Sir Miles walked softly but firmly to his bedside, holding his head erect, extending his hands, and smiling. When William saw him, he turned his face downward upon the pillow and wept, but not passionately.

"Come, come, my poor Willy," he heard his father say, and at the same time he felt one of his father's hands passing fondlingly through his hair,—"not a bit of agitation now, not a bit of a scene, or I must leave you; our stern doctor says so."

"And dare I lift up my eyes to your face, father?"

"I have but one answer to make, William." He took one of his son's hands in his.

"And you do not then keep your hand from me?—*can* you forgive me?"

"One remark only, as I have said, William. We are Christians, both of us, and you are repentant. And I find it written in the book that is our common code of Christianity, that when, after much foolish and sinful wandering from his father's house, the humbled prodigal came home, at length, bare-headed and sorrowful, his father——"

Sir Miles's powers of exhortation here failed him, in spite of some little resolves to the contrary, and plain nature asserted her rightful sway, as, falling on William's neck, he added, "O William, my boy,—my only boy!—did you say *can* I forgive you? William, may your Father in heaven forgive you as easily as I can—as I DO!"

And from this day to the day of his death, a long period of time, William Hutchinson was a good son, a good husband, and a good member of society. We may add, that he lived to be a good and a happy father too, and to see poor Fanny the happiest of wives and mothers.

WINTER STUDIES AND SUMMER RAMBLES.[1]

These studies and rambles were made in the course of the years 1836 and 1837, in Canada—a country which now in a peculiar manner occupies the attention of the public. It seems to be quite certain that the questions there at issue, as also the real condition of the country, have been misunderstood by all parties in England, not excepting those statesmen who have legislated for the important colony, or rather conquest and colonies. At this moment anything tending to throw light on the great question will be received with avidity. Although Mrs. Jameson does not profess to take up the pen of a politician, her keen faculty of discernment, her good sense, and the opportunity she enjoyed (more particularly in Upper Canada) of collecting information from the best authorities, and of seeing the true bearing of things with her own eyes, have all led to the writing of many pages, which may be considered as valuable contributions to political knowledge. We cannot too much commend her candour and impartiality. She is of no party, but anxious for the good of all. We should, however, do an injustice to this graceful book, by suggesting the notion that its prominent merit was of this temporary kind. Nor should we be much more correct or fair, if we induced the reader to fancy that it is a mere book of travels, devoted to the description of the country, manners, and peculiarities, and nothing else; for though there are descriptions of these kinds in abundance—all hit off with a most lively and happy pencil—they comprise but a part of the work, being mixed and varied with numerous sketches and essays of a totally different kind. In some of these essays the fair and tasteful author exhibits powers of criticism of the highest order—imaginative and essentially poetical. The fine arts, poetry, the drama,—chiefly German poetry and the German drama,—are favourite subjects, upon which she discourses not only feelingly and originally, but wisely. There are several things worthy of the author of the "Characteristics of Women," and of that author as improved by time and earnest and devout study. We believe there is scarcely a living hand, except that hand which drew the delicious analyses of Shakspeare's female characters, that could have written the criticisms upon the "Correggio" of Ochlenschläger and "Die Schuld" of Müllner, which occur at an early part of the first volume of "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles." Mrs. Jameson suggests that Coleridge must have had Müllner's tragedy in his mind when he wrote his "Remorse." There can be no doubt of it, though probably Coleridge was hardly aware of it himself.

To those who are unacquainted with Mrs. Jameson's Shakspeare Book, the following passage from the notes on the "Correggio" will convey a notion of her happy manner of treating these dramatic subjects.

"Here is a tragedy, of which the pervading interest is not low ambition and the pride of kings; nor love, nor terror, nor murder, nor the rivalship of princes, nor the fall of dynasties, nor any of the usual forms of tragic incident—but ART, high art—its power as developed within the individual soul—its influence on the minds of others. This idea is embodied in the character of Correggio: yet he is no abstraction, but perfectly individualised. All those traits of his life and peculiar habits and disposition, handed down by tradition, are most carefully preserved, and the result is a most admirable portrait of the artist and the man. His gentleness, his tenderness, his sensitive modesty, his sweet, loving, retiring disposition, are all touched with exquisite delicacy. The outbreak of noble self-confidence, when he exclaimed, after gazing on Raffaelle's St. Cecilia, '*Anch' io sono Pittore!*' is beautifully introduced. The sight of the same picture sent La Francia home to his bed to die, so at least it is said: but Correggio was not a man to die of another's excellence, though too often doubting his own. The anecdote of the man who was saved from the rapacity and vengeance of a robber, by an appeal to one of his pictures, and the story of his paying his apothecary with one of his finest works,* are also real incidents of the painter's life, introduced with the most picturesque effect.

---

[1] Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada. By Mrs. Jameson. In 3 vols.

"Those who have travelled through the forests of Catholic Germany and Italy, must often have seen a Madonna, or a Magdalen, in a rude frame, shrined against the knotted trunk of an old oak overshadowing the path; the green grass waving round, a votive wreath of wild flowers hung upon the rude shrine, and in front a little space worn bare by the knees of travellers who have turned aside from their journey to rest in the cool shade, and put up an *Ave Maria*, or an *Ora pro nobis*. I well remember once coming on such a Madonna in a wild woodland path near Vollbrücken, in Upper Austria. Two little, half-naked children, and a gaunt, black-bearded wood-cutter, were kneeling before it; and from afar the songs of some peasants gathering in the harvest were borne on the air. The Magdalen of Correggio, the same which is now in the Dresden gallery, and multiplied in prints and copies through the known world, is represented, without any violent stretch of probability, as occupying such a situation: nor are we left in doubt as to the identity of the picture; it is described in three or four exquisite lines. It is beautiful,—is it not?—where Correggio comments on his work, as he is presenting it to the old hermit:—

'An erring maiden, that in fear and penitence
Flies, like timid hind, to the deep woods,
Seeking t'escape the snares around her laid—
And it is good to see a hapless woman
That has once fallen redeem herself;—in truth,
There be few men methinks could do as much.'

"And the reply of Silvestro places the lovely form before us, *painted* in words.

'What a fair picture!
This dark o'erhanging shade, the long fair hair,
The delicate white skin, the dark blue robe,
The full luxuriant life, the grim death's head,
The tender womanhood, and the great book—
These various contrasts have you cunningly
Brought into sweetest harmony.'

"The manner in which Correggio betrays his regret on parting with his picture, is also natural and most exquisite.

'Well for the poet! he can never have
The children of his soul beside him here;
The painter is a needy father; he
Sends his poor children out in the wide world
To seek their fortune.'

---

* "The Christ on the Mount of Olives, now, if I remember rightly, in possession of the Duke of Wellington."

"Grouped around Correggio in every possible degree of harmony and contrast, we have a variety of figures all sufficiently marked, each in itself complete, and all aiding in carrying out the main effect, the apotheosis of the artist hero.

"Nor has Ochlenschläger made his tragedy the vehicle for mere declamation, nor for inculcating any particular system of art or set of principles. In Michael Angelo and in Giulio Romano we have exhibited two artist-minds as different from each other and from Antonio Correggio as can be imagined. The haughty, stern, arrogant, but magnanimous and magnificent Michael Angelo, can with difficulty be brought to appreciate, or even look upon, a style so different from his own, and thunders out his rules of art like Olympian Jove. The gay, confident, generous, courteous Giulio Romano is less exclusive, if less severely grand, in his taste. The luxuriant grace of Correggio, the blending of the purely natural with the purely ideal, in his conceptions of beauty, are again distinct from both these great masters. Again the influence of art over minds variously constituted is exhibited in the tender wife of Correggio, the favourite model for his Madonnas; the old hermit Silvestro; the high-born, beautiful enthusiast, Celestina, who places the laurel-wreath on the brow of the sleeping painter: and the peasant girl, Lauretta, who gives him drink when fainting with thirst; and the penitent robber, and the careless young noble, with whom art is subservient to his vanity and his passions; and the vulgar villain of the piece, Battista, who alone is absolutely insensible to its influence; all these form as beautiful a group, and as perfect in keeping, as we can meet in dramatic literature. Then there are such charming touches of feeling, such splendid passages of description and aphorisms on art, which seize on the fancy and cling to the memory! while the allusions to certain well-known pictures, bringing them before the mind's eye in a few expressive and characteristic words, are delicious to the amateur.

"The received account of the cause of Correggio's death rests on a tradition,* which later researches render very problematical; but it remains uncontradicted that he lived and died poor—that his health was feeble and delicate—his life retired and blameless; and the catastrophe has been so long current and credited, that the poet has done well to adhere to the common tradition. In the very moment that Correggio sinks into death, a messenger arrives from the Duke of Mantua with splendid offers of patronage. He comes too late. Art and the world are the heirs of the great man's genius; his poor family follow him heart-broken to the grave."

This is beautiful writing—the thought of one poet upon another. A little further on in the same volume we come to the touching sketch of the life of an applauded actress, Madame Arneth, once Antoinette Adamberger, and the beloved of the poet Körner, whose glorious death on the field of battle will not soon be forgotten—whose song to the "Sword" will be sung whenever the honest Germans are called upon to defend the independence of their country. Mrs. Jameson, flying with winged thoughts and affections from Lake Ontario and the young capital of Toronto to the banks of the Danube and the antique Vienna, thus discourses of her friend.

---

* "That of Vasari, who states that he died in extreme poverty; that, having received at Parma a payment of sixty crowns, which was churlishly made to him in copper, he walked to the city of Correggio with this load on his back from anxiety to relieve his family, and died in consequence of the effort. Lanzi and other of his biographers distrust this story, and have pointed out its improbability. Whatever the cause of his death, the expressions of Annibal Carracci are conclusive as to the neglect and poverty in which he lived."

"It was not till we had been for some time intimate that I ever heard her allude to Körner. One evening as we were sitting alone, she gave me, with much feeling and graphic power, and even more simplicity, some particulars of her first interview with him, and the circumstances which led to their encouragement. I should tell you that she was at the time a favourite actress of the Court Theatre, and excelled particularly in all characters that required more of delicacy, and grace, and dignity, than of power and passion; those of Thekla in the 'Wallenstein,' and Jerta in the 'Schuld,' being considered as her masterpieces."

* * * * *

"At the period of Körner's arrival, Antoinette was ill in consequence of the extreme severity of the winter of that year, and the rehearsal of the "Grüne Domino' was put off from day to day, from week to week, till Körner became absolutely impatient. At this time he had not been introduced to Antoinette, and it was suspected that the beauty of Anna Krüger had captivated him. At length, the convalescence of the principal actress was announced, the day for the long-deferred rehearsal arrived, and the performers had assembled in the green-room. Now, it happened that in the time of the late empress,* the representation of Schiller's 'Marie Stuart' had been forbidden, because her imperial majesty had been greatly scandalised by the indecorous quarrel scene between Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary, and particularly by the catastrophe of the latter, regarding the whole play as extremely dangerous and derogatory to all crowned heads, more especially female ones. On her death it was hoped that this prohibition would be repealed, and the performers presented a petition to that effect. The emperor, however, steadily refused, on the plea that he had *promised* the empress never to permit the representation of the tragedy.† The refusal had just been received, and the whole *corps dramatique* were in a state of commotion, and divided on the merits of the case. Körner, in particular, was in a perfect fever of indignation, and exclaimed, in no measured terms, against the edict which deprived the public of one of Schiller's masterpieces, in tenderness to the caprices of an old woman now in her grave, *et cetera.* The greater number of those present sympathised with him. The dispute was at its height when Antoinette entered the room, still weak from recent illness, and wrapped up in cloaks and furs. Her comrades crowded around her with congratulations and expressions of affection, and insisted that the matter in dispute should be referred to 'Toni;' Körner, meanwhile, standing by in proud silence; he had not yet been introduced. When the affair was stated, and the opinions of the majority vehemently pressed on her, she replied in her gentle manner, 'I do not pretend to judge about the injury done to the public, or the expediency or inexpediency of the matter; it is a simple question between right and wrong—between truth and falsehood. For myself, I can only say, that if I had made a promise to a person I loved, or to any one, I would keep it as long as I had life myself, and the death of that person would render such a promise not less, but more binding, more sacred, if possible.'

"This simple appeal to principle and truth silenced all. Körner said no more, but his attention was fixed, and from that moment, as he told her afterwards, he loved her; his feelings were interested before he had even looked into her eyes; and it is no wonder that those eyes, when revealed, completed her conquest.

"Within a few weeks they were betrothed lovers, and within a few months afterwards the patriotic war (die Freiheits-Kriege) broke out, and Kőrner joined Lutzow's volunteers. His fate is well known. Young and handsome, a poet and a hero, loving, and in the full assurance of being loved, with all life's fairest visions and purest affections fresh about his head and heart, he perished—the miniature of 'Toni' being found within his bosom next to the little pocket-book in which he had written the Song of the Sword—the first shattered by the bullet which had found his heart, the latter stained with his blood; I have seen it,—held it in my hand! Now, will you believe, that within three or four months afterwards, when Antoinette was under the obligation to resume her professional duties, the first character she was ordered to play was that of Thekla? In vain she entreated to be spared this outrage to every feeling of a heart yet bleeding from her loss; the greater her reluctance, the greater the effect which would be produced on the curiosity and sympathy of the public;—this, I suppose, was the cold calculation of the directory! She was *not* excused; and after going through the scene in which the Swedish captain relates to Thekla the death of her lover,* the poor Antoinette was carried from the stage by her aunt almost lifeless, and revived only to give way to such agonies of grief and indignation as threatened her reason.

---

* Maria-Theresa-Caroline of Naples, who died in 1807.

† I do not know whether the emperor was ever induced to break this promise. It was *after* his death that I saw the Marie Stuart performed at Vienna, where Madame Schroeder and Madlle. Fournier appeared as Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart."

"Madame Arneth is remarkably calm and simple in her manner, and more than twenty years had elapsed since she had been thus insulted and tortured; but when she alluded to this part of her history, she became gradually convulsed with emotion, trembled in every limb, and pressed her hands upon her eyes, from which the tears *would* gush in spite of an effort to restrain them."

* * * *

"Antoinette had suffered what a woman of a quiet but proud temper never forgets or forgives. She had made up her mind to quit the stage, and there was only one way of doing so with honour. Four years after the death of Kőrner she married Mr. Arneth, one of the directors of the Imperial Museum, a learned and amiable man, considerably older than herself,† and with whom she has lived happily. Before I left Vienna she presented me with a book which Kőrner had given her, containing his autograph and the dramas he had written for her—'Die Toni,' 'der Grüne Domino,' and others. I exclaimed thoughtlessly, 'O how can you part with it?' and she replied, with a sweet seriousness, 'When I married a worthy man who loved me and trusted me, I thought there should be no wavering of the heart between past recollections and present duties: I put this and all other objects connected with *that* first period of my life entirely away, and I have never looked at it since. Take it! and believe me, even *now*, it is better in your hands than in mine.' And mine it shall never leave."

When we get Mrs. Jameson on her German recollections and studies, we would never leave her. We have done with midnight lamps as things prejudicial to health and eyesight; but we could read her on these subjects, from dawn to sunset, without weariness.

---

* "It will be remembered that the death of Theodore Körner was similar to that of Max Piccodomini."

† "Madame Arneth is now *Vorleserin* (Reader) to the Empress Dowager, and entrusted with the direction of a school, founded by the Empress for the children of soldiers. In Austria only two soldiers in each company are allowed to marry, and the female children of such marriages are, in a manner, predestined to want and infamy. In the school under Madame Arneth's direction I found (in 1835) forty-five children, well managed and healthy. The benevolence which suggested such an institution is, without doubt, praiseworthy; but what shall we say of the system which makes such an institution necessary?"

"'Ce qui est *moins* que moi, m'éteint et m'assomme: ce qui est *à côté* de moi m'ennuie et me fatigue: il n'y a que ce qui est *au-dessus* de moi qui me soutienne et m'arrache à moi-même.' * This is true—*how* true, I *feel*, and far more prettily said than I could say it; and thus it is that during these last few days of illness and solitary confinement, I took refuge in another and a higher world, and bring you my ideas thereupon.

"I have been reading over again the Iphigenia, the Tasso, and the Egmont of Goëthe.

"Iphigenia is all repose; Tasso all emotion; Egmont all action and passion. Iphigenia rests upon the grace and grandeur of form—it is *statuesque* throughout. Tasso is the strife between the poetic and prosaic nature. Egmont is the working of the real; all here is palpable, practical—even love itself.

"I laid down the Tasso with a depth of emotion which I have never felt but after reading Hamlet, to which alone I could compare it; but this is a tragedy profound and complete in effect, without the intervention of any evil principle, without a dagger, without a death, without a tyrant, without a traitor! The *truth* of Leonora d'Este's character struck me forcibly; it is true to itself, as a character,—true to all we know of her history. The shadow which a hidden love has thrown over the otherwise transparent and crystalline simplicity of her mind is very charming—more charming from the contrast with her friend Leonora Santivale, who reconciles herself to the project of removing Tasso with exquisite feminine subtlety and sentimental cunning."

* * * *

"Iphigenia is an heroic tragedy—Tasso a poetical tragedy—Egmont an historical tragedy. Clavigo is what the Germans call a bürgerliche, or domestic tragedy (tragédie bourgeoise.) I did not read this play as I read the Tasso, borne aloft in the ideal, floating on the wings of enthusiasm between the earth and stars; but I laid it down with a terrible and profound *pain*—yes, pain! for it was worse and deeper than mere emotion. Yet it is difficult to speak of Clavigo as a work of art. The matter-of-fact simplicity of the plot, the every-day nature of the characters, the prosaic sentiments, the deep homely pathos of the situations, are almost too real,—they are brought home to our own bosoms, our own experience,—they are just what, in feeling most, we can least dare to express. The scene between Carlos and Clavigo, in which Carlos dissuades his friend from marrying the woman to whom he was engaged, is absolutely wonderful. If Clavigo yielded to any mere persuasion or common-place arguments, he would be a despicable wretch,—we should feel no interest about him, and it would also belie the intellect with which he is endowed. It is to that *intellect* Carlos addresses himself. His arguments, under one point of view—that of common sense—are unanswerable. His reasoning, springing from conviction, is reason itself. What can be more practically wise than his calculations—more undeniably true than his assertions? His rhetoric, dictated as it is by real friendship, and full of fire and animation, is even more overwhelming from its sincerity than its eloquence; and his sarcastic observations on poor Marie Beaumarchais, on her want of personal attractions, her ill health, her foreign manners; on the effect she will produce on society as his wife, and the clog she must prove to his freedom and ambitious career, are so well aimed, so well meant, so well founded, that far from hating Carlos and despising Clavigo, we are impressed with a terror, a sympathy, a sort of fearful fascination. Every one who reads this play must acknowledge, and with an inward shuddering, that it is possible he might have yielded to this conventional common sense, this worldly logic, even for want of arguments to disprove it. The only things left out in the admirable reasonings and calculations of Carlos are nature and conscience,

* Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse.

to which, in their combination, the world have agreed to give the name of *Romance.* But never yet were the feelings and instincts of our nature violated with impunity; never yet was the voice of conscience silenced without retribution. In the tragedy, the catastrophe is immediate and terrible; in real life it might come in some other shape, or it might come later, but it *would* come—of *that* there is no doubt.

"The accusation which has been frequently made against Goëthe, that notwithstanding his passionate admiration for women, he has throughout his works wilfully and systematically depreciated womanhood, is not just, in my opinion. No doubt he is not so universal as Shakspeare, nor so ideal as Schiller; but though he might have taken a more elevated and a more enlarged view of the sex, his portraits of individual women are true as truth itself. His idea of women generally was like that entertained by Lord Byron, rather oriental and *sultanish;* he is a little of the bashaw persuasion. 'Goëthe,' said a friend of mine who knew him intimately, 'had no notion of heroic women' (Heldenfrauen;) 'in poetry, he thought them unnatural—in history, false. For such delineations as Schiller's Joan of Arc, and Stauffacher's wife (in Wilhelm Tell), he had neither faith nor sympathy.'

"His only heroic and ideal creation is the Iphigenia, and she is as perfect and as pure as a piece of Greek sculpture. I think it a proof that if he did not understand or like the active heroism of Amazonian ladies, he had a very sublime idea of the passive heroism of female nature. The basis of the character is truth. The drama is the very triumph of unsullied, unflinching truth. It has been said, that Goëthe intended this character as a portrait of the Grand Duchess Louise of Weimar. The *intention* of the poet remains doubtful; but it should seem that from the first moment the resemblance was generally admitted; and what a glorious compliment to the Duchess was this acknowledgment! It was through this true-heartedness, this immutable integrity in word and deed, and through no shining qualities of mind, or blandishments of manner, that she prevailed over the angry passions, and commanded the respect of Napoleon, a man who openly contemned women, but whose instructions to his ambassadors and ministers always ended with 'Soignez les femmes,' a comment of deep import on our false position and fearful power."

In the volumes before us there is a great deal more beautiful writing of this kind: but we must turn to other matter. There is so much variety, and each several part is so good, that it is difficult to choose, or to make such a selection as will convey to the reader a fair notion of this curious and delightful work. The things next following have been chosen almost at random.

"I have had a visit this morning from a man I must introduce to you more particularly. My friend Col. F. would have pleased me anywhere, but here he is really invaluable.

"Do you remember that lyric of Wordsworth, 'The Reverie of Poor Susan,' in which he describes the emotions of a poor servant-girl from the country, whose steps are arrested in Cheapside by the song of a caged bird?

'’Tis a note of enchantment—what ails her? she sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees,
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves!
She looks, and her heart is in heaven!'

"And how near are human hearts allied in all natural instincts and sympathies, and what an unfailing, universal fount of poetry are these even in their homeliest forms! F. told me to-day, that once, as he was turning down a by-street in this little town, he heard somewhere near him the song of the lark. (Now, you must observe, there are no larks in Canada but those which are brought from the old country.) F. shall speak in his own words:—'So, ma'am, when I heard the voice of the bird in the air, I looked, by the natural instinct, up to the heavens, though I knew it could not be there, and then on this side, and then on that, and sure enough at last I saw the little creature perched on its sod of turf in a little cage, and there it kept trilling and warbling away, and there I stood stock-still—listening with my heart. Well, I don't know what it was at all that came over me, but everything seemed to change before my eyes, and it was in poor Ireland I was again, and my home all about me, and I was again a wild slip of a boy, lying on my back on the hill-side above my mother's cabin, and watching, as I used to do, the lark soaring over my head, and I straining my eye to follow her, till she melted into the blue sky,—and there, ma'am—would you believe it?—I stood like an old fool listening to the bird's song, lost as in a dream, and there I think I could have stood till this day.' And the eyes of the rough soldier filled with tears, even while he laughed at himself, as perfectly unconscious that he was talking poetry, as Mons. Jourdain could be that he was talking prose.

"Colonel F. is a soldier of fortune—which phrase means, in *his* case at least, that he owes nothing whatever to fortune, but everything to his own good heart, his own good sense, and his own good sword. He was the son, and glories in it, of an Irish cotter, on the estate of the Knight of Glyn. At the age of fifteen he shouldered a musket, and joined a regiment which was ordered to Holland at the time the Duke of York was opposed to Dumourier. His only reading up to this time had been 'The Seven Champions of Christendom,' and 'The Seven Wise Masters.' With his head full of these examples of chivalry, he marched to his first battle-field, vowing to himself, that if there were a dragon to be fought, or a giant to be defied, he would be their man!—at all events, he would enact some valorous exploit, some doughty deed of arms, which should astonish the world and dub him captain on the spot. He then described with great humour and feeling his utter astonishment and mortification on finding the mechanical slaughter of a modern field of battle so widely different from the picture in his fancy;—when he found himself one of a mass in which the individual heart and arm, however generous, however strong, went for nothing—forced to stand still, to fire only by the word of command—the chill it sent to his heart, and his emotions when he saw the comrade at his side fall a quivering corse at his feet,—all this he described with a graphic liveliness and simplicity which was very amusing. He was afterwards taken prisoner, and at the time he was so overcome by the idea of the indignity he had incurred by being captured and stripped, and of the affliction and dishonour that would fall on his mother, that he was tempted to commit suicide in the old Roman fashion; but on seeing a lieutenant of his own regiment brought in prisoner, he thought better of it: a dishonour which the lieutenant endured with philosophy might, he thought, be borne by a subaltern, for by this time, at the age of eighteen, he was already sergeant.

"He was soon afterwards exchanged, and ordered out to Canada with his regiment, the Forty-ninth. He obtained his commission as lieutenant in the same regiment by mere dint of bravery and talent; but as his pay was not sufficient to enable him to live like his brother officers and purchase his accoutrements, the promotion he had earned by his good conduct became, for a long time, a source of embarrassment. During the last American war he performed a most brilliant exploit, for which he received his captain's commission on the field. Immediately after receiving it, he astonished his commander by asking leave of absence, although another battle was expected in a few days. The request was, in truth, so extraordinary that General Sheaffe hesitated, and at last refused. F. said that if his request was granted, he would be again at head-quarters within three days; if refused, he would go without leave. 'For,' said he, 'I was desperate, and the truth was, ma'am, there was a little girl that I loved, and I knew that if I could but marry her before I was killed, and I a captain, she would have the pension of a captain's widow. It was all I could leave her, and it would have been some comfort to me, though not to her, poor soul!'

"Leave of absence was granted; F. mounted his horse, rode a hundred and fifty miles in an exceedingly short time, married his little girl, and returned the day following to his duties, and to fight another battle, in which, however, he was not killed, but has lived to be the father of a fine family of four brave sons and one gentle daughter.

"The men who have most interested me through life were all self-educated, and what are called originals. This dear, good F. is *originalissimo.*"

In the following eloquent passages upon music and musicians, there are several beautiful truths. The extract from Dr. Chalmers, which we have marked in italics, may help us to overcome the feeling of uneasiness, if not of disgust, with which we have occasionally listened to the conversation of artists of various kinds, but of *one* vanity.

"In the different branches of art, each artist thinks his own the highest, and is filled with the idea of all its value and all its capabilities which he understands best, and has most largely studied and developed. '*But,*' says Dr. Chalmers, '*we must take the testimony of each man to the worth of that which he does know, and reject the testimony of each to the comparative worthlessness of that which he does not know.*'

"For it is not, generally speaking, that he overrates his own particular walk of art from over-enthusiasm, (no art, when considered separately, as a means of human delight and improvement, *can* be overrated,) but such a *one-sided* artist underrates from ignorance the walks of others which diverge from his own.

"Of all artists, musicians are most exclusive in devotion to their own art, and in the want of sympathy, if not absolute contempt, for other arts. A painter has more sympathies with a musician, than a musician with a painter. Vernet used to bring his easel into Pergolesi's room to paint beside his harpsichord, and used to say that he owed some of his finest skies to the inspired harmonies of his friend. Pergolesi never felt, perhaps, any harmonies but those of his own delicious art.

"'Aspasia, he who loves not music is a beast of one species, and he who overloves it is a beast of another, whose brain is smaller than a nightingale's, and his heart than that of a lizard!' I refer you for the rest to a striking passage in Landor's 'Pericles and Aspasia,' containing a most severe philippic, not only against the professors, but the *profession,* of music, and which concludes very aptly, 'Panenus said this: let us never believe a word of it!' It is too true that some excellent musicians have been ignorant, and sensual, and dissipated, but there are sufficient exceptions to the sweeping censure of Panenus to show that 'imprudence, intemperance, and gluttony,' do not always, or necessarily, 'open their channels into the sacred stream of music.' Musicians are not selfish, careless, sensual, ignorant, because they are musicians, but because, from a defective education, they are nothing else. The German musicians are generally more moral and more intellectual men than English or Italian musicians, and hence their music has taken a higher flight, is more intellectual than the music of other countries. Music, as an art, has not degraded them, but they have elevated music.

" It is impeaching the goodness of the beneficent Creator to deem that moral evil can be inseparably connected with any of the fine arts—least of all with music—the soul of the physical, as love is of the moral universe.

" The most accomplished and intellectual musician I ever met with is Felix Mendelsohn. I do not recollect if it were himself or some one else who told me of a letter which Carl von Weber had addressed to him, warning him that he never could attain the highest honours in his profession without cultivating the virtues and the decencies of life. 'A great artist,' said Weber, 'ought to be a good man.'

" While I am 'i' the vein,' I must give you a few more musical reminiscences before my fingers are quite frozen.

" I had once some conversation with Thalberg and Felix Mendelsohn, on the unmeaning names which musicians often give to their works, as Concerto in F, Concerto in B b, First Symphony, Second Symphony, &c. Mendelsohn said, that though in almost every case the composer might have a leading idea, it would be often difficult, or even impossible, to give any title sufficiently comprehensive to convey the same idea or feeling to the mind of the hearer.

" But music, except to musicians, can only give ideas, or rather raise images, by association; it can give the pleasure which the just accordance of musical sounds must give to sensitive ears, but the associated ideas or images, if any, must be quite accidental. Haydn, we are told, when he sat down to compose, used first to invent a story in his own fancy—a regular succession of imaginary incidents and feelings—to which he framed or suited the successive movements (motivi) of his concerto. Would it not have been an advantage if Haydn could have given to his composition such a title as would have pitched the imagination of the listener at once upon the same key? Mendelsohn himself has done this in the pieces which he has entitled 'Overture to Melusina,' 'Overture to the Hebrides,' 'Meeres Stille und Glückliche Fahrt,' 'The Brook,' and others,—which is better surely than Sonata No. 1, Sonata No. 2. Take the Melusina, for example; is there not in the sentiment of the music, all the sentiment of the beautiful old fairy tale?—first, in the flowing, intermingling harmony, we have the soft elemental delicacy of the water nymph; then, the gushing of fountains, the undulating waves; then the martial prowess of the knightly lover, and the splendour of chivalry prevailing over the softer and more ethereal nature; and then, at last, the dissolution of the charm; the ebbing, fainting, and failing away into silence of the beautiful water-spirit. You will say it might answer just as well for Ondine; but this signifies little, provided we have our fancy pitched to certain poetical associations pre-existing in the composer's mind. Thus, not only poems, but pictures and statues, might be set to music. I suggested to Thalberg, as a subject, the Aurora of Guido. It should begin with a slow, subdued, and solemn movement, to express the slumbrous softness of that dewy hour which precedes the coming of the day, and which in the picture broods over the distant landscape, still wrapt in darkness and sleep; then the stealing upwards of the gradual dawn; the brightening, the quickening of all life; the awakening of the birds, the burst of the sunlight, the rushing of the steeds of Hyperion through the sky, the aerial dance of the Hours, and the whole concluding with a magnificent choral song of triumph and rejoicing sent up from universal nature.

" And then in the same spirit—no, in his own grander spirit—I would have Mendelsohn improviser the Laocoon. There would be the pomp and procession of the sacrifice on the sea-shore; the flowing in of the waves; the two serpents which come gliding on their foamy crests, wreathing, and rearing, and undulating; the horror, the lamentation, the clash of confusion, the death-struggle, and, after a deep pause, the wail of lamentation, the funereal march;—the whole closing with a hymn to Apollo. Can you not just imagine such a piece of music, and composed by Mendelsohn? and can you not fancy the possibility of setting to music, in the same manner, Raffaelle's Cupid and Psyche, or his Galatea, or the group of the Niobe?"

From music we pass to Coleridge and Charles Lamb.

"Of all our modern authors, Coleridge best understood the essential nature of women, and has said the truest and most beautiful things of our sex generally; and of all our modern authors, Hazlitt was most remarkable for his utter ignorance of women, generally and individually.

"Charles Lamb, of all the men I ever talked to, had the most kindly, the most compassionate, the most reverential feelings towards woman; but he did not, like Coleridge, set forth these feelings with elaborate eloquence—they came gushing out of his heart and stammering from his tongue—clothed sometimes in the quaintest disguise of ironical abuse, and sometimes in words which made the tears spring to one's eyes. He seemed to understand us, not as a poet, nor yet as a man of the world; but by the unerring instinct of the most loving and benevolent of hearts.

"When Coleridge said antithetically, 'that it was the beauty of a woman's character to be characterless,' I suppose it is as if he had said, 'It is the beauty of the diamond to be colourless;' for he instances Ophelia and Desdemona; and though they are colourless in their pure, transparent simplicity, they are as far as possible from characterless, for in the very quality of being colourless consists the character.

"Speaking of Coleridge reminds me that it was from Ludwig Tieck I first learned the death of this wonderful man; and as I, too, had 'sat at the feet of Gamaliel and heard his words,' the news struck me with a solemn sorrow. I remember that Tieck, in announcing the death of Coleridge, said, in his impressive manner, 'A great spirit has passed from the world, and the world knew him not.'"

It is, however, some consolation for us to know that if, in his own time, too high, and pure, and imaginative for the masses, Coleridge left indelible impressions in the minds of the "fit audience;" that these, his survivors, are acting upon a wider and constantly spreading circle—that the world is beginning *to learn to know* the wondrous "old man eloquent"—that the fragments of his mighty mind (alas! that he should have left little else than fragments!) are daily more eagerly sought after, more devoutly read. There is also another consolation: much of his genius, and all his exquisite feeling, survive in his son Hartley Coleridge.

It is now time to introduce our author as a traveller. Few ladies, and not many gentlemen, have had so much enterprise and courage. In the heart of the severe winter of 1836–7 she set off in a sleigh to visit the Falls of Niagara, Toronto being her starting-place. The whole of this journey is most admirably described, but we have only room for portions of it.

"I think that but for this journey I never could have imagined the sublime desolation of a northern winter, and it has impressed me strongly. In the first place, the whole atmosphere appeared as if converted into snow, which fell in thick, tiny, starry flakes, till the buffalo robes and furs about us appeared like swansdown, and the harness on the horses of the same delicate material. The whole earth was a white waste: the road, on which the sleigh-track was only just perceptible, ran for miles in a straight line; on each side rose the dark, melancholy pine-forest, slumbering drearily in the hazy air. Between us and the edge of the forest were frequent spaces of cleared or half-cleared land, spotted over with the black charred stumps and blasted trunks of once magnificent trees, projecting from the snow-drift. These, which are perpetually recurring objects in a Canadian landscape, have a most melancholy appearance. Sometimes wide openings occurred to the left, bringing us in sight of Lake Ontario, and even in some places down upon the edge of it: in this part of the lake the enormous body of the water and its incessant movement prevent it from freezing, and the dark waves rolled in, heavily plunging on the icy shore with a sullen booming sound. A few roods from the land, the cold gray waters, and the cold, gray, snow-encumbered atmosphere, were mingled with each other, and each seemed either. The only living thing I saw in a space of about twenty miles was a magnificent bald-headed eagle, which, after sailing a few turns in advance of us, alighted on the topmost bough of a blasted pine, and slowly folding his great wide wings, looked down upon us as we glided beneath him.

" The first village we passed through was Springfield, on the river Credit, a river of some importance in summer, but now converted into ice, heaped up with snow, and undistinguishable. Twenty miles further, we stopped at Oakville to refresh ourselves and the horses.

" Oakville stands close upon the lake, at the mouth of a little river called Sixteen-mile Creek; it owes its existence to a gentleman of the name of Chisholm, and, from its situation and other local circumstances, bids fair to become a place of importance. In the summer it is a frequented harbour, and carries on a considerable trade in *lumber*, for so they characteristically call timber in this country. From its dockyards I am told that a fine steam-boat and a dozen schooners have been already launched.

" In summer, the country round is rich and beautiful, with a number of farms all in a high state of cultivation ; but Canada in winter and in summer must be like two different regions. At present the mouth of the creek is frozen up ; all trade, all ship-building suspended. Oakville presents the appearance of a straggling hamlet, containing a few frame and log-houses ; one brick house, (the grocery store, or general shop, which in a new Canadian village is always the best house in the place ;) a little Methodist church, painted green and white, but as yet no resident preacher ; and an inn dignified by the name of the 'Oakville House Hotel.' Where there is a store, a tavern, and a church, habitations soon rise around them. Oakville contains at present more than three hundred inhabitants, who are now subscribing among themselves for a schoolmaster and a resident clergyman.

" I stood conversing in the porch, and looking about me, till I found it necessary to seek shelter in the house, before my nose was absolutely taken off by the ice-blast. The little parlour was solitary, and heated like an oven. Against the wall were stuck a few vile prints, taken out of old American magazines ; there was the Duchess de Berri in her wedding-dress, and as a pendant, the Modes de Paris—' Robe de tulle garnie de fleurs—coiffure nouvelle, inventée par Mons. Plaisir.' The incongruity was but too laughable ! I looked round me for some amusement or occupation, and at last spied a book open, and turned down upon its face. I pounced upon it as a prize ; and what do you think it was ? ' Dévinez, madame ! je vous le donne en trois, je vous le donne en quatre !' it was —Don Juan ! And so, while looking from the window on a scene which realised all you can imagine of the desolation of savage life, mixed up with just so much of the common-place vulgarity of civilised life as sufficed to spoil it, I amused myself by reading of the Lady Adeline Amundeville and her precious coterie, and thereanent,

' Society is smoothed to that excess,
That manners hardly differ more than dress.

Our ridicules are kept in the background,
Ridiculous enough, but also dull;
Professions, too, are no more to be found
Professional, and there is nought to cull
Of folly's fruit; for though your fools abound,
They're barren, and not worth the pains to pull.
Society is now one polished horde,
Form'd of two mighty tribes—the *bores* and *bored.*'

A delineation, by the way, which might almost reconcile one to a more savage locality than that around me."

The following adventure occurred between Stony Creek (a village celebrated as the scene of the bloodiest battle fought between the English and Americans during the last blundering and deplorable war) and the town of Beamsville.

" It was now dark, and, the snow falling thick, it soon became impossible to distinguish the sleigh-track. Mr. Campbell loosened the reins and left the horses to their own instinct, assuring me it was the safest way of proceeding. After this I remember no more distinctly, except that I ceased to hear the ever-jingling sleigh-bells. I awoke, as if from the influence of nightmare, to find the sleigh overturned, myself lying in the bottom of it half-smothered, and my companions nowhere to be seen;—they were floundering in the snow behind.

" Luckily, when we had stretched ourselves and shaken off the snow, we were found unhurt in life and limb. We had fallen down a bank into the bed of a rivulet, or a mill-race, I believe, which, being filled up with snow, was quite as soft, only a little colder, than a down-bed. Frightened I was, bewildered rather, but 'effective' in a moment. It was impossible for the gentlemen to leave the horses, which were plunging furiously up to the shoulders in the snow, and had already broken the sleigh; so I set off to seek assistance, having received proper directions. Fortunately we were not far from Beamsville. My beacon-light was to be the chimney of a forge, from which the bright sparks were streaming up into the dark wintry air, visible from a great distance. After scrambling through many a snow-drift, up hill and down hill, I at last reached the forge, where a man was hammering amain at a ploughshare; such was the din, that I called for some time unheard; at last, as I advanced into the red light of the fire, the man's eyes fell upon me, and I shall never forget his look as he stood poising his hammer, with the most comical expression of bewildered amazement. I could not get an answer from him; he opened his mouth and repeated *aw!* staring at me, but without speaking or moving. I turned away in despair, yet half laughing, and after some more scrambling up and down, I found myself in the village, and was directed to the inn. Assistance was immediately sent off to my friends, and in a few minutes the supper-table was spread, a pile of logs higher than myself blazing away in the chimney; venison-steaks, and fried fish, coffee, hot cakes, cheese, and whisky punch, (the traveller's fare in Canada,) were soon smoking on the table; our landlady presided, and the evening passed merrily away.

" The old landlady of this inn amused me exceedingly; she had passed all her life among her equals in station and education, and had no idea of any distinction between guests and customers; and while caressing and attending on me, like an old mother or an old nurse, gave me her history, and that of all her kith and kin. Forty years before, her husband had emigrated, and built an hovel, and made a little clearing on the edge of the lake. At that time there was no other habitation within many miles of them, and they passed several years in almost absolute solitude. They have now three farms, some hundred acres of land, and have brought up nine sons and daughters, most of whom are married, and settled on lands of their own. She gave me a horrid picture of the prevalence of drunkenness, the vice and the curse of this country."

Mrs. Jameson thinks that the *dearness* of books and the *cheapness* of whisky are the great curses of all the Canadas. The scenes of inebriety she continually meets are shocking. *There*, she says,

> " Men learn to drink, who never drank before;
> And those who always drank, now drink the more."

Government has done its best to encourage the fatal propensity. There is a duty of thirty per cent. on books imported from the United States, and the expense on books imported from England adds at least one-third to their price; but there is no duty on whisky. But worse than this—*there are hardly any schools!* Hear this, ye self-complacent legislators and perfectibilians, who boast so loudly that the schoolmaster is abroad!

But we are now within hearing of the roar of the mighty cataract.

"Well! I have seen these Cataracts of Niagara, which have thundered in my mind's ear ever since I can remember—which have been my 'childhood's thought, my youth's desire,' since first my imagination was awakened to wonder and to wish. I have beheld them, and shall I whisper to you?—but, O tell it not among the Philistines!—I wish I had not! I wish they were still a thing unbeheld—a thing to be imagined, hoped, and anticipated—something to live for:—the reality has displaced from my mind an illusion far more magnificent than itself—I have no words for my utter disappointment: yet I have not the presumption to suppose that all I have heard and read of Niagara is false or exaggerated—that every expression of astonishment, enthusiasm, rapture, is affectation or hyperbole. No! it must be my own fault. Terni, and some of the Swiss cataracts leaping from their mountains, have affected me a thousand times more than all the immensity of Niagara. O I could beat myself! and now there is no help!—the first moment, the first impression is over—is lost; though I should live a thousand years, long as Niagara itself shall roll, I can never see it again for the first time. Something is gone that cannot be restored. What has come over my soul and senses?—I am no longer Anna—I am metamorphosed—I am translated—I am an ass's head, a clod, a wooden spoon, a fat weed growing on Lethe's bank, a stock, a stone, a petrifaction,—for have I not seen Niagara, the wonder of wonders; and felt—no words can tell *what* disappointment!

"But, to take things in order: we set off for the falls yesterday morning, with the intention of spending the day there, sleeping, and returning the next day to Niagara. The distance is fourteen miles, by a road winding along the banks of the Niagara river, and over the Queenston heights;—and beautiful must this land be in summer, since even now it is beautiful. The flower garden, the trim shrubbery, the lawn, the meadow with its hedgerows, when frozen up and wrapt in snow, always give me the idea of something not only desolate but dead: Nature is the ghost of herself, and trails a spectral pall; I always feel a kind of pity—a touch of melancholy—when at this season I have wandered among withered shrubs and buried flower-beds; but here, in the wilderness, where Nature is wholly independent of Art, she does not die, nor yet mourn; she lies down to rest on the bosom of Winter, and the aged one folds her in his robe of ermine and jewels, and rocks her with his hurricanes, and hushes her to sleep. How still it was! how calm, how vast the glittering white waste and the dark purple forests! The sun shone out, and the sky was without a cloud; yet we saw few people, and for many miles the hissing of our sleigh, as we flew along upon our dazzling path, and the tinkling of the sleigh-bells, were the only sounds we heard. When we were within four or five miles of the Falls, I stopped the sleigh from time to time to listen for the roar of the cataracts, but the state of the atmosphere was not favourable for the transmission of sound, and the silence was unbroken.

"Such was the deep, monotonous tranquillity which prevailed on every side—so exquisitely pure and vestal-like the robe in which all Nature lay slumbering around us, I could scarce believe that this whole frontier district is not only remarkable for the prevalence of vice—but of dark and desperate crime."

* * * * *

"My imagination had been so impressed by the vast height of the Falls, that I was constantly looking in an upward direction, when, as we came to the brow of a hill, my companion suddenly checked the horses, and exclaimed 'The Falls!'

"I was not, for an instant, aware of their presence; we were yet at a distance, looking *down* upon them; and I saw at once glance a flat extensive plain; the sun having withdrawn its beams for a moment, there was neither light, nor shade, nor colour. In the midst were seen the two great cataracts, but merely as a feature in the wide landscape. The sound was by no means overpowering, and the clouds of spray, which Fanny Butler called so beautifully the 'everlasting incense of the waters,' now condensed ere they rose by the excessive cold, fell round the base of the cataracts in fleecy folds, just concealing that furious embrace of the waters above and the waters below. All the associations which in imagination I had gathered round the scene, its appalling terrors, its soul-subduing beauty, power and height, and velocity and immensity, were all diminished in effect, or wholly lost."

* * * * *

"I was quite silent—my very soul sank within me. On seeing my disappointment (written, I suppose, most legibly in my countenance) my companion began to comfort me, by telling me of all those who had been disappointed on the first view of Niagara, and had confessed it. I *did* confess; but I was not to be comforted. We held on our way to the Clifton hotel, at the foot of the hill; most desolate it looked with its summer verandahs and open balconies cumbered up with snow, and hung round with icicles—its forlorn, empty rooms, broken windows, and dusty dinner tables. The poor people who kept the house in winter had gathered themselves for warmth and comfort into a little kitchen, and when we made our appearance, stared at us with a blank amazement, which showed what a rare thing was the sight of a visiter at this season."

* * * * *

"We now prepared to walk to the Crescent Fall, and I bound some crampons to my feet, like those they use among the Alps, without which I could not for a moment have kept my footing on the frozen surface of the snow. As we approached the Table Rock, the whole scene assumed a wild and wonderful magnificence; down came the dark-green waters, hurrying with them over the edge of the precipice enormous blocks of ice brought down from Lake Erie. On each side of the Falls, from the ledges and overhanging cliffs, were suspended huge icicles, some twenty, some thirty feet in length, thicker than the body of a man, and in colour of a paly green, like the glaciers of the Alps; and all the crags below, which projected from the boiling eddying waters, were encrusted, and in a manner built round with ice, which had formed into immense crystals, like basaltic columns, such as I have seen in the pictures of Staffa and the Giant's Causeway; and every tree, and leaf, and branch, fringing the rocks and ravines, was wrought in ice. On them, and on the wooden buildings erected near the Table Rock, the spray from the cataract had accumulated and formed into the most beautiful crystals and tracery work; they looked like houses of glass, welted and moulded into regular and ornamental shapes, and hung round with a rich fringe of icy points. Wherever we stood we were on unsafe ground, for the snow, when heaped up as now to the height of three or four feet, frequently slipped in masses from the bare rock, and on its surface the spray, for ever falling, was converted into a sheet of ice, smooth, compact, and glassy, on which I could not have stood a moment without my *crampons*. It was very fearful, and yet I could not tear myself away, but remained on the Table Rock, even on the very edge of it, till a kind of dreamy fascination came over me; the continuous thunder, and might and movement of the lapsing waters, held all my vital spirits bound up as by a spell. Then, as at last I turned away, the descending sun broke out, and an Iris appeared below the American Fall, one extremity resting on a snow mound; and motionless there it hung in the midst of restless terrors, its beautiful but rather pale hues contrasting with the death-like colourless objects around; it reminded me of the faint ethereal smile of a dying martyr.

"We wandered about for nearly four hours, and then returned to the hotel: there my good-natured escort from Toronto, Mr. Campbell, was waiting to conduct us to his house, which is finely situated on an eminence not far from the great cataract. We did not know, till we arrived there, that the young and lovely wife of our host had been confined only the day before. This event had been concealed from us, lest we should have some scruples about accepting hospitality under such circumstances; and, in truth, I *did* feel at first a little uncomfortable, and rather *de trop*; but the genuine kindness of our reception soon overcame all scruples: we were made welcome, and soon felt ourselves so; and, for my own part, I have always sympathies ready for such occasions, and shared very honestly i nthe grateful joy of these kind people. After dinner I went up into the room of the invalid—a little nest of warmth and comfort; and though the roar of the neighbouring cataract shook the house as with a universal tremor, it did not quite overpower the soft voice of the weak but happy mother, nor even the feeble wail of the new-born baby, as I took it in my arms with a whispered blessing, and it fell asleep in my lap. Poor little thing!—it was an awful sort of lullaby, that ceaseless thunder of the mighty waters ever at hand, yet no one but myself seemed to heed, or even to hear it; such is the force of custom, and the power of adaptation even in our most delicate organs."

But far more adventurous than this winter journey to Niagara, and in every way more novel and interesting, is a journey which Mrs. Jameson made at a later period to Lake Huron and the Sault Ste. Marie, or the Falls of St. Mary, in the course of which she sojourned among the wild Indian tribes, a solitary wanderer, with scarcely any other protection than her own good sense and good-nature. This part of her work is very exciting—it is like a chapter out of the book of some old traveller!

From Detroit, where she suffered severely in health, Mrs. Jameson proceeded in a magnificent United States steamer to the lovely and lonely little island of Mackinaw, on Lake Huron, a place which she has painted in such charming colours, and made interesting by so many little incidents, that we are quite certain we shall dream of it in our pleasantest dreams. Here she was amongst the natives, and besides herself there were only some dozen of civilised beings on the island.

"They were chiefly Ottawas and Pottowottomies, two tribes which 'call brother,' that is, claim relationship, and are usually in alliance, but widely different. The Ottawas are the most civilised, the Pottowottomies the least so, of all the lake tribes. The Ottawa I soon distinguished by the decency of his dress, and the handkerchief knotted round the head—a custom borrowed from the early French settlers, with whom they have had much intercourse: the Pottowottomie by the mere savage finery of his costume, his tall figure, and a sort of swagger in his gait. The dandyism of some of the Pottowottomie warriors is inexpressibly amusing and grotesque; I defy all Regent Street and Bond Street to go beyond them in the exhibition of self-decoration and self-complacency. One of these exquisites, whom I distinguished as Beau Brummel, was not indeed much indebted to a tailor, seeing he had neither a coat nor anything else that gentlemen are accustomed to wear; but then his face was most artistically painted, the upper half of it being vermilion, with a black circle round one eye, and a white circle round the other; the lower half of a bright green, except the tip of his nose, which was also vermilion. His leggings of scarlet cloth were embroidered down the sides, and decorated with tufts of hair. The band, or garter, which confines the leggings, is always an especial bit of finery; and his were gorgeous, all embroidered with gay beads, and strings, and tassels of the liveliest colours hanging down to his ankle. His moccasins were also beautifully worked with porcupine quills; he had armlets and bracelets of silver, and round his head a silver band stuck with tufts of moose-hair, dyed blue and red; and conspicuous above all, the eagle feather in his hair, showing he was a warrior, and had taken a scalp—*i. e.* killed his man.

"Over his shoulders hung a blanket of scarlet cloth, very long and ample, which he had thrown back a little, so as to display his chest, on which a large outspread hand was painted in white. It is impossible to describe the air of perfect self-complacency with which this youth strutted about. Seeing my attention fixed upon him, he came up and shook hands with me, repeating 'Bojou! bojou!'* Others immediately pressed forward also to shake hands, or rather take my hand, for they do not *shake* it; and I was soon in the midst of a crowd of perhaps thirty or forty Indians, all holding out their hands to me, or snatching mine, and repeating 'bojou' with every expression of delight and good-humour.

"This must suffice in the way of description, for I cannot further particularise dresses; they were very various, and few so fine as my young Pottowottomie. I remember another young man, who had a common black beaver hat, all round which, in several silver bands, he had stuck a profusion of feathers, and long tufts of dyed hair, so that it formed a most gorgeous helmet. Some wore the hair hanging loose and wild in elf-locks, but others again had combed and arranged it with much care and pains.

"The men seemed to engross the finery; none of the women that I saw were painted. Their blankets were mostly dark blue; some had strings of beads round their necks, and silver armlets. The hair of some of the young women was very prettily arranged, being parted smooth upon the forehead, and twisted in a knot behind, very much *à la Grecque*. There is, I imagine, a very general and hearty aversion to cold water."

"This morning there was a 'talk' held in Mr. Schoolcraft's office, and he kindly invited me to witness the proceedings. About twenty of their principal men, including a venerable old chief, were present; the rest stood outside, crowding the doors and windows, but never attempting to enter, nor causing the slightest interruption. The old chief wore a quantity of wampum, but was otherwise undistinguished, except by his fine head and acute features. His gray hair was drawn back, and tied on the top of his head with a single feather. All, as they entered, took me by the hand with a quiet smile and a '*bojou*,' to which I replied, as I had been instructed, '*Bojou, neeje!*' (good-day, friend!) They then sat down upon the floor, all round the room. Mr. Johnston, Mrs. Schoolcraft's brother, acted as interpreter, and the business proceeded with the utmost gravity.

---

* "This universal Indian salutation is merely a corruption of *bon jour*."

"After some whispering among themselves, an orator of the party addressed Mr. Schoolcraft with great emphasis. Extending his hand and raising his voice, he began: 'Father, I am come to tell you a piece of my mind.' But when he had uttered a few sentences, Mr. Schoolcraft desired the interpreter to tell him that it was useless to speak farther on *that* subject, (I understood it to relate to some land-payments.) The orator stopped immediately, and then, after a pause, he went up and took Mr. Schoolcraft's hand with a friendly air, as if to show he was not offended. Another orator then arose, and proceeded to the object of the visit, which was to ask an allowance of corn, salt, and tobacco, while they remained on the island—a request which, I presume, was granted, as they departed with much apparent satisfaction."

"The Indians here—and fresh parties are constantly arriving—are chiefly Ottawas, from Arbre Croche, on the east of Lake Michigan; Pottowottomies; and Winnebagos from the west of the lake; a few Menomonies and Chippewas from the shores north-west of us; the occasion of this assemblage being the same with all. They are on the way to the Manitoolin Island, to receive the presents annually distributed by the British government to all those Indian tribes who were friendly to us during the wars with America, and call themselves our allies and our children, though living within the bounds of another state. Some of them make a voyage of five hundred miles to receive a few blankets and kettles; coasting along the shores, encamping at night, and paddling all day from sunrise to sunset, living on the fish or game they may meet, and the little provision they can carry with them, which consists chiefly of parched Indian corn and bear's fat. Some are out on this excursion during six weeks, or more, every year; returning to their hunting-grounds by the end of September, when the great hunting-season begins, which continues through October and November; they then return to their villages and wintering-grounds. This applies generally to the tribes I find here, except the Ottawas of Arbre Croche, who have a good deal of land in cultivation, and are more stationary and civilised than the other Lake Indians. They have been for nearly a century under the care of the French Jesuit missions, but do not seem to have made much advance since Henry's time, and the days when they were organised under Pontiac; they were even then considered superior in humanity and intelligence to the Chippewas and Pottowottomies, and more inclined to agriculture."

"After some most sultry weather, we have had a grand storm. The wind shifted to the north-east, and rose to a hurricane. I was then sitting with my Irish friend in the mission-house; and while the little bay lay almost tranquil, gleam and shadow floating over its bosom, the expanse of the main lake was like the ocean lashed to fury. On the east side of the island the billows came 'rolling with might,' flinging themselves in wrath and foam far up the land. It was a magnificent spectacle. Returning home, I was anxious to see how the wigwam establishments had stood out the storm, and was surprised to find that little or no damage had been done. I peeped into several, with a nod and a *bojou*, and found the inmates very snug. Here and there a mat was blown away, but none of the poles were displaced or blown down, which I had firmly expected.

"Though all these lodges seem nearly alike to a casual observer, I was soon aware of differences and gradations in the particular arrangements, which are amusingly characteristic of the various inhabitants. There is one lodge, a little to the east of us, which I call the Château. It is rather larger and loftier than the others: the mats which cover it are whiter and of a neater texture than usual. The blanket which hangs before the opening is new and clean. The inmates, ten in number, are well and handsomely drêssed; even the women and children have abundance of ornaments; and as for the gay cradle of the baby, I quite covet it—it is so gorgeously elegant. I supposed at first that this must be the lodge of a chief; but I have since understood that the chief is seldom either so well lodged or so well dressed as the others, it being a part of his policy to avoid everything like ostentation, or rather to be ostentatiously poor and plain in his apparel and possessions. The wigwam belongs to an Ottawa, remarkable for his skill in hunting, and for his habitual abstinence from the 'fire-water.' He is a baptized Roman Catholic, belonging to the mission at Arbre Croche, and is reputed a rich man.

"Not far from this, and almost immediately in front of our house, stands another wigwam, a most wretched concern. The owners have not mats enough to screen them from the weather; and the bare poles are exposed through the 'looped and windowed raggedness' on every side. The woman, with her long neglected hair, is always seen cowering despondingly over the embers of her fire, as if lost in sad reveries. Two naked children are scrambling among the pebbles on the shore. The man wrapt in a dirty ragged blanket, without a single ornament, looks the image of savage inebriety and ferocity. Observe that these are the two extremes, and that between them are many gradations of comfort, order, and respectability. An Indian is *respectable* in his own community, in proportion as his wife and children look fat and well fed; this being a proof of his prowess and success as a hunter, and his consequent riches.

"I was loitering by the garden gate this evening, about sunset, looking at the beautiful effects which the storm of the morning had left in the sky and on the lake. I heard the sound of the Indian drum, mingled with the shouts and yells and shrieks of the intoxicated savages, who were drinking in front of the village whisky-store;—when at this moment a man came slowly up, whom I recognised as one of the Ottawa chiefs, who had often attracted my attention. His name is Kim,e,wun, which signifies the Rain, or rather, 'it rains.' He now stood before me, one of the noblest figures I ever beheld, above six feet high, erect as a forest pine. A red and green handkerchief was twined round his head with much elegance, and knotted in front, with the two ends projecting; his black hair fell from beneath it, and his small black piercing eyes glittered from among its masses like stars glancing through the thunder clouds. His ample blanket was thrown over his left shoulder, and brought under his right arm, so as to leave it free and exposed; and a sculptor might have envied the disposition of the whole drapery—it was so felicitous, so richly graceful.* He stood in a contemplative attitude, evidently undecided whether he should join his drunken companions in their night revel, or return, like a wise man, to his lodge and his mat. He advanced a few steps, then turned, then paused and listened—then turned back again. I retired a little within the gate, to watch, unseen, the issue of the conflict. Alas! it was soon decided—the fatal temptation prevailed over better thoughts. He suddenly drew his blanket round him, and strided onwards in the direction of the village, treading the earth with an air of defiance, and a step which would have become a prince.

---

* "While among the Indians, I often had occasion to observe that what we call the *antique* and the *ideal* are merely free, unstudied nature. Since my return from Canada, I have seen some sketches made by Mr. Harvey when in Ireland—figures of the Cork and Kerry girls, folded in their large blue cloaks; and I remember, on opening the book, I took them for drawings after the antique—figures brought from Herculaneum or Pompeii, or some newly-discovered Greek temple."

"On returning home I mentioned this scene to Mr. and Mrs. Schoolcraft, as I do everything which strikes me, that I may profit by their remarks and explanations. Mr. S. told me a laughable anecdote.

"A distinguished Pottowottomie warrior presented himself to the Indian agent at Chicago, and observing that he was a very good man, very good indeed—and a good friend to the Long-knives, (the Americans,) requested a dram of whisky. The agent replied, that he never gave whisky to *good* men,—*good* men never asked for whisky; and never drank it. It was only *bad* Indians who asked for whisky, or liked to drink it. 'Then,' replied the Indian quickly in his broken English, 'me damn rascal!'"

Like the Arabians, these Indians have among them story-tellers by profession, persons who go about from lodge to lodge amusing the inmates with traditional tales, histories of the wars and exploits of their ancestors, or with inventions of their own, which are sometimes in the form of allegories or parables, intended to teach some moral lesson, and at other times extravagant flights of fancy, with no other aim than to excite wonder and amazement. By the assistance of Mrs. Schoolcraft, a lady of Indian blood, the daughter of a chief, who was not only the greatest warrior of his tribe, but also the greatest poet and story-teller, Mrs. Jameson has been enabled to give us two curious specimens of the Red-Indian romances. They are exceedingly interesting as coming from such a source, and are curious addenda to our history of fiction.

Before leaving Mackinaw, we must treat our readers with an Indian dance.

"In the afternoon, Mr. Johnston informed me that the Indians were preparing to dance, for my particular amusement. I was, of course, most thankful and delighted. Almost in the same moment, I heard their yells and shrieks resounding along the shore, mingled with the measured monotonous drum. We had taken our place on an elevated platform behind the house—a kind of little lawn on the hill-side;—the precipitous rocks, clothed with trees and bushes, rose high like a wall above us: the glorious sunshine of a cloudless summer's day was over our heads—the dazzling blue lake and its islands at our feet. Soft and elysian in its beauty was all around. And when these wild and more than half-naked figures came up, leaping, whooping, drumming, shrieking, hideously painted, and flourishing clubs, tomahawks, javelins, it was like a masque of fiends breaking into paradise! The rabble of Comus might have boasted themselves comely in comparison, even though no self-deluding potion had bleared their eyes and intellect.* It was a grotesque and horrible phantasmagoria. Of their style of clothing I say nothing—for, as it is wisely said, nothing can come of *nothing*:—only if 'all symbols be clothes,' according to our great modern philosopher †—my Indian friends were as little symbolical as you can dare to imagine:—*passons par-là*. If the blankets and leggings were thrown aside, all the resources of the Indian toilette, all their store of feathers, and bears' claws, hawks' bells, vermilion, soot, and verdigris, were brought into requisition as decorations: and no two were alike. One man wore three or four heads of hair, composed of the manes and tails of animals; another wore a pair of deers' horns; another was *coiffé* with the skin and feathers of a crane or some such bird —its long bill projecting from his forehead; another had the shell of a small turtle suspended from his back, and dangling behind; another used the skin of a polecat for the same purpose. One had painted his right leg with red bars, and his left leg with green lines: parti-coloured eyes and faces, green noses, and blue chins, or *vice versâ*, were general. I observed that in this grotesque deformity, in the care with which everything like symmetry or harmony in form or colours was avoided, there was something evidently studied and artistical. The orchestra was composed of two drums and two rattles, and a chorus of voices. The song was without melody—a perpetual repetition of three or four notes, melancholy, harsh, and monotonous. A flag was stuck in the ground, and round this they began their dance—if dance it could be called—the movements consisting of the alternate raising of one foot, then the other, and swinging the body to and fro. Every now and then they paused, and sent forth that dreadful, prolonged, tremulous yell, which re-echoed from the cliffs, and pierced my ears and thrilled along my nerves. The whole exhibition was of that finished barbarism, that it was at least complete in its way, and for a time I looked on with curiosity and interest. But that innate loathing which dwells within me for all that is discordant and deformed, rendered it anything but pleasant to witness. It grated horribly upon all my perceptions. In the midst, one of those odd and unaccountable transitions of thought caused by some mental or physical re-action—the law which brings extremes in contrast together, came across me. I was reminded that even on this very day last year I was seated in a box at the opera, looking at Carlotta Grisi and Perrot dancing, or rather flying, through the galoppe in 'Benyowsky.' The oddity of this sudden association made me laugh, which being interpreted into the expression of my highest approbation, they became every moment more horribly ferocious and animated; redoubled the vigour of their detestably awkward movements and the shrillness of their savage yells, till I began involuntarily to look about for some means of escape—but this would have been absolutely rude, and I restrained myself.

---

* "'And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before.'"—Comus.

† Sartor Resartus.

"I should not forget to mention that the figures of most of the men were superb; more agile and elegant, however, than muscular—more fitted for the chase than for labour, with small and well-formed hands and feet. When the dance was ended, a young warrior, leaving the group, sat himself down on a little knoll to rest. His spear lay across his knees, and he reposed his head upon his hand. He was not painted, except with a little vermilion on his chest—and on his head he wore only the wing of the osprey; he sat there—a model for the sculptor. The perfection of his form, the graceful abandonment of his attitude, reminded me of a young Mercury, or of Thorwaldsen's 'Shepherd Boy.' I went up to speak to him, and thanked him for his exertions in the dance, which indeed had been conspicuous; and then, for want of something else to say, I asked him if he had a wife and children? The whole expression of his face suddenly changed, and with an air as tenderly coy as that of a young girl listening to the first whisper of a lover, he looked down and answered softly, 'Kah-ween!'—No, indeed! Feeling that I had for the first time embarrassed an Indian, I withdrew, really as much out of countenance as the youth himself. I did not ask him his name, for that were a violation of the Indian form of good breeding, but I learn that he is called *the Pouncing Hawk*—and a fine creature he is—like a blood horse or the Apollo; West's comparison of the Apollo Belvedere to a young Mohawk warrior has more of likelihood and reasonableness than I ever believed or acknowledged before.

"A keg of tobacco and a barrel of flour were given to them, and they dispersed as they came, drumming, and yelling, and leaping, and flourishing their clubs and war-hatchets."

We would fain follow our author to Sault Ste. Marie, and the borders of Lake Superior, and insert some of her adventures there; but we have already so far exceeded our prescribed limits, that we must conclude with one or two scattered fragments, especially as those delightful volumes will so speedily be in the hands of our readers.

SLEIGHING AT TORONTO.

"It should seem that this wintry season, which appears to me so dismal, is for the Canadians the season of festivity, and if I were not sick and a stranger,—if I had friends near me, I should really enjoy it. Now is the time for visiting, for sleighing excursions, for all intercourse of business and friendship, for balls in town, and dances in farm-houses, and courtships and marriages, and prayer-meetings and assignations of all sorts. In summer, the heat and the mosquitos render travelling disagreeable at best; in spring the roads are absolutely impassable; in autumn there is too much agricultural occupation: but in winter the forests are pervious; the roads present a smooth surface of dazzling snow; the settlers in the woods drive into the towns, supply themselves with stores, and clothing, and fresh meat, the latter a luxury which they can seldom obtain in the summer. I stood at my window to-day, watching the sleighs as they glided past. They are of all shapes and sizes. A few of the carriage-sleighs are well-appointed and handsome. The market-sleighs are often two or three boards nailed together in form of a wooden box upon runners; some straw and a buffalo skin or blanket serve for the seat; barrels of flour and baskets of eggs fill up the empty space. Others are like cars, and others, called *cutters*, are mounted on high runners, like sleigh-phaetons; these are sported by the young men and officers of the garrison, and require no inconsiderable skill in driving: however, as I am assured, they are overturned in the snow not above once in a quarter of an hour, and no harm and much mirth ensue: but the wood-sleighs are my delight; a large platform of boards is raised upon runners, with a few upright poles held together at top by a rope; the logs of oak, pine, and maple, are then heaped up to the height of six or seven feet. On the summit lie a couple of deer frozen stiff, their huge antlers projecting in a most picturesque fashion, and on these again a man is seated with a blanket round him, his furred cap down upon his ears, and his scarlet woollen comforter forming a fine bit of colour. He guides with a pole his two patient oxen, the clouds of vapour curling from their nostrils into the keen frosty air—the whole machine, in short, as wildly picturesque as the grape wagons in Italy, though, to be sure, the associations are somewhat different."

CLERGY RESERVES AND NEGLECT OF EDUCATION.

"The House of Assembly is now sitting, and the question at present agitated is the appropriation of the clergy reserves—a question momentous to the future welfare of the colony, and interesting to every thinking mind. There are great differences of opinion, and a good deal of bitterness of spirit, prevailing on this subject, so often brought under discussion, and as yet unsettled. When Upper Canada was separated from the Lower Province (in 1791,) one-seventh part of the lands was set apart for the maintenance of the clergy, under the name of Clergy Reserves: and the Church of England, as being the church by law established, claimed the entire appropriation of these lands. The Roman Catholics, under the old conditions by which the maintenance of their church was provided for on the conquest of the colony, also put in their claim, as did the Presbyterians on account of their influence, and the Methodists on account of their number. The inhabitants, meantime, through the legislature, petitioned the government that the whole of the clergy reserves should be appropriated to the purposes of education, for which the funds already provided are wholly inadequate, and are ill managed besides—but of this hereafter. If the question had been left to be settled by the House of Assembly then sitting, the Radicals of 1832, there is no doubt that such would have been the destination of these reserves, which now consist of about two millions of acres out of fourteen millions, settled or in course of cultivation, and indefinitely increasing as more and more land is redeemed from the unmeasured, interminable forest. The government at home sent over to the legislature here a cession of the crown lands, and a recommendation to settle the whole question; but we have now a House of Assembly differently constituted from that of 1832, and the preponderance is altogether the other way. I am now aware that there exist three parties on this subject:—

" First, those who would appropriate the whole of these reserves solely to the maintenance of the Church of England. This is a small but zealous party—not so much insisting on their own claim, as on the absolute inconsistency and unrighteousness of allowing any other claim. The Church of England, as the archdeacon observed last night, being the only true church, as well as the church by law established, to maintain any other religion or form of religion at the expense of the state, is a manifest rebellion against both the *gospel* and the *law*.

" A second party represent that the Church of England consists of but a small number of the colonists; that as no profession of belief (quakerism excepted) can exclude a man from the provincial legislature, so each religion tolerated by the state should be by the state maintained. They exclaim against disuniting religion and education, and insist that the reserves should be divided in shares proportionate to the number of members of each church,—among the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, Wesleyan Methodists, and Baptists. This party is numerous, but not unanimous. In hostility to the exclusive pretensions of the episcopal church they are agreed, but they seem to agree in nothing else; and some numerous and respectable sects are altogether excluded.

" A third party, and by far the most numerous, require that the maintenance of the clergy should be left, as in the United States, to the voluntary aid of their congregation, and the entire produce of the lands reserved for the education of the people.

" I have not been long enough in the country to consider the question practically, as applying to the peculiar wants and circumstances of the people; but theoretically I do not agree with any of these parties, and at present am content to listen to all I hear around me. With regard to the petition forwarded to the home government, it has been an ample source of ridicule that a house of parliament, of which many members could not read, and many more could not spell, should be thus zealous on the subject of education. In truth, I have seen some specimens of the writing and spelling of honourable members, men of influence and property too, at which it was impossible not to laugh; but I felt no disposition to join in the ridicule freely bestowed on the writers: it seemed anything but ridiculous, that men who had not themselves received the advantage of a good education, should be anxious to insure it to their children. Mr. H. told me the other day, that in the distant townships not one person in twenty or thirty could read or write, or had the means of attaining such knowledge. On repeating this to Mr. B., a native Canadian, and perfectly acquainted with the country, adding some expression of incredulity, he exclaimed, laughing, 'Not one in twenty or thirty!—Madam, not one in seventy!' "

"WILL NOTHING LOVE ME?"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REFORMER."

My dear reader, did you ever pass across that hospitable tract of land lying between the extreme end of Albemarle Street and Dover Street? If you have ever traversed the broad pavement of Piccadilly which connects these two points, you must have been made fully sensible of the extreme kindness of heart and boundless philanthropy with which the gentlemen in high-low boots and low-crowned hats who frequent them are constantly entreating you to go to Brentford, or Richmond, or Ham, or Twickenham, or anywhere, so that you go somewhere—and all from the highest sentiments of disinterested generosity.

It so happened that several of these worthies, actuated by these impulses of benevolence, and, of course, wholly incapable of any such vulgar sentiment as a thought for their own pecuniary advantage, but solely impressed with the importance and the expediency of the multifarious passengers going to some one or other of the places to which they directed their attention, and kindly giving them a choice—it so happened, we say, that several of these worthies, in the ardour of their philanthropic zeal, jostled, and pushed, and importuned a certain tall gentleman in a doubtful black coat, in their endeavours to persuade him to go to Fulham, or Twickenham, or Brentford.

"Richmond, sir?—off in one minute."

"No."

"Twickenham, sir?—going in no time."

"No, no."

"Going to Brentford, sir?—last buss to-day—just room for one inside."

"No, no, no."

The tall gentleman in the shabby black coat ejaculated as many "Noes" as might have served a Beauty for a twelvemonth, or a minister in office for six weeks. The tender earnestness, however, of the philanthropists, who so kindly take their places at the doors of those benevolent institutions which roll along our streets as movable receptacles for the destitute, at last pushed him half way down the steps of that elevated edifice vulgarly known as the White Horse Cellar, and there the gentleman in black saw, whilst he allowed himself a moment's breathing-time after the exertions of his negatives and strugglings, an enormous placard, with these words printed in large characters, "New Company's Coaches. No Fees!" (*no fees* conspicuously large.) "Bath and Bristol, *only one pound twelve shillings inside, eighteen shillings out.*"

The gentleman in black read these words unconsciously as one who sees, but is not cognisant of what he looks upon; and yet the apparently insulated accident by which he was pushed down these office-steps, at the hazard of his ankles and the ruffling of his temper, proved the key-stone of his destiny.

The gentleman in black struggled up the steps, and out of the way of the zealous philanthropists who were formerly vulgarly known as cads, but who now, with reference to their powers as guides, are more worthily recognised as conductors, and made his way up towards a certain neighbourhood lying, we believe, somewhere about Pimlico: but we dare not be too certain of the exact identity of the spot, as we are not particularly proud of our geography. Howbeit, the subject of our biography, after sundry turnings and twistings, and multiplied inquiries, at last met with somebody, who knew somebody else, who knew Renchall's Terrace; and after obtaining so much of authentic information the gentleman in black at last arrived at the citadel itself, being the centre house of Renchall Terrace, which, being a story higher, and having a door of still brighter green than any of its neighbours, was considered a place of much estimation by all the inhabitants of the courts, and the crescents, and the lanes, and the streets, in its vicinity.

The gentleman in black knocked at the door of this stately tenement, a sort of genteel though rather tremulous knock: it was evident that he was rather doubtful of his reception. The summons was answered by a servant girl, whose style of habiliments betokened a sort of graceful disregard to the stiff proprieties of dress; the sound of her slipshod shoes falling musically on the ear at every footfall, her gown having resisted every solicitation to come to an amicable meeting behind, and her hair falling in a fringe of negligent tresses from beneath a cap about large enough to cover the head of an individual just introduced three weeks into the world, but placed on a pericranium of a peculiarly fine size.

"Is Mr. Renchall at home?" said the gentleman in black.

"No," said the dirty servant girl.

The gentleman in black breathed again, but in a moment more he remembered that he ought to be disappointed.

"Do you expect him in soon?" he asked, hoping to hear a repetition of the negative; but just at this juncture the parlour-door opened, and a little girl, with her hair platted before and behind into four long tails, two turned up before, and two turned down behind, and all of them tied with pink ribbon, a braided frock slipping half way down her shoulders, and stopping midway in its descent, so as to make a liberal display of a pair of trowsers copiously frilled, and terminations of yellow Margate shoes, put her head out of the parlour-door, and at the top of a shrill voice announced that "pa would be home directly," and at the same moment was followed by the head of "ma" in a cap measured by her consequence, for it just so far overstept the dimensions of the door as to oblige its wearer to incline the head which supported it gracefully sideways in her egress and ingress, and "ma," seeing that the gentleman in black was really gentlemanly, and not at the moment discerning the shabbiness of his coat, asked him to walk into the parlour with great condescension, and with much suavity assured him that Mr. Renchall would be in directly.

Now, although the gentleman in black had come, we do not know how many miles, to see the head of the establishment, he would willingly have given the reversion of some large property, or a year or two of life, or a joint from his body, or some such trifle of that sort, to have escaped the honour of the audience, so that he could have satisfied his conscience that he had done everything to obtain it. Howbeit, when the lady of the mansion invited him to enter, and when five of the Misses Renchall, in replications of the same platted hair, and pink bows, and braided robes, and flounced trowsers, and yellow Margate shoes, together with Master Renchall, with a pair of eyes that could have outstared all the eyes in a peacock's tail, gave him a reception at the parlour-door, and invited him into its sacred interior,—why then the poor gentleman in black had no choice but just to submit to his destiny, and walk quietly into the room; and being duly installed in a chair, "ma," after having made a great deal of noise to make the children quiet, began to repose her confidence in him, relating to him her various plans of education, with sundry other of her maternal cares, from which, by a natural transition, she reverted to her own school-days—days in which, from her astonishing aptitude, she had been a monopoliser of all the prizes in the establishment, until the principal—no, the governess, (there were governesses in those days)—excluded her from the competition because it was so discouraging to her fellow-pupils; and then she was obliged to leave school earlier by two years than was intended by her friends, because the masters and the teachers, and, in fact, every creature connected with the seminary, unanimously declared that she was beyond their hands, that there remained nothing more which she could be taught; that so, having attained that point of perfection, she returned home, and then, she did not know why, she could not think how it was, but she had so many admirers that she did not know what to do with them all; that although she had offers from two lieutenants in the navy, one captain in the army, one city knight, who had since been lord mayor, two architects, one engineer, five drawing-masters, three writing-masters, seven dancing-masters, besides a variety of more or less distinguished individuals, too numerous to mention—yet, notwithstanding these numerous competitors, she did not know why, she could not tell how it was, but she supposed because marriages were made in heaven, that she had contracted one on earth with none of all these men of high degree, but only with that amiable and exalted personage, Richard Renchall, Esq.—that truly it was against the wishes of her friends, who thought that she might have done much better; but the heart, the heart, was not to be influenced by mercenary motives, and the event had proved the justice of her favourable opinion and devoted attachment, for she could truly say that during all the years of their union they had never had a word of disagreement, but that he was the most devoted husband, the most indulgent parent, &c. &c. &c.

To all this the gentleman in black said "Hum," and "Ah," and "Yes," and "No," with happy propriety, in the right places.

The proprietor of all this laudation, not having yet returned to the bosom of his interesting family, his lady, feeling, as those always do who confer favours, an increasing complacency towards the recipient, went on, in the enlargement of her heart, to more particular instances of the flourishing circumstances of the Reachall family; the last mark of her condescending confidence being an account of her visit to Margate, and all the money which she had spent of which she *had* told Mr. Renchall, and all the money she had spent of which she *had not* told Mr. Renchall, the money she had lost in the room-raffles, and the price of all the yellow shoes which gave such grace to the footsteps of her children, to say nothing of the pair which had been brought home for "pa."

Now, just at this juncture there came a long and important knock at the door, which the gentleman in black thought might have emanated from the hand of a hackney-coachman, but which all the children in the yellow shoes, and "ma" into the bargain, assured him was "pa;" and "ma," having begged him not to mention to "pa" what she had disclosed to him in strict confidence respecting the money which she had clandestinely disposed of in the Margate raffles, and having received his guarantee of perfect secrecy, went out into the "hall" to meet "pa."

Then came a whispering between them respecting the apparent condition of their visiter, the result of which was, that as "ma" assured "pa" that the gentleman *was* a gentleman, "pa," wishing to be a gentleman too, went into the back parlour and changed his coat for a dirty dressing-gown, which hung behind the door, and his dirty shoes for the before-mentioned yellow Margate slippers.

Thus accoutred, the head of the Renchall family walked majestically great, and amiably condescending, across the intervening six feet, and entered the presence of his visiter with his head already bent for a bow; but never came thunder-cloud across summer sky so black as the frown that knitted itself into the inch-and-a-half forehead of Mr. Renchall, and the protrusion of his chin could only be measured by its own depth, being, we believe, about six inches.

The gentleman in black rose from his chair with an air of trepidation: he felt that he was a coward, and despised himself for being so.

"So, so, Mr.—Mr.—Meredith, it is you, is it, sir?" said Mr. Renchall, recovering his dignity as he discovered the insignificancy of his guest.

"It *is* me, sir. I have called upon you, Mr. Renchall—"

"Yes, and I've called upon you, too, Mr. Meredith, no less than two, three, nay, four times, but I never found you at home—at least I was told that you were out. Do you know, Mr. Meredith, that that makes you liable to an act of bankruptcy—an act of bankruptcy, sir?"

"I am sorry to have given you the trouble of so many journeys."

"Trouble, sir! The next time you choose to be denied, tell your people to take your hat out of the passage, sir!—to take your hat out of the passage, sir!"

The poor gentleman in black looked much humiliated, and the great man as much elated.

"At all events, sir," said the gentleman in black, "since I am so fortunate as to meet with you to-day, I hope we may be able to make some arrangement that will release you from any further trouble."

"Have you brought the money with you, sir?—the money, sir? A year's rent, sir?—seventy-five pounds, sir?"

The poor gentleman in black was constrained to allow that he had not.

"That's all, sir!—that's all, sir! You needn't say no more. Seventy-five pounds, sir!—that's all!—that's enough, sir!"

"If you would accommodate me with a fortnight's time, sir, I am sure that I should be able to——"

"A fortnight, sir! A fortnight, sir! Couldn't do no such thing! Must make up my own accounts in less than a week. Miss Garvan expects me to be punctual, whatever her tenants may be. She looks to me, sir!—she looks to me! I must send in my account in less than a week, sir, and I must have yours."

"I shall endeavour," said poor Mr. Meredith.

"Endeavour, sir!—endeavour! O yes! your endeavours would be poor things to trust to, I'm thinking. To tell you the truth, I've just taken the matter into my own hands, or, rather, I ought to say, I've put it into the hands of my broker. He—he—he—I've just been to him, sir, for I had half-a-dozen little matters of my own, as well as two or three of Miss Garvan's—yours amongst them, sir. You'll find a man in possession when you get home again, or, at least, you may expect him, sir. And now I need not occupy more of your time, sir—I dare say you have no time to spare, sir; at least, I haven't. I want to look at my broker's inventories, sir. Good morning, sir! Good morning, sir!"

At the comfortable assurances of the honour of his expected guest the gentleman in black turned divers colours, red, and white, and black. He was one of those never-to-be-enough condemned people, who always act upon impulses, and the impulse now was indignation.

"I will not submit to this tyranny from a low upstart!" exclaimed the gentleman in black. "I will appeal from your authority, sir! I will see Miss Garvan!"

"Go to Bath, sir! Go to Bath, sir!—he! he! he! he!"

"Yes, sir! I will go to Bath, sir! and lay before Miss Garvan the whole circumstances of the case! I will let her know, sir, the real character of the man in whom she reposes her confidence! I will unveil him, sir! I will unmask him, sir!"

"Go to Bath, sir! he! he! he! Go to Bath, sir!" reiterated the agent, in extreme derision, and pointing his finger to the door. "Go to Bath, sir!"

"I *will* go to Bath, sir!" exclaimed the gentleman in black in a most direful passion, as he bounced out of the portal to which his host so obligingly directed his attention.

Our poor hero threaded his way through the intricacies of Mr. Renchall's landed property with the celerity of an engine on the railway, his anger, like steam, impelling him into a speed which brought him again into the hospitable region of the White Horse Cellar, before Mr. Renchall had had time to read over one of the inventories supplied by the gentleman who had the honour of being his professional gentleman, that is, his broker. The gentleman in black, stung into madness by what he considered the peculiar atrocity of his own particular injuries, bounced down those cellar steps without consideration either for his ankles or his dignity, booked himself as a passenger to Bath by the New Company's Coach, to set off at seven the following morning, was rather staggered on being asked for half his fare in advance, having quite forgotten that going to Bath required anything in the vulgar shape of money; but on consulting his purse found, to his great satisfaction, that he could not only meet the required demand, but likewise remain the sovereign master of a crown, to say nothing of a whole fourpenny piece: he therefore paid like a prince, and then wended his way homeward.

Now it will be seen from our veritable biography that our poor gentleman in black acted more upon haste and impulse than on any settled plan, or reasonable motive. He was one of those people whose hearts are like buoys: pull them down, and beat them down, and press them down, just as you will, they are sure to rise up again as brisk as ever. Nothing can prevent them from hoping; they will hope, even where, if they had reason or common sense, they ought to despair: they cannot be made to feel that they ought to be miserable for more than five minutes. No! something will arise—some corn in Egypt, some light in the darkness, some guidance out of the difficulty, some strength in the weakness, some joy in the sorrow—they *know* it will; and so they go on trusting and hoping, and not miserable, though other people would contrive to be so with one-half of the material. Well; and who shall say that they are wrong? Is not this hopefulness a divine impulse of their nature—to trust a generous Providence, even without knowing it themselves? Is it not an instinct, and therefore unerring?

The gentleman in black walked on with a hasty and hurried step towards his own dwelling. Certain qualms came over him as he ascended the steps, and remembered the visiter that Miss Garvan's steward had promised him. He thought of the violated sanctity of home, and his heart was a little pulled down, but it sprang up again before he had withdrawn his hand from the knocker, with a sort of assurance that the evil had not yet had time to take effect, and that something would arise to spare him the pain and the degradation.

The hope was speedily dissipated: his children came clustering round him with frightened faces; a certain, shabby, dirty, villanous-looking man was ensconced in the back parlour; he and another had been all over the house, rummaging every drawer, and searching every cupboard, from the garret to the cellar, and had made a long list of every article: the children were in an agony, and the servants in a passion; but now that papa had come home, he would send that horrid man away.

The first impulse of the gentleman in black was to kick the intruder out with all the energy in the world; the second was a sort of tolerating contempt for the subordinate, and superadded indignation against the principal; but he would unmask the man! he would show him in his true colours! he would "go to Bath to-morrow!"

His next trouble came in the shape of sundry long strips of paper, being the solution of the arithmetical question of certain columns standing in the ledgers of certain butchers, and bakers, and linen-drapers, and wine-merchants, and all that sort of people. These, being all accompanied by the question "When will you pay me?" proved far too troublesome for present consideration. The poor gentleman in black wished very much to defer the solution of the enigma to a more convenient opportunity; but as several of the applicants were just then troubled with an impertinent curiosity, and came personally to urge their requests, and as his housekeeper was also urgent for his opinion on a "ways and means" question, he suddenly snatched up his hat, and with rather ungentlemanly precipitation rushed out of the house.

Here the throbbing of his head and the beating of his heart were, for a few moments, highly inconvenient to him, but when he had walked about five hundred yards from his now troubled home a reaction commenced. "Things must take a turn: the bottom of the wheel to-day must be the top to-morrow." But while these profound reflections were thus springing up, he remembered that the home "ways and means" question was still unsettled, and by some continuity of thought a partial glimpse of the common-place expediency of a little trifle in the shape of the current coin of the realm to meet his travelling expenses when he should "go to Bath" came across his mind, and then he very opportunely recollected that he had about five hundred dear friends who had breakfasted with him, and dined with him, and supped with him, and borrowed money of him, times without number, besides having made him generally useful in getting some of them situations, and being bail and bond for others, and a thousand smaller matters; and it suddenly too came across his mind that he had not for a long time taken any notice of all these dear friends, and doubtless they were wounded and hurt at his estrangement, as they delicately but forcibly proved by forbearing to seek his society; so he would go to them and give them an opportunity of relieving themselves from the burden of their gratitude. Yes, he would go: it would now be useful to himself, and it would only be generous to them; he would sacrifice his pride, and borrow a little money of them for his present exigencies—that would be very magnanimous!

So the poor silly gentleman in black turned round and directed his steps to sundry squares, and terraces, and streets, in search of these same friends. He found the squares and the terraces and streets, but the friends!—ah, he might well ask where are they?

Our space does not allow us to attend him in his vain search; we can only follow him in his disappointment.

In a paroxysm of wounded feelings, composed of a mingled sense of disgrace and desertion, which acted like an impetus to his body, the gentleman in black came with a sudden concussion against another pedestrian who was progressing at the same ratio in an inverted course. Then came an angry exclamation, then a half-angry apology, interrupted by the exclamations "Ha, Meredith! can that be you?" on the one side, and on the other "Is that you, Prior?"

So, instead of a challenge, the gentleman in black and our new friend shook hands: the concussion had suddenly dislodged or made the former forget his animosity against all mankind.

"Where are you for, Prior?"

"O, only down to the coach-office: off to Portsmouth in five minutes. But for that lucky thump, I should have gone without seeing you. Under sailing orders—enjoyed myself long enough on shore—get spoiled—won't do—spent all my money."

The gentleman in black sighed a heavy sigh. We wonder how sighs are weighed.

"And you, Meredith, old fellow, what are you doing? Grumbling at the directors?"

"No; they behaved handsomely enough."

"What did they do for you?"

"Why, when the charter was up, they of course reduced us poor clerks, but they offered us a choice of an equivalent or superannuation."

"All fair and above board; and how did you choose?"

"Like a fool, as you may be sure: I took the equivalent."

"Was that like a fool?"

"Yes; because I employed it like a fool."

"How?"

"Why I embarked it in a company, by which I thought to realise some heavy ingots, and instead of that it blew up into bubbles."

"Whew! and you?"

"I am shipwrecked."

"No, no."

"Yes, yes, literally."

"Fiddle faddle, man; times will mend."

"They cannot get worse, that is some comfort."

"But what are you doing now?"

"To-day?"

"Why yes, then, to-day; I suppose to-day is a sample of other days?"

"Trudging through this vast city to find a friend who has five pounds worth of care for me. Am I not a beggarly——"

"My dear fellow, my dear fellow,—why what a plague shall I do? Now I'll tell you what *I've* been doing. I have been keeping a cab that I did not know how to drive, and horses that I did not know how to ride, and company that did not care a rush for me, and so I've literally left myself with nothing but a poor petty, paltry, contemptible five pound note to offer to a friend till times may mend. I could cut my own throat—but I shall be too late for the stage; so better times, and good-bye, good-bye."

And with a hearty wring of the hand, in which he left the little promissory pledge of the immutable Bank of England, the sailor ran off at his utmost speed, and the gentleman in black wended his way once more towards his now disconsolate home; his heart, refreshed more by the kindness than the succour of his friend, once more rode buoyantly. He knew that when he should "go to Bath" and tell Miss Garvan of the severity of her steward, she would allow him time to arrange his affairs, *and then* his home creditors, seeing him continue in the respectable quietness of his dwelling, would not be so urgent in their claims, *and then* he would look around him for some commercial engagement, and no doubt he should be able to support his children in the same state of affluence and comfort which they had hitherto enjoyed, and by-and-by he should realise fortunes for them, and—in the mean time he had *five pounds.*

Our poor gentleman in black wended homewards: the house seemed sadly dismal, do what he would to think otherwise. The poor children looked pale and forlorn, the rooms dusty and littered. The servants had neglected their toilets, and in general they wore dresses that fitted without a wrinkle, and caps trimmed with whole webs of ribbon. By-the-by, it is rather a curious coincidence that the maid-servants of bachelors and widowers are always peculiarly addicted to smart caps —there is no accounting for the fact, but such is the case. Yet now these same servant-maids looked as slatternly and dismal as though they were "helps" to the scolding mother of ten crying children. The rooms were all disordered, the furniture disarranged, and the man in the back parlour, with his dirty face and high-low boots, looked perfectly villanous. Altogether it was a sad home to come to, instead of a cheerful hearth and welcoming smiles; so the poor gentleman in black could only sigh, and kiss all the children, and tell them he was going into the country for just two days, and when he came back he should bring them a sack of pears, and half a dozen new frocks, and a very beautiful little dog for a pet—perhaps it should be an Italian grey-hound or perhaps a King Charles's beauty, but at any rate it should be a great little beauty of some sort; but that above all he should be sure to send the disagreeable dirty man away out of the back parlour, and then they were all to be happier than ever; upon which assurances the children began to be happy already, and after giving him a good many dozen kisses, went half cheerily to bed, and then the gentleman in black divided his five pound note into a two and three pounds portion, giving the latter to his moping housekeeper for present expenditure, and keeping the former for his own princely travelling expenses.

Mr. Meredith rose at six the following morning, if it may be said that a man can get up who has not previously gone to bed. To speak with critical exactness, however, he had thrown himself on the outside of his coverlet, meaning to be as miserable as possible all night; but some way or another, after lying about five minutes, he began to believe all that he had promised the children as faithfully as they believed him, and in about five minutes more he was as sound asleep as the happiest man alive, dreaming that he had a home so full of ingots of gold that the beams were breaking down, and the great exertions he made to prop up the edifice just enabled him to wake at the proper time, and after making his toilet, and putting clean linen in his carpet bag, he descended; but early as it was, his housekeeper had got him a cup of coffee and an egg waiting for him, which service, though voluntarily performed, was yet accompanied by looks as cross as though it had been enforced. Mr. Meredith would have declined the proposed courtesy, but as the choice had not been proposed, and it was out of the kindliness of his own nature to reject the kindness of another, he swallowed the coffee and the egg, and rendered as many thanks as if the entertainment had been a perfect gratuity, conferred on a way-side beggar; and then set off to "go to Bath." The cross servant, in the mean time, sitting down and shedding a few tears, after she had followed him with her eyes out of the street.

So back again to the sphere of those kind and benignant philanthropists went our hero. There stood the coach all ready, the aristocracy of course going inside and the canaille on the out, composed, as usual, of the customary complement of very respectable, plain, substantial, ladies, in very respectable old-fashioned cloaks, and poke straw bonnets, and double-soled boots, and some young girls, in tawdry head-gear and dirty blond caps, and tumbled flowers, and faded silk cloaks, made in the newest-but-one fashion, and wearing the trophies of many a splash of metropolitan mud. There was a great fuss to get the substantial ladies into the inside, and the more fragile nymphs on to the out: but perhaps we are wrong in marking the line between the select interior and the vulgar exterior, for all the ladies who mounted the roof and got into the basket of that particular coach, took care to acquaint every individual in turn that they preferred travelling in that manner, that they might see the country, or else that their health did not allow them to endure the narrow internal limits, or that the inside places were all taken, &c., &c.; all which assurances, coming from head-quarters, everybody was bound to believe.

The gentleman in black took his place on the coachbox, and having paid the required stipend for packing his luggage, though he did not happen to have any, that of course not being a fee, and after paying the remainder of his fare, was suffered to turn up his collar and button up his coat, and be as cold and as miserable as he pleased, the coachman not having yet assumed his official duties, but being, in the mean time, at a preparatory school in the neighbourhood, learning to keep out the morning air; but at last all the young ladies and the old ladies and the young gentlemen and the old gentlemen, were settled in the inside and on the outside to their heart's satisfaction, or, whether they were or not, the time was come that they ought to have been, and up the coachman got, having well fortified himself, and smack went the whip, and round went the wheels, and off went the company's coach and the company's horses in most magnificent style.

And the coachman!—ah, the coachman deserves an entire paragraph in his honour—he is worth a whole zoological garden, for he condenses in himself the surliness of fifty bears at the least. O, my dear reader, if you do not wish to be turned into stone by the eyelight of one of these monsters, never travel with a coachman who is to have no fees. No fees! O pray take warning, for he will certainly turn ogre and devour you! He is cheated out of his birthright, swindled out of his time-out-of-mind right, and he looks at you like a muzzled bear, ready to spring upon you, and give you a hug! But if your dark fate should throw you into his moving den, be sure, under no impulse of curiosity or exigence of circumstance, to ask him a question —if you do, he will certainly burst his muzzle, and bite your head off.

The coach made no stoppages longer than two minutes and a half, or at the most three minutes, on the road, and these little hinderances were occasioned by the necessity the driver found to alight at every tolerable inn on the way-side to take some of the water of life, just to keep up the necessary impetus for driving; but as he was very zealous in this needful duty, and had, besides, acquired such skilfulness by practice, that it was proved by computation on a stop-watch that he could lift his hand to his head in half a second less than any other man on the road, it was presumed that these little delays, in reality, more than redeemed themselves by the increase of energy in the driver, which he contrived to communicate to his horses by means of some electric communication running from his hand to the extreme end of his whip, and which was instantly understood by animals of even the lowest capacity. Saving and excepting these delays, or rather, we should say, these accelerations, the coach made no demur till it arrived at the Half-way House. Here all was animation—everybody *in* the coach was *out* in a moment, and everybody that was *on* the coach was *down* in a moment, and out came a lady in a moment, and quite a lady too, with spectacles and gloves, and *so soft*, and *so sweet!* and she was so very kind as to come to see all the boxes and band-boxes, and baskets, and bundles, weighed in a huge pair of scales, and what was much more, to take all the half-pence and pence that came by way of mulct over and above the very liberal weight allowed by the "New Company's Coach" per head; and in the mean time some of the passengers just went in, and looked at a dinner that was set out for their inspection, and a few had the temerity to taste, but the greater part had no appetite so early in the day, and could not think of dining at such a vulgar hour; and these being chiefly the external passengers, were all quite ready to take their places again the moment the luggage was repacked, and a new coachman on the box; and then the few insides, who had just accomplished a third mouthful by way of taste, were pushed most reluctantly in, grumbling intolerably, and then slash went the whip, and round went the wheels, and off again.

Gorgeously did that autumn sun sink into its rest as that "New Company's Coach" approached the city, attended by hosts of glittering clouds, robed in cloth of gold, and sparkling with the light of the sapphire and the ruby. The hill-sides clothed in their living green, the trees still wrapped in their summer garb, the white stone houses dotted over a hundred gentle eminences, and the fair city, cradled in the valley, seeming as if made a home for the happy—a home for the heart—if *place* may be such. Yes! no doubt it is a very fine thing to "go to Bath!"

But, as the poor coach came nearer, the sun, with his long train of gorgeous clouds, departed—the sky went into mourning—and a thousand lights sparkled up out of the depths of the valley, marking out the dwelling-places of man, which, however, were only gas-lights, and by the time the vehicle stopped in the city the gentleman in black had lost sight of all the poetry of the place, and knew only that he was alone in a strange town, without a friend, with very little money, and on a particularly disagreeable errand.

He entered the inn, and received just that portion of attention and respect which a passenger and his carpet-bag, travelling outside of the "New Company's Coach," had a right to expect; but he, poor foolish man! thought to have had a little more. He ordered tea, and having been as genteel in his ideas as the other "outsides," who could not be so vulgar as to dine at one, determined, maugre his economical arrangements with himself, to luxuriate on a rasher of ham. The tea came with the disrespect of clumsy cut loaf, and ham that had done duty before, boiled as a side-dish at a forgotten dinner somewhere about three weeks back. The gentleman in black remembered having caught a glimpse of a guant bone in the tempting larder window as he turned up the stairs, but he did not opine that his rasher, which he could have fitted on it, ought to be doubly good, because it was doubly cooked; but as no part of his previous education had ever qualified him to scold, he only sent the whole service away, and being grievously fatigued, betook himself to an early bed.

In the morning our hero rose in renovated spirits. The beams of a bright sun danced gaily through his chamber window. In all other places the season was autumn, at Bath it was only spring. It was impossible to despair when everything looked so joyous; so Mr. Meredith yielded to the impulses of his own sanguine nature, and felt as if he had completed the most desirable arrangements in the world for his future prosperity; and on the strength of these arrangements partook of a breakfast about as sumptuous as his previous tea, and then commenced his hopeful journey to Miss Garvan's residence; but as he turned his back on St. Michael's, and his face towards the old cathedral clock, he found it was still too early to intrude on a lady's privacy; so, instead of posting like the mail, he walked leisurely on, and looked a little about him as he went.

Now we think that in a work of this grave character we ought not to omit a few profound observations, that we are sure would enrich a county history. First, then, the gentleman in black was amazingly struck by the number of names on the doors preceded by the title of "Mrs.," which made him conclude that all the widows in the neighbouring counties congregated here—his next observation was, that the people of Bath never clean their door-steps, or at least that the use of hearthstone was unknown—his next, that all the empty houses had the word "VOID," printed in the largest possible type, stuck up in the windows, a most important remark—his next, that the people are drawn about the streets in their own easy chairs—his next, that the pigs are all black, and the butchers all women—his next two observations proved alike his profoundness, and that he was a domestic man—that cats are unknown in the whole city, and that the people are remarkably fond of the colour of yellow.

The gentleman in black made these deep, sage, grave, profound, and erudite remarks, as he traversed that portion of the town which separated his inn from the point of country where Miss Garvan resided. He began to ascend a hill-side, and then turned to look upon the congregated dwellings he was leaving: again the poetry of the place arose: a city of white stone embosomed among the hills, the flowing Avon winding through the midst. The gentleman in black thought the world a very beautiful world, and that it was a very great pity that anybody should be miserable in it.

Our pedestrian toiled up the hill, inquiring as he went about all the Wicks and Combes he came near, until at last a scene of quiet beauty opened before him, and the Combe he sought was found. An ivied church—a quiet churchyard—a mansion embosomed in wood, sloping lawns, terrace walks, and blooming gardens. On the one hand orchards of abundant produce, on the other the little smiling village, in front, spreading below into a deeper valley, the city of white stone, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills.

Our traveller paused with an admiring gaze. Surely it was a spot made for happiness. If this were Miss Garvan's residence, he was sure she must be amiable. No one could live in such a heaven without being an angel.

Then came a remembrance of certain reports, which said that a certain lady was crooked, and cross, and passionate, and avaricious, &c. &c. &c.; but, no, he would not believe it—he saw that such things were wholly impossible from the very aspect of the place.

So then he had only to satisfy himself as to the verity of her residence, and he hailed a rustic-looking man who was near him on the road.

"Do you know Miss Garvan?"

"Yes, sur."

"Does she live in that house?"

"Yes, sur."

"And she is—hum—ha—that is, she is a very kind lady?"

"*She* be kind! why, who have been a-telling you that!" exclaimed the man, in a sort of startled amazement.

"She is, is she not?" resumed the gentleman in black, startled in his turn; for he had persisted in believing that Miss Garvan was really a lady of profound feeling—"she is, is she not?"

"O yes, sure!" replied the man, with so peculiar a twist of the mouth and expression of the eye, as sufficiently answered the poor gentleman in black.

This little incident greatly disconcerted him. What if he had been too sanguine! What if he were now wasting the time which he ought to have been spending at home in concerting some more efficient ways and means! But, no; Miss Garvan was a woman: he never knew a woman unkind: he would trust to her nature still.

So the gentleman in black opened a little wicket which led by a winding footpath up the hill-side to the house, leaving the broader avenue to the right, pondering as he went how best to propitiate the lady of the mansion. He had not passed under the shadow of a dozen trees before he came in sight of a lady sitting on a rustic garden chair, coquetting the tassel of her parasol with a beautiful little Italian greyhound, who was jumping and gambolling round her in paroxysms of delight. The lady was neither young nor beautiful, and she was remarkably ill dressed, that is, well dressed in quality, but quite without care and taste; as women dress who have neither hope nor desire to please men: her complexion had rather a jaundiced shade, and the expression of her countenance was evidently one of suspicion and discontent: and yet she was leaning over her little dog with a face beaming with as much love as though the little animal had been a darling child. This forced Mr. Meredith to say to himself, "What a pity to see such affection misplaced! I wish she had something better to love."

While these thoughts passed through his mind, the little ungrateful animal became aware of his presence, and bounding towards him, began to lavish on him all the same marks of passionate attachment that he had before been offering to his mistress, kissing his hands and bounding up to him with cries of joy, and showing signs of that sudden dotage which dogs as well as wiser animals sometimes so instantaneously contract.

"Mignon, my pet, my pretty one, come here!" exclaimed the lady; but Mignon cared not; he had taken one of those sudden likings, and he cared no more for his old mistress, now that he had contracted a new passion, than any other modern fine gentleman. It was in vain, therefore, that the lady called to him—in vain that the gentleman in black sought to evade his caresses, Mignon was as ungrateful as any other wretch in the world.

Once more the lady cried, "Mignon, my pet!" and held out her arms to him. Mignon, with a sort of angry snap, continued his devotions to his new object. In another moment the expression of the lady's face had quite changed—mortification, sorrow, anger, succeeded each other. An exclamation in low and bitter accents, yet not low enough to escape Mr. Meredith's ear, fell from her, "Will nothing love me?" and she hurried away. Now that expression had gone straight to the heart of the gentleman in black; he loved everything himself, and almost everything loved him, and he wished from the bottom of his soul that the poor lady had half a dozen children to receive and return her affection.

Scarcely knowing what to do, yet being of course obliged to do something, the gentleman in black took up the little offender in his arms, and walked towards the house. He entered the hall, where a couple of livery servants were standing, and heard the interchange of a few words before they became aware of his presence.

"Missuss be in a precious temper this morning," said the one.

"We shall all be a-dead afore night," replied the other; and in a moment more a bell, pulled with prodigious violence, proclaimed the vicinity of the lady of the mansion.

"I suppose," said Mr. Meredith, "that this little dog belongs to your mistress: be so good as to take it in to her."

"Yes, sur," replied one of the men, "and she be mighty fond on him. She'd a-been a-breaking her heart to a-lost him."

The bell rang violently again, and in the man bounced with the dog.

He left the door open, and the gentleman in black could hear and see all that passed.

"Take the little wretch away!" exclaimed Miss Garvan; "let me never see it again! Go and drown it in the nearest pond!"

The man stared, looked like an amazed fool, but stood perfectly still.

"Take it away!" again shrieked the lady; "take the ungrateful little wretch away; go and drown it, as I bid you—go this moment!"

The man slank away, for nobody dared to speak in Miss Garvan's house when Miss Garvan was angry; he had scarcely, however, closed the door, and stood for a moment or two rubbing his forehead to see if he could get any sense out of it to guide him in what he was to do, before the bell rang again more violently than before; and on the servant's return to his lady with the little culprit still under his arm, Miss Garvan said in rather relenting accents, "Don't drown the little wretch, but give it to the first person you meet—anybody, so that I never see it again."

Now the first person that the man met on turning from Miss Garvan's presence was undoubtedly the gentleman in black, and, therefore, in obedience to the orders he had received, he held out to him the beautiful little culprit, and said, "You be the first body—will you be for a-having on him, sur?"

"Certainly I will," replied the gentleman in black, "if Miss Garvan will not forgive her little pet; but I must first see your mistress. Take in my card, and say that I beg the honour of an interview."

The man took in his card, and returned with permission for him to enter.

Miss Garvan was standing—her eye angry—her cheek flushed—her whole mien disordered. Notwithstanding the sanguine temperament of our friend in black, he felt his heart fail him; but he remembered the expression that had so much touched him, "Will nothing love me!" and it seemed to him like a key to her character; so he began hoping again. In fact, it would have been impossible for him to have survived more than five minutes of despair; he had such a trick in his character of always hoping the best.

Miss Garvan's countenance was by no means encouraging: he was in some measure confederate with the luckless dog, who had so heinously provoked her displeasure; but after a moment or two passed in mutual observation, filled up by a sort of sideplay on the part of our friend in black, a certain kind and urbane expression in his countenance, and a sort of gentle gentlemanliness in his deportment, seemed rather to mollify her nature, and she motioned him to a seat; but seeing that he demurred to take one whilst she remained standing, she condescended to place herself very uneasily in an easy chair, and desired to know the purport of his visit.

Whereupon the gentleman in black commenced his tale of grievances. Now it was a curious fact, that although he had taken his journey from London to Bath for the express purpose of laying his complaint against the tyrannous steward at the feet of his mistress, yet when he was actually in her presence, he passed over all the obnoxious part of that steward's conduct, and contented himself with relating his dilemma, and urgently requesting a little time to enable him to arrange his affairs.

While Miss Garvan listened, her attitude lost its stiffness, and she sank back in her easy chair. There was a little pause after our poor friend in black had finished his narrative, and then she asked, "Did my steward authorise your application to myself?"

"He did not, madam."

"Did he encourage it?"

"He did not even encourage it."

"And did you take this journey on the bare possibility of finding me more accommodating than my steward?"

"I was earnest, sanguine, confident in your kindness."

"Kindness!" repeated Miss Garvan with some bitterness; "pray, sir, had you heard any character of me in London?"

The gentleman in black blushed crimson deep; he "could not deny that he had heard Miss Garvan's charactèr spoken *of*."

"And *against?*" said the lady with some scorn; "nay, you need not deny it. And since you have arrived in our neighbourhood, doubtless you have made other inquiries?"

The poor gentleman in black was getting dreadfully embarrassed.

"And you have seen that I can be vindictive and angry even with my dog. You know *that* from your own observation; and now tell me, with all these deterring marks of my unkindness of heart, how you can have the temerity to ask favours at my hands?"

"I will answer you frankly," replied Mr. Meredith; "all that I had heard of you I believed to be exaggerated; and what I have seen this morning only convinces me that a wounded sensibility takes the semblance of unkindness; that it is the very tenderness of your nature which makes you so easily wounded."

"And this is your opinion of me?" said the lady.

"It is," replied the gentleman; "and since I first met with you this morning, and became the unfortunate occasion of your displeasure with your dog, I have done nothing but grieve that you should not have more worthy objects for such rich affections."

"Where are they to be found?" half murmured Miss Garvan.

We cannot of course tell of what the lady was thinking, but certainly a rich blush overpowered the sallow hue of her complexion.

We suppose that there must be something contagious in blushing, for the infusion spread over the face of her visiter. We imagine it to have been some sudden twinge that caused the flush, and that prevented him from offering himself as a proper object for the lady's affections. Being very modest, he only gently said he wished his own five dear children were near enough to her, both in place and relationship, to receive and to return her love.

The lady blushed more deeply still; she was actually embarrassed. Then came a little pause, and then natural feeling triumphed. When the heart is full of one subject, a word even from a stranger often proves the key to unlock its fulness. In the saddest tone imaginable the lady said, "Nothing will ever love me! My relations, my friends, my servants, are all unkind, ungrateful, unfaithful!"

"Will you permit me," said our friend in black, "to ask you one question?"

"Ask it," replied the lady.

"Do you love them?"

The lady was startled, but after a moment's pause she said, "I do not."

"Then forgive me if I say that you must not hope for their affection. Love always anticipates its own return."

"Does it?" replied the lady with another blush; "well, I will think of what you say, and in the mean time, as I presume you are disengaged, will you dine with me at five?"

Positively the gentleman in black felt his heart beat at this gracious invitation; he professed his grateful willingness.

"And perhaps you will also execute a little commission for me in the town, and allow me five minutes to prepare it."

To both of these clauses Mr. Meredith politely assented.

So the lady left the room, and our hero employed the short term of her absence in pondering over all that had passed. The all-important object of his journey was yet undecided, but he felt that he could not again allude to it—no, though beggary were the consequence.

Miss Garvan's absence was short: she returned long before our poor hero had arranged his ideas, bearing in her hand an unsealed letter. "You will do me a favour," she said, "if you will drop this into the post. I have left it unsealed, because I wish you to read what I have written—nay, no thanks."

The thoughts of our poor friend in black outran her words. The letter which she held in her hand was directed to that odious Reachall: he knew in a moment that it was written for his sake, and in an emotion of gratitude would have kissed the hand that presented it. A slight remnant of common sense interposed in time to check him, however, but not before Miss Garvan had seen the impulse.

"Do not forget that I shall expect you at five," said the lady.

"I could as soon forget my own existence!" said the gentleman.

There was a pause. The lady evidently expected the gentleman to go, but he lingered.

"There is something more that you would ask me?" said the lady.

"Your little Mignon," said the gentleman, "paid me the compliment of a sudden affection, and I should be ungrateful to leave him under his lady's displeasure without a single intercession."

"I suppose I must forgive Mignon her sudden passion for you," said the lady with a smile, "but now she is yours. I cannot resume my gift—however, I will take care of her for you."

No sooner had the gentleman in black fairly emerged from Miss Garvan's residence, than he availed himself of her permission to read the epistle entrusted to his charge. It was a short peremptory command to withdraw every legal proceeding against any of her tenants instantly on the receipt of that letter, but making Mr. Meredith's the most immediate. The gentleman in black, with a grateful emotion, turned his eyes towards the mansion he had just left. The sun was dancing on the windows—the birds were singing—the breeze was sighing—and our friend sighed too, though his heart was full of kindly aspirations for the happiness of the lady who dwelt therein.

Our readers may be quite sure that the gentleman in black was punctual to his appointment. He found Miss Garvan dressed both in smiles and a very becoming cap—her complexion many shades brighter, and looking full ten years younger. How we wish that we had room to tell all that the gentleman looked and said on the strength of two or three glasses of wine, and all that the lady thought and felt. But no, we have filled as many of the leaves of this book as we dare venture to appropriate, so we must omit all the gallantry of the wine and walnuts, and merely state the matter of business which the lady and the gentleman contrived to arrange just before they separated at night. It was only this, that as the gentleman had been accustomed to India House accounts, he must of course understand farming accounts; and that, therefore, he would be an excellent person to investigate the books both of her town and country stewards, and that he should enter on this office the very next day.

Six weeks after this dinner the gentleman in—no, *not* in black—he had on a blue coat with gold buttons, was rolling along the London road in a handsome dark-green travelling carriage, with a lady seated by his side, dressed in a white bonnet, a rich blond fall, and a few little orange blossoms. We are particular in these things, because they may serve to elucidate the free and easy sort of style in which they took the liberty of addressing each other.

" Do put Mignon down," said the lady, " I am jealous of him."

" But I am grateful to Mignon," replied the gentleman, " because he first introduced me to you; if Mignon had not excited your feelings, perhaps I might never have known them."

" And then?" said the lady with a fond foolish smile, such as silly women are particularly liable to bestow on their husbands.

" Why then I should have gone back after a bootless errand, and a miserable wretch into the bargain, instead of the happy fellow you have made me."

" And could I have known what I should have lost, what a far more miserable wretch I should have been!"

" I should have lost," interrupted the gentleman, " the kindest heart that ever beat within human bosom, and all that that kind heart delights to bestow—but which I am almost ashamed to mention—I should have lost the gifts of her unlimited generosity, affluence, respectability, and a mother for my children."

" And I should have lost," interrupted the lady in her turn, " the only heart that had kindness enough to think kindly of mine. Indeed and indeed you must have been made to snatch me out of the dreadful pit I was so industriously digging for myself. That very hopefulness and trustfulness of your nature shamed me out of the narrowness and suspicion of mine. The virtues of your character serve to neutralise and counterbalance the sins of mine. And indeed I was very miserable—unloving and unloved. Is not that the condition of the lost ones? and that was mine. I suspected everybody—hated everybody—myself most!"

" You say that you suspected everybody, and yet when I came to you on a mercenary and selfish errand, I found your heart open as day to melting charity."

" Ah! but how you flattered me!"

" Flattered you! O no! I disclaim that. On the contrary, I presumed to speak to you the honest truth."

" Ah! but the circumstances were all flattery, feeling as I then felt. It was flattery to trust to my generosity in the face of so many condemning facts. It was flattery to come all the way from town to ask a favour at my hands, when you had heard me stigmatised as all that was unwomanly and unfeeling—flattery still to ask it when you saw me passionate and cruel—and flattery, more than all, to dare to speak the truth to me. This was the way you won me—now shall I tell you how I won you?"

The gentleman's face flushed over. " Ah!" she hastily resumed, "you are thinking that the world will say it was my money; but never mind the world—hear what I say. And indeed, dear, I was a little cunning; but you taught me how to win you when you said 'that love always anticipates its own nature;' and so then I began to love you directly as fast as ever I could, on purpose that I might earn a large return. You do pay me pretty well, but you know that you owe me a great deal more."

"I do! I do!" exclaimed the gentleman, "and my whole life shall be spent in paying you."

We verily believe there was a tear in the corner of his eye, but we suppose we must be wrong, because we know that there was a smile upon his lips.

Just at that moment the carriage stopped at the identical door which the poor gentleman had left six weeks before. The children were at the windows straining their little necks which should see them first; and there he was—there was papa; and he had brought them all, and more than all that he had promised—two sacks of pears—and two half dozens of new frocks—and the very identical Italian greyhound—and a new mamma, who began to love them directly with all her heart, and they loved her in return fondly and fervently; indeed so did everybody except the cross servant, but the more cross the cross servant grew the kinder grew the lady, so that by the time the whole family returned to the country, which was as soon as ever the gentleman out of black could arrange his affairs—and that he found not the least difficulty in doing, now that he had plenty of money—by the time, we say, that they had all got back into the country, why the cross servant loved the lady who had made them all so happy, and brought them to such a beautiful home, as well as she could love anything in the world.

THE DEAD.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

He sleeps! yet how serene!
   How calm, how tranquil now;
As if no care had ever been,
   To darken o'er that brow!

He sleeps! and yet no dream
   Plays o'er that silenced brain;
To light with its fantastic gleam
   The scenes of life again!

He sleeps! and that fond eye,
   Beaming on all so dear!
So bright in grateful ecstasy,
   So prone to pity's tear—

Will never break the mystic seal,
   So awfully imprest;
Till trump of seraphims reveal
   The glory of the blest!

TATTERSALL'S AND THE TURF.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LORDS AND COMMONS," &c.

"Tattersall's! Who has not heard of the name? And yet how few can associate anything definite with it? It is true, that most people have a faint notion that it has something to do with horses; but beyond that their knowledge does not extend. In the ear of the sportsman and of the votary of the turf, the very sound of 'Tattersall's' has a charm of which none but themselves can have any idea. An illustrative chapter on 'Tattersall's and the Turf' will, therefore, I am sure, prove highly interesting to the general reader.

"Tattersall's is a large house on the right-hand side of Hyde Park Corner, as you enter London from Knightsbridge. It is a place which answers the double purpose of an auction-mart for horses, carriages, gigs, &c., and for all descriptions of betting on the result of the leading horse-races which take place; not to mention various other modes of gambling. To the betting feature of the establishment I shall refer more particularly hereafter.

"In going into Tattersall's, you pass down from Hyde Park Corner about forty yards, and enter a narrow way, very mews-like in appearance, which you proceed along until you come to a folding door, on your right hand, of considerable dimensions. This door opens into the yard, as it is called, which is about sixty or seventy feet in length, and fifty in breadth, and which, on great days, is so densely populated by the admirers of horse-flesh and the votaries of the turf, that you can hardly find standing room. On ordinary occasions, its chief tenants consist of a set of persons who may be designated as a kind of hangers-on. Some of them are grooms, who have lost or relinquished their situations, and at present have nothing to do; very probably have become so indolent in their habits, that they would decline to do anything were employment offered them. Give them as much porter as they can swill, and allow them to talk with each other about horses, jockeys, and other sporting matters, and depend on it they will never dream of 'bettering their condition.' Others of the groups who are to be seen in the yard at Tattersall's, are men who *were* sporting characters in their day, but who, having sported away all their money, can no longer indulge in their propensities for betting. Their appearance at once tells you that they have seen more prosperous times. But even now, in their altered and reduced circumstances, the ruling passion, an affection for sporting matters, retains all its pristine vigour. They lounge about the scene of their former doings in the sporting world. It may seem passing strange, but it is nevertheless true, that they derive gratification from the circumstance of being thus suffered to remain in the place in which they were ruined, and in seeing the persons by whom their ruin was effected. Among the other persons who haunt the yard at Tattersall's, are a fair sprinkling of broken-down shopkeepers, and bankrupt tradesmen, most of whom had either a partiality for gambling on horse-races, or carried on a too extensive intercourse with the bottle.

* * * * *

"There is a sort of piazza at the further part of the left side of the yard, which shelters from the rain a number of vehicles of all descriptions which are there constantly exposed for sale. From the farthest end of this piazza, there branches off to the left a lengthened sort of lane, covered at the top, which is set apart for the same purpose. As many as sixty or seventy vehicles, from the splendid carriage down to the humble gig, are frequently to be seen in this place—all intended for sale. I have sometimes thought that if some of the carriages which are here, could write their autobiographies, we should have some strange disclosures made to us respecting the rise, progress, and downfal of the votaries of fashion. Where now are those to whom these carriages once belonged, and in which they lolled about in luxurious ease, never dreaming of what the end was to be? Some are doubtless, after being reduced in circumstances, in their graves; having, perhaps, died of a broken heart. Others, it may be, are at this moment living in poverty and exile. Worse still—who knows but some of them may be the inmates of a workhouse?

---

* From an unpublished work, entitled "Travels in Town," which will appear shortly, and with some of the early sheets of which we have been favoured.

"On the right side of the yard there is also a piazza, which, like the other, is eight or ten feet in breadth, and which extends from the entrance up to the corner where Mr. Tattersall, or Tat, as he is usually, in familiar language, called, ascends his pulpit to 'knock down' horses. This is the space of ground on which the horses which are put up to the hammer are usually exhibited to the gaze of bidders and others, and where, if any one wishes to see a particular animal trotted, he will find Mr. Tattersall willing and ready to give the word of command, to gratify his wishes. Along this piazza, while the sale is going on, there is always a crowd of persons; some of whom, by venturing too near when the animal is being trotted, occasionally receive rather severe kicks.

"On the right hand, on entering the yard, is the counting-house. In the front, in the right-hand corner, is the spot in which Mr. Tattersall places and mounts his rostrum, when about to put some of the 'fine animals' which fall into his hands, to the hammer; and on the left is the most important place of all, namely, the betting-room, in which, as will be presently seen, many thousands of families have been ruined by the gambling habits of their representatives, whether in the capacity of husbands, fathers, or brothers. This room one would suppose to be a spacious and comfortable apartment, it being, to all intents and purposes, a place for gambling on a large scale; for everybody is aware that the gambling-houses in the metropolis are all fitted up, not only in a comfortable, but most of them in a style of the greatest splendour. Not so in the case of the betting-room at Tattersall's. It is on the ground-floor, and is a gloomy-looking, imperfectly ventilated, confined apartment, without a carpet, without any furniture worthy of the name, without anything, indeed, which could impart to it an air of comfort. And yet so intent are the various persons who frequent it, on their gambling pursuits, that they are seldom heard to grumble at the want of comfortable accommodation. It is often crowded—it is always so on great days—with one of the most motley assemblages of human beings ever compressed into an equally limited space. There the proud and, in other places, overbearing nobleman is on a footing of perfect equality with the clownish fishmonger, who spends most of those hours not devoted to business, in the taproom of some humble wine-vaults. The foppish young aristocrat, on the previous night the glory of Almack's, the admired of all the lady admirers in the brilliant assemblage who frequent that place,—may be seen, not only submitting to be unceremoniously jostled about by a bevy of pork-butchers, who, as if actuated by some unaccountable sympathy, are all forcing their way to the door at once, but familiarly conversing and betting with some rough uncultivated Smithfield drover.

"There are, in short, in the betting-room at Tattersall's, on all important occasions, every variety of persons, from the high-titled refined aristocrat down to the individuals whose callings in life are universally regarded as among the most disreputable which are known; and all, as just stated, are there on a footing of the most entire equality. Those who are for levelling all distinctions in society—who are the advocates of a social, if not a political, republic—would enjoy a gratification of the first order, were they to spend an hour or two, on any of the great days, at Tattersall's. They could not wish a better practical exemplification of their principles than they would witness there.

"It is right to mention, in thus adverting to the indiscriminate commingling together of peers and plebeians at Tattersall's, that of late years the personal attendance of noblemen has not been so great as it used to be. Many of our sporting peers appear at Tattersall's by proxy; that is to say, they appoint agents, whom they authorise to bet and to gamble for them.

"The number of subscribers to Tattersall's is about three hundred. The subscription money is moderate enough, being only one guinea a year.

"The precise time when Tattersall's was instituted is not known—a circumstance which may be accounted for from the fact, that like many other celebrated establishments, it arose from small beginnings. It is, however, pretty generally understood to have originated about eighty or ninety years ago. Its founder was the grandfather of the present Mr. Tattersall. He was looked on as one of the most experienced men, in all matters pertaining to horse-flesh, in the kingdom. He commenced business simply as an auctioneer in the horse and carriage line; and in that line soon obtained an extensive celebrity, as well as got into a most lucrative trade. He also made a deal of money by the successful running of one of his race-horses called Highflyer. Eventually he built an elegant mansion, which, with the view of perpetuating the memory of the animal through whose achievements on the turf he had gained most of the money expended on it, he called 'Highflyer Hall.' Mr. Tattersall afterwards became a proprietor of the 'Morning Post' newspaper, and derived a considerable yearly revenue from it. He also purchased the copyright of the 'English Chronicle,' but whether it turned out a profitable speculation or otherwise, I am not able to say. Mr. Tattersall, at his death, left a handsome fortune, as well as the business, to his son. The latter also managed the establishment, with great success, for a long course of years. On his death it fell into the hands of his son, the present Mr. Tattersall. Mr. Tattersall has a brother who has an interest in the business, but he is comparatively little known to the public. Nobody who ever saw Mr. Tattersall presiding in his rostrum during the sale of horses, can resist the conviction that Nature intended him for an auctioneer of those 'noble animals.' In the rostrum he is obviously in his proper sphere. He enters on his avocations with heart and soul. He has no ideas of happiness beyond the auction-yard. The very sight of the hammer, or rather of himself wielding the hammer, is to him an enjoyment of the first magnitude. His own voice, when expatiating in terms of praise of any horse that '*is* to be sold,' has inexpressible charms to his ear. There is not a sound in the world that is half so musical to him,—except it be the sound of some voice whose proprietor is making a 'handsome bidding' for the animal in the market. Mr. Tattersall, though a man of few words compared with the voluble school of auctioneers who have Mr. George Robins as their head, is a very adroit and successful knight of the hammer. He is dexterous in discovering who among all who surround him are the parties that really mean to buy, and to them in succession he earnestly addresses himself. His very look, unaccompanied with a single word, has, in innumerable cases, appealed so forcibly to some bystander, as to draw out 'another guinea for the horse,' even when the person had fully resolved in his own mind not to advance, on any earthly consideration, a sixpence more. He holds in utter contempt the bombastical and unintelligible diction of Mr. George Robins: he not only deems it in the most miserable taste, but he regards it as a complete waste of time on the part of the auctioneer, and a positive insult to the persons assembled. Besides, he is convinced that, by his own plain homely but expressive style, he 'fetches' a far better price for his 'fine animals' than he would by the most high-sounding clap-trap sentences that human ingenuity could string together. He usually contents himself with mentioning the pedigree of the horse, praising him as one of the finest ever known; affecting to be quite shocked at the idea of selling him at the price offered; assuring the company that it would be positively giving him away, which of course neither he nor the proprietor can afford to do; and regretting that he cannot bid himself.

"When, however, he has any first-rate horses 'entrusted to his care,' especially if he see some noblemen or other parties around him who are likely to 'bite,' he deviates from his usual course, and tries his hand at a little flattery of these persons, trusting to the potent effects of that commodity in procuring some better 'biddings' for the animal. 'There, my lords and gentlemen,' will Tat exclaim in such cases; 'there's a chance for you. You'll never get such a chance again. My lord duke, I know your stud is unrivalled; but this beautiful, this unrivalled mare, would be an honour and an ornament to it. Do you say three hundred and fefty* guineas for her? Three hundred and fefty guineas are bid: thank you, my lord duke, I admire your taste. She possesses rare blood; just only look at the symmetry of her form; she is perfection itself. I could, but I will not, dwell on her matchless beauties,—they are not to be described. Only three hundred and fefty guineas bid for her. My lord duke, she will be yours if some one does not——— Three hundred and *sixty* guineas are bid for her. I knew that she is too great a prize to be suffered to escape at such a price. Really, my lord duke, with your lordship's known skill and taste in horse-flesh, I should be sorry if you allowed such an opportunity of proving that you possess this taste, to pass. Three hundred and *eighty* guineas bid for her; thank you again, my lord duke; I'm sure you'll not repent your bargain. Does any one say more for her? Three hundred and *ninety* guineas are bid. You see, my lord duke, your admiration of this beautiful and excellent mare is not peculiar. She will positively adorn your lordship's stud, as she did that of royalty when she belonged to it. Who says the four hundred guineas? She's just a-going. One moment longer, and off she goes. Her action, my lord duke, is beyond all praise; she has no vice; she is a perfect paragon in every way you can take her. I must knock her down, my lord duke; but I would really be sorry to see you lose so noble and charming a creature for the sake of ten paltry guineas. Just say the four hundred guineas, and she's yours. Thank you, my lord duke, for adopting my advice. I'm sure you'll never repent your bargain. Going—gone. She *is* yours, my lord duke.'

"Mr. Tattersall is a dark-looking man, with a rather full face, wearing a reserved expression. He is slightly under the middle size, rather stoutishly made; and very lame. His age appears to be from fifty to about fifty-five. The number of horses he sometimes sells in one day is almost incredible. There are instances on record, in which the number has been as high as one hundred and eighty. Upwards of one hundred is quite a common occurrence, to say nothing of carriages, gigs, harness, &c. When the work in either way is heavy, he is assisted by his brother.

"Mr. Tattersall has the reputation of being an excellent-hearted man. He is a great favourite with all who frequent his premises, or have occasion to do business with him. His brother, who is considerably younger, has a very gentlemanly appearance.

---

* "Tattersall invariably substitutes the 'e' for the 'i' in pronouncing the words 'fifty, thirty,' and so forth."

"From Tattersall's and Mr. Tattersall himself, let us now proceed to the Turf, in the sense in which the word applies to horse-racing."

Our limits will not permit us to follow the author through his remarks on the origin of racing, or his descriptions of Newmarket, Doncaster, and Ascot; we must therefore confine ourselves to his account of Epsom races, in which those sketches of London life, which have distinguished some of the author's former productions, are chiefly conspicuous.

"EPSOM RACES were instituted in 1779. Lord Derby gave the stakes which still go by the name of the Derby, immediately on establishing the races. On the following year he instituted the Oaks race, calling the prize by that name, because it was the name of his country seat. It is curious enough that his own horse Bridget won the first Oaks. Epsom races take place only once a year. An attempt was made a few years since to establish a race at Epsom in September, but there being no prospect of succeeding, the idea was abandoned.

"Epsom races last four days. They take place in June, commencing on Tuesday and ending on Friday. Thursday, being the day of the Derby, is the great, the important day, always big with the fate of thousands of gamblers, some on a large, some on a smaller scale. Friday is the next greatest day in point of importance. On that day the Oaks is run for, but the attendance on that day is not at all to be compared with that which graces the contest for the Derby. Still less important is the Oaks as compared with the Derby, in regard to the amount of betting on the result. Beyond the mere circle of the confirmed and recognised Turfites themselves, betting on the result of the Oaks is scarcely known. What the extent of the betting on the Derby is, is a point to which I shall afterwards have occasion to refer. For a full fortnight before the Derby day, you hear of little else than the race that is to be run on that day. Among all classes of society, from the highest aristocrats down to the humblest mechanics in the metropolis, is the Derby the subject of conversation, and among all are bets laid, to a greater or less amount, according to the circumstances of the parties, on the issue of the contest. The morning of the day arrives, and for once in their lives the cockneys get out of bed before six o'clock in the morning. From four to ten, continued streams of persons, in carriages, on horseback, and on foot, are seen pouring in the direction of Epsom. At so early an hour as from four to five, you see nearly the whole of London in commotion, consequent on the determination of its population to be present at the races at Epsom. You see them hovering about you in every direction, previous to a regular start, all busily engaged in making the necessary preparations for the contemplated journey. Some are loading their coach, or phaeton, or gig, or other vehicle, with those provisions which the cravings of their appetites may render necessary before they return home. Others are taking the precaution of filling their vehicles with cloaks, Mackintoshes, umbrellas, and other et ceteras, in case St. Swithin should take it into his head to give them a little taste of what he can do in the way of marring holiday enjoyments in the open air. Others are anathematising themselves and everybody else, because there is something wrong in the harness of the cattle which are to drive them to the race-course, or because some other unexpected untoward incident occurs to disconcert their plans or delay their starting. In a word, there is no diversity of circumstances in which the parties are placed who are preparing to set out for Epsom. So general is the bustle and motion around you, that you can scarcely resist the conviction that everybody is out of bed, and that the entire population of London are preparing for a trip to the race-course. How striking the contrast which the appearance of the streets presents on the morning of the Derby, to what it does on any other day, when you only see here and there some lazy apprentice creeping towards his employer's; or, it may be, some solitary chimney-sweep, crawling along, with brush in hand and soot-bags on his back. And see the aspect of the various streets and roads which lead to the great road which conducts you to Epsom. See the lines of carriages, cabriolets, carts, and every conceivable vehicle; the rows of horsemen and the streams of pedestrians. You are surprised at as well as gratified with the sight. You ask yourself, where can all the horses and vehicles, to say nothing of the human beings you see before you, have come from? Do not press just yet for an answer to the question. Repeat it when you have got into the great road, a mile or two beyond Brixton, into which all the branch roads have, like tributary streams to a vast river, poured their respective complements of men, women, horses, donkeys, dogs, and vehicles of every kind. When you have fairly got out of town, you will have plenty of time to ask yourself the question. Such is the crowded state of the road, that you will often have difficulty in forcing your way onwards. Such a scene you never before witnessed; and you never dreamt that such a sight was to be seen. You see nothing before or behind you, but a vast promiscuous mass of vehicles, horses, pedestrians, &c., all moving in one direction. The scene has all the appearance of a procession, except that it wants regularity and arrangement. You already feel as if you were in a great measure compensated for the unpleasantness of getting out of bed at so early an hour, and for any pecuniary sacrifice you may have made to procure a horse or vehicle. And not the least interesting feature in the scene is the motley character of the bipeds and quadrupeds before you. The party in the splendid carriage on your right hand consists of two young noblemen and two dashing cyprians. In the go-cart on your left are three Whitechapel butchers, in the employ of Mr. Alderman Scales. Observe the dandified aristocratic airs of the youthful sprigs of nobility, and see the prudish demeanour and affected modesty of the couple of 'frail fair ones' who sit beside them. Then contrast with this the blunt, unceremonious, 'blow-me-tight' manner of the cattle-slayers in the go-cart. They have no more polish, no more refinement, no more affectation in their deportment, than had the half-dozen bullocks they slaughtered on the previous day. Not less marked is the contrast in the appearance of the horses of the two parties. The steeds in the aristocratic carriage look quite as haughty and as full of airs as their masters. They are the high-mettled sort, and, as if spurning the ordinary speed, the driver finds it a difficult task to restrain them. They are just as pampered in their own way as their masters, and a drive down to Epsom is only diversion to them. Far otherwise is it with the animal that drags the vehicle which contains the trio of butchers. He has all the appearance of a hard-working horse. The 'shine is taken out of him.' His head hangs down, and his whole appearance indicates that his spirits are broken by the conjoint agency of the whip and too much labour. If horses do soliloquise, there can be no question that he is congratulating himself on the crowded state of the road, which prevents his being driven at a more rapid pace. Take care you don't tread on the donkey with the little urchin on its back, which is immediately before you. Donkeys are proverbial for their reluctance to quicken their pace. This one is no exception to the rule.

> 'He is a donkey wot won't go,'

and, therefore, the little fellow who sits astride on his back is as busy as he can be in

> 'Walloping him, so, so, so.'

You little rascal, don't be so cruel. What a pity some one does not seize the cane with which you beat the poor long-eared creature so hard, and apply it to your own shoulders! It would do one's heart good to witness the transfer. A taste of the 'walloping' process applied to himself would teach the young rogue to lay it a little more leniently on the sides of the unfortunate donkey. But where are the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? Where are they? echoes every humane bosom. They ought to muster strong along the road to Epsom on Derby-day. Do you see that country-looking man in a plain gig, drawn by a still plainer horse? He is a retired gentleman with 100,000*l.* You observe that dashing mustachioed personage in his handsome phaeton, with two beautiful grays? he is not only a beggar in circumstances, but was confined in the Queen's Bench prison so late as last week. That is the Earl of ———, two or three yards before you. He is an inveterate gambler on the Turf, and has probably bets to the amount of 20,000*l.* depending on the result of the present Derby. You see a poorly-clad pedestrian on the side of the road about a yard from him: he is a journeyman shoemaker, who, though unable to muster the wherewith to pay for any conveyance down, has staked five shillings against some other son of St. Crispin on the issue of the contest. You are struck with the diversity you observe in the appearance of the crowds who are wending their way to Epsom: far greater is the difference which exists, could we only perceive it in all its extent, in the circumstances of the parties. But I shall have occasion to glance again at this topic when I come to speak of the aspect of the assemblage on the Downs* immediately before and after the running of the leading races.

As everybody, always excepting the inveterate gambler, who is bent on plundering as many of his fellow-men as he possibly can, thinks of nothing else; as everybody but him has left London for the purpose of enjoying a holiday, you see nothing but smiling, contented, happy faces around you. They have by this time conquered the drowsiness and want of spirit with which they had to contend—owing to their rising at so unusually early an hour—when setting out on their journey; and now they have all the appearance of persons who are determined to be merry and comfortable. It is true that many of them, besides the systematic gambler, have pretty considerable sums dependent on the issue of the races; but somehow or other they either forget all pecuniary cares and anxieties for the moment, or they all lay the flattering unction to their souls, that they are to be gainers. It never occurs to them that somebody must be a loser. Oh, happy absence of thought! It is only a pity that the blessed delusion does not last a little longer.

"Is the reader fond of contrasts? See then the altered aspect of the crowds who have been to Epsom, as they return to town in the evening. You can hardly believe them the same persons you saw proceeding to the Derby in the morning. Where is all their gaiety? Where the loud laugh and the felicitous joke? Where the liveliness of manner—where the abundant flow of spirits? They are all gone. See how sad and dispirited, with comparatively few exceptions, the streams of people seem. Loss of money in many cases, and exhaustion in others, have worked the change. But I am partly anticipating what will be said with greater propriety in an after part of the chapter.

"Until twelve o'clock crowds continue to arrive on the race-course, not only from London, but from all parts of the country within a circuit of twenty or thirty miles. What an immense concourse of human beings! There cannot be less than 250,000 persons there. And see how well dressed the vast majority of them are! Ragged coats or faded silks are but rarely witnessed. Whatever may be the condition of the pocket or the belly, there is no cause of complaint, with very few exceptions, on the score of the back. If there be a lack of money or of food, there is no lack of raiment. And how elegantly dressed are a very large proportion of the immense assemblage! The women are gorgeously so. You would find it a task of some difficulty to point out a score of ill-dressed females within a moderate distance of the place at which you stand. Witness the forest of waving plumes of feathers. You wonder where they all came from; you had no idea before, that London could have furnished such a supply. How brilliant the aspect which the vast numbers of ladies who are present give to the immense assemblage! Their attire is elegance and splendour combined—their persons are handsome—and the charm caused by such a display of beauty and fashion would be complete, but for the unpleasant fact obtruding on your mind, that a very considerable portion of them are of exceptionable character. But let that pass. The face of the adjoining hill, extensive as is the space it embraces, appears as if instinct with life. Persons of all ranks and classes are there crowded together as densely as it is possible for them to be. See also both sides of the race-course, fully a mile and a half in length. Carriages, coaches, phaetons, cabs, carts; vehicles of all sorts, in short, are there ranged as closely as they can be, three or four deep, from nearly one extremity of the course to the other. And so thickly tenanted are they, chiefly with elegantly-attired ladies, that it is with difficulty the parties can find standing-room.

---

* The name by which the part where the races take place is usually called.

"The people on the ground are so closely wedged together along the margins of the course, that one might as soon hope to make his way through a stone erection as to force through them. On the outside are donkeys without number, some of them with and others without carts, but all are there with the view of being, in some way or other, turned to profitable account. Many of them draw fruit, gingerbread, and other eatables to the stand; while others carry the materials out of which stalls of various kinds and for various purposes are constructed. The 'show' party muster strong. There is not a sight on earth you could wish to see which you may not see here; or rather which the showmen do not assure you is to be seen. Prodigies of nature are so numerous, that one could have had no idea before, that she had ever made so many, even had all been collected from the time of Adam downwards, and from all parts of the world. As for legerdemain tricks, there is literally no end to them. The conjurers do so much, and promise such a great deal more, that one is surprised they cannot, by some slight of hand expedient, convert the stones or the grass under their feet into money, and by thus enriching themselves at once, do away with all future necessity of asking the public to pay for their their exhibitions. In the theatrical world, great things are always done at Epsom on the Derby day. Macbeth, or anything else you please, either in the tragic or comic department of the drama, will be performed before your wondering eyes in about five minutes' time. And see the actors and the actresses: the scenes and the dresses! Did any one ever witness anything half so theatrical? I never did. Then see a great many small tables, of very plain appearance, scattered about you in all directions; and see those tables surrounded by twelve or fifteen persons. Don't these persons look very simple like? Do you not fancy you see stupidity in their countenances? They *are* very simple and stupid, for they are playing at the game called thimble-rigging, and the rogues who are the owners of the tables are victimising them; in other words, are cheating them of their money with astonishing expedition. Those large tents you see here and there, and everywhere, are so many portable hells or gambling places, in which the work of plunder is going on at a fearful rate. Thousands are on the eve of ruin by the result of the impending race; the ruin of the foolish persons who are throwing the dice there, is already proceeding at a most rapid pace.

"The horses about to start appear on the field, and the work of betting, as people see them with their own eyes, begins afresh. In a few minutes more, the bell rings to summon the animals to the starting point and the starting position. That moment there is a rush on the part of the tens of thousands who were occupied in amusing themselves in various ways outside, towards the dense masses of men, women, horses, vehicles, &c., which line the margins of the course. A few minutes elapse between the ringing of the bell and the issue of the race being declared. And what an important fraction of time is that to thousands who are present! Their prosperity or ruin—their future happiness or misery in this world—their affluence or beggary—the weal or the wretchedness of their wives and children, are all wrapt up in the events of five or six minutes. Imagine, then, the corroding, the consuming anxiety of such persons in the brief interval between the ringing of the bell and the decision of the contest. O the agonies of the suspense endured in those few minutes! The world affords but few instances of an equal amount of mental torment being suffered in so limited a space. See how pale many a countenance suddenly turns. See the absorbed mind as indicated by the fixed eye and unmeaning stare. And were you near enough you might almost hear, you might certainly feel, the palpitations of the beating heart. The signal is given for starting. 'Go!' shouts a loud voice at the starting-post. The horses are all off. Now commences the frightful tempest of conflicting feeling in the breasts of multitudes before you. The horse which a party has backed against the field, starts fair; he is a-head. Imagine, he who can, the hope and joy mingled with fear which agitate such a person's bosom. The animal is distanced by some fleeter steed; the demon of despair seizes the party in a moment, in his iron grasp. He is a ruined man; his wife and family are in one moment hurled from the heights of affluence, to the lowest depths of poverty. He can scarcely support himself; he would fall prostrate on the ground, but that he is kept up by the pressure of the crowd. Had he the means and the opportunity, the probability is that he would, in the agony of his remorse and despair, that moment destroy himself. This is no imaginary picture —no exaggerated description of the tempest which rages in a man's bosom, when he has been infatuated enough to stake his all on the result of a horse-race, and that result has been adverse. It is only a few years since a case was brought before the public which fully equalled the one I have here supposed. An hon. gentleman, one belonging to a noble family of distinction, and his own name well known to all the fashionable world, not only staked but lost on the Derby of the year to which I allude, more by some thousands than he was able to pay. To such a state of excitement was his mind worked up before he knew that the event was against him, that he was heard audibly, though nervously to utter—though the fact was unknown to himself—while the race was being run, 'The D——* wins'—'The D—— wins!'—'The D—— wins!' The horse he had backed lost; he was a ruined man. He had not the means of committing suicide on the spot, and besides, the bustle around would have deterred him from the attempt; but, on his return home, the very first act he did as soon as he retired to his own room, was to take a pistol and blow out brains.

"The moment the winner of the races is declared, the Stand, as it is called, is broken up, and the dense mass of people disperse themselves sufficiently to enjoy elbow-room. Portable dinners and lunches are now produced by all who were wise enough to provide themselves with such useful affairs before leaving town. Sandwiches are as plentiful as the blackberries of Falstaff. Thousands of persons, without being at all ceremonious, convey these tit-bits, with an expedition quick as thought, to their mouths, and not less promptly are they disposed of. Here and there you see the wine or brandy bottle making its appearance, and without loss of time is it emptied of its contents. Ladies who, at home or at parties, would blush to do more than take two or three sips of the liquid extracted from the grateful juice, now quaff a full glass, and it may be a second, with as much despatch, and as little ceremony, as would an officer of the Tenth Hussars. Eating, in some shape or other, may be said to be everywhere the order of the day; for most of those who took no dinner with them, purchase a pennyworth of bread, biscuit, or gingerbread. In the shape of vendible liquids, there are sundry articles, severally baptized porter, gin, and ginger-beer. If you have nothing drinkable of your own, you are glad to become purchasers; for what between the heat of the weather, the dust that is flying about, and the extreme pressure of the crowd, from which you have just partly escaped, you feel as thirsty as if you could drink up the Thames at one draught. Do you patronise the porter, the gin, or the ginger-beer? No matter which; you will soon discover that they are all the same in this one respect,—that the one-half, and the largest half too, consists of water; and as if to aggravate the evil, there is strong reason to suspect that it is not of the purest sort. The truth is, that the liquids vended at Epsom races are like the razors immortalised by Peter Pindar the younger—made to sell, not to drink. The poor wight who is doomed to drink either of the ungrateful liquids, can scarcely help cursing the hardness of his destiny, when he hears, in the vehicle next to him, the bursting of a bottle of delicious champagne, and sees glass after glass transferred to some gentleman's or lady's lips. Our enjoyments are said to be heightened by contrasting them with the privations of others; not less true is it that the magnitude of the evils we are doomed to suffer is increased when we compare those evils with the good things enjoyed by our neighbours. Philosophers may talk as they please about the excellence and beauty of fortitude; and moralists may tell us that it is our duty to be content with our lot: it is easy enough to preach up doctrines like these: it is a very different and rather difficult matter to practise them under such circumstances as I am attempting to describe. I should cheerfully perform a pilgrimage of some distance to see the man without a drop of anything drinkable, while almost expiring of thirst, and yet, without a murmur or the slightest feeling of dissatisfaction with his circumstances, could see his next neighbour quaffing glass after glass of the choicest champagne.

---

* Naming a particular horse.

The ground is again all in a hubbub. Everything around seems instinct with human life and motion. Your ears are almost rendered deaf by the Babel of sounds which salute, or rather grate upon them. Could you have before supposed that it was within the compass of possibility that any person, however 'gifted with the gab,' could have been so voluble, if not so eloquent, in praise of his ginger-beer, as that stentorian-voiced fellow who is bawling out the pretended good qualities of his wash? Hear, again, that unshaved ruffian-looking person praising his gingerbread to the skies. Don't you wonder that that young rascal without hat, cap, or napkin,—without anything indeed worthy the name of clothing, but with a face which has clearly not come in contact with water for the last eight days,—don't you wonder that he is not quite hoarse, if not speechless, from the very excess of his oratorical efforts to attract purchasers for his pies? To be sure, such exertions would kill any one else, but these fellows are inured to the thing: it has become a second nature to them—a mere matter-of-course affair.

"The thimble-riggers are reaping a rich harvest from the cockney greenhorns, who fancy that they see the thimble which 'kivers' the pea. The thimble is lifted; there is no pea there; but the money of the simpleton finds an immediate passage to the pocket of the rogue who is playing at victims. Ah! but though mistaken this time, the greenhorn will not be so again. He watches the rapid motions of the thimble-rigger; he is quite certain where the pea is now. 'Half-a-crown!—a crown!—a sovereign !' as the case may be, 'that it's there !' pointing to a particular thimble. It is lifted. Where is the pea? Echo answers, Where? 'It is not there anyhow,' observes a clownish-looking country lad who is standing by, but has too much sense to throw his money away. 'This beats everything; this is passing strange,' ejaculates the victim. Still he determines not to be 'done:' he tries again and again, and he is only 'done' the more. At last his money is 'done,' and therefore he must be 'done' playing the game of thimble-rigging.

"Far more thriving still, because the stakes are much deeper, is the business which the blacklegs from London are driving within those tented or portable hells which encounter your eye in every direction. See how rapidly the foolish persons who are there risking their sovereigns or five-pound notes, are plundered of their money. Scarcely more insane would be the act of going out, throwing open their pockets, and asking the first person they meet with to empty them of the last shilling they have, than is their conduct in going into one of these places for the purpose of playing with a gang of rogues and robbers. The only difference between the two cases is, that in the first, the process of cleaning out would be more expeditiously gone through than it is in the other.

The concluding race takes place. It is over! and there is a universal rush towards the road leading in the direction of home. Such a scene of bustle and confusion as is now presented has been but very rarely witnessed since the creation of the world. Vehicles come in collision, and, what is worse, pedestrians are often jammed between two or more of these vehicles. The sufferers shriek, the ladies scream, and the drivers of the vehicles swear at, and abuse, and blame each other. Horses become restive; legs are broken, and bones are fractured. Great injury is done to the limbs of her Majesty's subjects: it is fortunate if no lives be lost. The more tender-hearted of the myriads present feel for those who have already suffered, and are filled with fear and trembling lest other and still greater disasters should yet occur. Eventually the ground appears less densely peopled; the immense concourse assembled are now rapidly undergoing the process of dispersion. The majority of the tenants of the vehicles, and of the equestrians and pedestrians, have now forced their way to the road, and are earnestly bound in a homeward direction. Did you ever see such a road? Did you ever before witness such extensive lines—all as close as they can be, so as to be able to move —of carriages, cabriolets, carts, horses, and human beings? Never, I will answer for it. You fear there must yet be many accidents before they all get home. Your fears are but too well founded; for I believe there has never yet been a Derby day in which there has not been a greater or less number of accidents, many of them serious: it is well if none prove fatal.

"Has the day been dry? Well, then, such a ludicrous spectacle as that presented by those who have been to Epsom, on their return, was never seen. Their throats, not even excepting the throats of the most fashionable and delicate ladies, are so many dust-holes on a small scale. Their eyes are embedded in dust; while their carriages, cabriolets, horses, and their own persons, are all coated over with the same commodity. They look, for all the world, like so many dusty millers. What a figure do the ladies appear, with the finery of which they were so proud in the morning, and the preparation of which had cost them so many anxious thoughts! Did it rain heavily?—and Derby day is always remarkable for being either very dry or very wet,—then it is difficult to say which of the evils is the greatest. A heavy shower at Epsom inspires the multitude with perfect horror. It plays fearful havoc with the ladies' dresses, and gives the whole assemblage the most crest-fallen and melancholy appearance which it were possible to imagine. See how drenched and downcast they look on their way home! One can hardly persuade himself that these are the parties he saw going to Epsom in the morning, so full of life and gaiety in their countenances and demeanour. How sad are their visages now! They are heartily sick of horse-racing; and their only wonder is that they were silly enough to leave their comfortable beds and their happy homes—assuming them to be happy—in the morning, on such an errand as that on which they had gone. And yet, after all, the chance is that they will go again next year, should they be living and well, and have the necessary ways and means.*

"Such is an attempted description of a Derby day at Epsom. It falls short of the actual thing itself. It is a scene that is not to be described. To form a correct idea of it, it must be witnessed.

"Settling-day at Tattersall's, after the Derby, is always a day of great importance. It takes place on the Tuesday after the races. The room is crowded with sporting characters of all descriptions. With what opposite feelings,—in what different moods of mind do the parties meet! The entire assemblage—and a motley looking assemblage it is in more respects than one—may be ranged into two classes: those who have won, and those who have lost. A physiognomist, of very ordinary skill in the art, might easily enough tell to which of the two classes almost every individual before him belongs. The unfortunate wight who has lost his money is dull and downcast in his looks,—of pale complexion,—hurried in his manner, and is altogether quite crest-fallen. If there be an occasional smile observable in his countenance, you perceive at once it is not natural: it is of forced production. It is got up for the occasion, in the vain hope that he will so far impose on those around him, as to pass himself off for a philosopher who can firmly, and with fortitude, bear up under his adversities. But even if his forced smiles were so far successful, his abrupt and irritable manner of speaking would dispel the delusion, and reveal the depth and bitterness of his chagrin at his own folly. In the case of many, you see the self-reproaches and regrets which agitate their breasts as clearly exhibited in the confusion and uneasiness of their manner, as if the fact that they had been losers had been written on their foreheads. Everything around them is odious in their eyes. The very place is hateful to them: doubly so are those who have won their money, and who are now about to receive it. The Bank of England notes with which they meet their losses, formerly so pleasant to gaze on, are an abomination in their sight; or, if they pay with a cheque, or by bill, equally obnoxious is the 'instrument of exchange.' The winners, on the other hand, carry their good fortune in their faces. They are no knights of the woful countenance. See the contrast which the physiognomy of the winner presents to that of the loser! Was there ever any thing more striking? Who could believe that the human face was capable of such opposite expressions? He whose speculations have been crowned with good fortune, is the very incarnation of all that is cheerful and agreeable. He smiles within himself, and he smiles on every one and everything around him. But you perceive a special proficiency in the art of smiling as he looks on and converses with the party at whose expense, very possibly ruin, he has filled his pockets. He talks in honied accents; he is 'a bundle of sweets.' He appears so remarkably obliging, and so full of the milk of human kindness, that you almost begin to doubt whether Mr. Owen's pictures of the excellence and amiability of human nature be over-coloured in the slightest degree. You never, in other words, felt yourself before in so suitable a condition for believing in the possibility of a social millennium on earth. And then see the eagerness with which he receives the money, and the infinite delight with which he puts it into his capacious pocket-book; an eagerness and delight which are greatly heightened by the reluctance with which the losing party drags it from his coffers.

---

* I should here observe that the usual charge for a horse and gig to Epsom on the Derby day is four guineas, being, as the sporting characters phrase it, a guinea for every horse-leg. If a coach and two horses be preferred the charge is eight guineas; if a coach and four, sixteen. Coaches and six are out of the question; nobody thinks of hiring a vehicle with six horses. Very possibly one good reason for this, independently of the expense, is, that very few of our modern Corinthians could drive six in hand."

"It is a painful reflection, that men can be found—and most generally found, too, in the upper and middling ranks of life—who could thus take a pleasure in preying on each other. The one's pain is the other's pleasure; the one's sorrow is the other's joy; the one's misery is the other's happiness. The better or gambler—for the latter is the most appropriate word—coolly seeks to make his own fortune at the utter ruin of another, and that other, most probably, a friend. He wishes to be rich by reducing the other to beggary. No truly noble mind could consent to receive money on such conditions. If there were no other argument against this species of gambling than this one, it ought to put an end to the practice at once, for it is utterly destructive of all the better feelings of our nature.

"When a party who has lost does not appear at Tattersall's on settling-day to discharge his obligations, he is spoken of as one who does not 'show.' If he takes flight to the continent or some other place, he is called a Levanter.

"The same term is made use of on the Stock Exchange to characterise those who are unable or unwilling to pay the amount of their losses. I believe the term owes its origin to the circumstance of some persons of distinction, at a former period, who quitted the country to escape from their creditors, having sought a place of refuge in the Levant.

"On settling-day in Tattersall's there are occasionally violent disputes between the winning and the losing parties. The latter, as may well be supposed, are always in that angry mood of mind which predisposes the party to quarrel with his fortunate opponent. If there be room for a quibble,—any pretext for the non-payment of the money lost, it is seized on with avidity, and urged with the utmost pertinacity. Violent altercations frequently ensue, and acquire such a height as almost to frighten from their propriety the more strict and quietly disposed of the sporting characters present. In several memorable cases of late years, these violent altercations have ended in blows. Who does not remember the celebrated squabble, five or six years ago, between an M.P. and another sporting character, ending in an assault committed by one of the *gentlemen* on the person of the other?

"Sad disappointments are often experienced at Tattersall's on settling-day. Only fancy the circumstance of the party who has lost perhaps two or three thousand pounds coming up to the person who had won the money of him, and with a lugubrious countenance, and the expression of as many regrets as there were pounds in the amount lost, informing him that he is unable to pay the money now, but very possibly hopes to be able to do so at some future unmentioned and unmentionable period. How deep must be the disappointment, how bitter the mortification to one who had been fondly flattering himself that he had only to open his hand to receive some thousands, when he finds that not one farthing is forthcoming! This is an every-day occurrence. Among the Turfites there is always a large proportion of desperate characters—men who are as destitute of money as they are of morals; and who bet to the amount of thousands, when they have not a sixpence in the world. But common as such cases are, perhaps there is no authenticated instance of the kind on record, which can be compared to that in which a celebrated sporting character, whose name I need not mention, was, a few years since, the unfortunate, though he had previous to the settling-day imagined himself to be the fortunate party. His winnings amounted to little short of 3,000*l.* and he only received 20*l.* out of the whole. About the same period—I am not indeed sure whether it was not at the same races—another sporting character of great celebrity on the Turf won 28,000*l.* from various hands; and yet he only recovered 2,500*l.*

"The 'betting' at Tattersall's has of late years been practically reduced to a sort of science by the more experienced Turfites. Such persons, by carefully attending to what are called 'the odds' from the period at which horses begin to be entered for any particular race, until that race 'comes off,' might make a limited certain gain, varying in amount according to circumstances, were they to confine their betting to the taking advantage of those odds.

"This, however, they seldom do; they usually suffer themselves to be seduced into hazardous speculations to a large amount, and consequently often, in that way, lose more than they gain in the other."

* * * * *

"The result of a race is often at variance with appearances at starting. Horses which for the first eighty or a hundred yards would be deemed likely to be the last in coming in, are occasionally found to be the winners; while others, which for the same or even a greater distance are so far a-head of the others as to create a universal impression that they will carry off the prize, are found to be among the last to reach the winning point. Only fancy, in such a case, how sudden must be the transition from despair to hope—from sorrow to joy, which the minds of those whose money is staked on the horses first referred to must undergo; and how suddenly, on the other hand, the hopes and joys of those who have betted in favour of the last-mentioned steeds, must give place to despair and regret. In the latter case the cup of good fortune is raised to the lips merely to tantalise the party; for it is in a moment dashed on the ground: in the former case the party drinks it out before he is well aware of its being presented to him. It is interesting to think how equally matched, all circumstances considered, the various horses that enter the field usually are. Even in the case of the Queen's Plate races at Newmarket, where the course is four miles, and there are often ten or twelve horses contesting the prize, there will not be a distance of more than thirty or forty yards between the first and last on reaching the end of the course. Two or three of the best horses are frequently so equally matched, that after running the distance already mentioned, the judges have difficulty in awarding the prize. What is still more surprising than the fact of their being abreast on reaching the end of the course, is the circumstance of its often being a neck and neck race between two or more horses from the moment of starting until they have got to the end of the distance. The most extraordinary instance of equal running, of which I ever remember to have heard, occurred a few years ago at one of our leading county races. Three heats or races were run at certain intervals of time in one day, without the judge being able to decide which of the two best horses were entitled to the prize.

"Just before entering the race-course, the horses that are about to run are exercised in a sort of canter. Even at this late hour, innumerable bets are laid on the event about to be decided. Deep betting, however, as in the case of the betting that takes place when the animals are first exhibited, is seldom very general, being chiefly limited to working-men, shopkeepers, and others. The horses having thus 'shown off' in a small way immediately before entering the course, every one naturally conceives himself entitled to form his opinion as to which animal is or is not to win the prize: and conceiving this, he concludes—and no one can question his perfect right to do so—that in this free country he, as well as others, may back his opinion by a sovereign, or crown, or other sum, according to his circumstances. There is one advantage which those who thus bet at the last moment, and who lose their money, have over those who have betted at an earlier period, and that is, that they are spared the suspense, the alternate hopes and fears, according as the aspect which rumours, and inventions, and actual facts assume, relative to the leading horse,—which are so largely experienced by those who had staked their money at a previous period.

" The amount of money which changes hands immediately after the conclusion of the leading races is immensely great. I have heard it stated by one of the leading sportsmen of the present day, that at least 1,000,000*l.* changes hands by the result of the Derby race at Epsom. Surely there must be an exaggeration here. If there were only half that sum, which I am convinced there is, it would be a very large amount. In some cases particular individuals bet to the extent of 20,000*l.*, 30,000*l.*, and even 40,000*l.* on a single event. In 1826, Lord Kennedy, one of the most celebrated Turfites of the present day, bet 30,000*l.* to 1000*l.* against a horse called Crusader. In the same year another sporting gentleman bet 20,000*l.* against General, which was the favourite horse, and won it, but it was commonly believed there was foul play. Mr. Ridsdale, the distinguished Yorkshire sportsman, won at the Derby race of 1832 the sum of 40,000*l.* by backing St. Giles, which was his own horse, exclusive of 2,775*l.* in stakes. This was certainly good work for one day.

" It is a curious fact, that a horse which easily beats all the other competitors for a particular prize will sometimes, when running a race which takes place a few months afterwards, completely break down, and allow himself to be distanced by other horses which were not supposed to have even the remotest chance with him. Instances have repeatedly occurred in which the winner of the St. Leger has, a few months afterwards, been beat by the very same animals which he had left far behind him in the first instance. This is accounted for from the fact that some horses acquit themselves better on a soft than on a hard course; while others run better on hard than on soft ground. Other horses again may be unequalled at running on a level ground; while anything in the shape of an ascent proves fatal to their successful racing. When a horse that won the last St. Leger, is beat at the following Derby, or that won the Derby, and is beat at the next St. Leger, the losses, as hinted in a previous part of the chapter, are always enormous; such horse, provided nothing has previously transpired to his prejudice, either through bad health or otherwise, being always backed to a very large amount. It is unnecessary to say that the market value of such a horse experiences an immediate and serious fall. There have been instances in which horses, after winning some of the leading prizes, would have brought from 3,500*l.* to 4,000*l.*, which would not fetch 300*l.* after being beat at the next great race. At the Epsom races of 1834, one horse, whose name I do not remember, was so great a favourite, that 2,500*l.* was offered and refused for him. He ran so badly, that in a few months afterwards the proprietor gladly sold him for 65*l.* Horses, on the other hand, that, contrary to the general expectation win some leading prize, rise as suddenly and to a proportionate extent in value. Fleur de Lis, for instance, was sold to Sir Matthew Ridley, soon after her appearance in 1825, for 100*l.*, but having distinguished herself by winning a number of prizes in the course of the next two years, she was then purchased by George the Fourth for 1,500 guineas.

" Horses of great reputation on the Turf always bring large sums. From 2,500*l.* to 3,500*l.* is quite a common price for a first-rate horse. As high as 5,000 and even 6,000 guineas has repeatedly been given. One of the Bonds, the well-known proprietors of the great gambling-house in Bennet-street, gave Mr. Beardsworth 5,000 guineas for Ludlow at the Doncaster races of 1832. Some years ago the Duke of Cleveland gave 12,000*l.* for four horses.

"So great is the supposed inequality of the horses that are entered to contest the leading prizes, that it is quite common to bet 50 or 60 to 1 against a particular horse. In several cases 100 to 1 have been bet that a certain horse would not win. The greatest disproportion I have heard of in the betting on any horse, was in the case of one which ran for the Derby some years ago, when 200 to 1 was bet against him.

"While some horses never gain more than one prize, others have a continued course of good luck. The mare Fleur de Lis, already referred to, won ten out of eleven races. But the horse, which of all others continued to run for the longest time, and which gained the greatest number of prizes, was Dr. Syntax. This horse continued on the Turf ten consecutive years, and ran in the course of that period no fewer than forty-nine times. Out of this number of contests, Dr. Syntax won the prize in twenty-six instances. Among the prizes thus gained were twenty gold cups.

"There are many of the country races at which horses of all ages, and carrying all weights, are allowed to run; but at the Doncaster, Epsom, and other leading races, the horses must be of the same age and carry the same weight.* In the Derby the competitors must be three-year-olds. Either colts or fillies of this age may run for the Derby; but for the Oaks none but fillies are allowed to start. The weight carried by the colts, in the Derby contest, is eight stone seven pounds; that carried by the fillies is eight stone two pounds. In the case of the Oaks the age of the fillies is also three years, and the weight eight stone four pounds. But it is unnecessary to enter in detail into statements of this kind, every place having its own rules and regulations in such matters. To bring themselves within the proper weight, the jockeys are often obliged to go through a starvation allowance for a week or two previous to the day of the races. I have heard of one, who by this means reduced his weight to the extent of seven pounds.

"But the hope of gaining the prize is a sufficiently powerful inducement to submit to the privation of their usual meals; for it is the invariable practice to present the rider of the successful horse with a handsome douceur. In the case of the leading races, it is seldom less than 200*l.* or 300*l.* The highest reward ever known to be given to a jockey for his good riding was 1,000*l.* This handsome gift was made to James Robinson, a Scotchman, by his master, also a Scotchman, for riding Matilda, when that celebrated mare won the St. Leger in 1827.

"In the case of the Derby, the St. Leger, and the other principal races, the horses intending to contest the prize must be nominated when they are only one year old. They may be named either at London or Newmarket. The last day of the July Newmarket races is the last day for the nomination of competitors for the prizes in question.

"All disputes which arise about matters directly appertaining to the Turf, must be referred to the decision of the stewards of the Jockey Club. This is the only recognised tribunal in such matters. Its decision is final; there is no appeal from it. The Jockey Club consists of upwards of sixty noblemen and gentlemen of more or less standing in the sporting world. The stewards are three in number. One retires every year to make way for another, the retiring steward having the right to name his successor.

"In a week or so after a great race has been run, the winning horse is honoured with the appearance of his portrait and an account of his pedigree in 'Bell's Life in London.' In a month or two afterwards the same mark of distinction will be conferred on him, in a different style of engraving, by the Old and New Sporting Magazines. 'Bell's Life in London,' I may here observe, is the only recognised newspaper organ of the Turf. Which of the two magazines is the leading monthly organ, is a point which I cannot determine. Each maintains that it is more approved and countenanced by the most distinguished men on the Turf than the other. The rivalry between the two is very great, and there is reason to believe that both are sufferers by the competition. Twenty years ago, the Old Sporting Magazine was an excellent property, but it has been greatly lessened in value by the conjoint operation of unskilful management some years since, and the spirit and vigour with which it has been opposed by its young rival.

---

* "Where the horses are equally matched, the carrying one or two pounds additional weight would be decisive of the race. Some years ago, a horse that won the race easily when carrying the same weight as the other competitors, lost it when the proprietor agreed that three pounds should be added to the weight."

"The number of horses that run for the prizes, whether at Epsom, Ascot, Doncaster, or any other place, varies according to circumstances; but it will be found as a general rule, that the number is proportioned to the comparative interest which the races excite. The greatest number ever known to contest the Derby at Epsom was twenty-five. This was some years ago, but I do not now remember the particular year. Upwards of twenty horses have repeatedly run for the St. Leger at Doncaster. The greatest number that ever took the field at the latter place was thirty. This was in 1825. Twenty-seven have started on two occasions—in 1820 and in 1826. The number of candidates for the gold cup at Ascot, which usually take the field, is from four to seven.* For the smaller prizes, the number of competitors is less at all the races than for those of the first class. For the Oaks at Epsom, the number seldom exceeds fifteen, and is generally less.

"The number of horses that are entered with the declared intention of contesting the prizes at the various races, is always much greater than that which actually takes the field. It is often six or seven times as great. The greatest number that entered for the Derby was one hundred and thirty-five. This was for the Derby of the present year. The number that ran was only twenty-three. The number that entered for the Oaks, though great, was considerably less. For the St. Leger of 1829, a period when the races were at the height of their popularity, the number of horses that entered was ninety-seven, though only nineteen took the field. For four or five years past, these races had been declining in the public favour, and the number of actual performances, if not of entries, had been correspondingly reduced; but there is a re-action in this respect this year, for the number of horses entered for the next Derby is one hundred and fifty-two. It is possible, however, that out of this large number not more than from fifteen to twenty may take the field.

"There are various causes which conspire to prevent a horse which has been duly entered, from running the intended race. The nominator may die before the appointed time arrives; in which case, according to the rules which regulate all matters appertaining to the Turf, the horse is disqualified. Or any accident may, before the day of the race arrives, befal the animal, which either entirely disables him from running, or deprives him of any reasonable chance of winning.

"Another reason for withdrawing the horse may be, that the proprietor is in arrears for previous transactions on the Turf. Or the proprietor, seeing other decidedly superior horses in the field, may come to the conclusion that his one has not the slightest chance of a successful competition. Lastly, to mention no other reasons for the withdrawal of horses that have entered for a particular race, the betting on those horses may wear such an aspect as that the proprietors may, either directly or indirectly, have sufficiently powerful reasons to prevent their wishing that their horses should win, and consequently to cause them to determine on their withdrawal. This, of course, can only be where there is roguery in the matter, which it will be seen is but too often the case, when I come to speak of the tricks of the Turf.

---

* The reason why the field at Ascot is so small compared with the value of the prize is, that the competing horses carry weight for age; so that moderate horses have no chance with those of the first class. It would very much increase the interest of this race if the conditions on which the Goodwood Cup is run for were introduced, which conditions make it a handicap race, an expression which implies that the weights put on the horses are in proportion to their public running. There is, however, this one departure from this rule, that horses that have never run are always weighted heavily."

"In numerous cases, those who *fancy* themselves 'knowing ones' in horse-flesh are at fault in their calculations. Their favourite, instead of coming in first, or, in other words, winning the prize, is perhaps six or seven behind, which, in the language of the Turf, is called being nowhere. On the other hand, 'outsiders,' which, as explained in a previous part of the chapter, means horses that nobody thought of, because it was supposed they had not the remotest chance of winning, sometimes are the successful competitors. It is impossible to describe the mortification experienced by those who prided themselves on their supposed superior knowledge of horse-flesh, either when the animal which was their favourite thus falls far behind, or when a horse they looked on as not having a chance of coming in even fourth or fifth, is the winner of the race. In many cases the parties feel more acutely the exhibition thus made of their ignorance in sporting matters, than they do the loss of their money.

"The Turf is on the decline. Every friend of morality, and every one who wishes well to his fellow-creatures, will rejoice at this. What are now the leading horse-races, but gambling transactions on an extensive scale? At what time gambling was first introduced on the Turf, I have not been able to ascertain, but it must have been at least nearly three centuries ago; it is distinctly mentioned as being to a certain extent prevalent in the reign of Elizabeth. In that reign George Earl of Cumberland, as is well known, almost ruined himself by his gambling propensities on the Turf. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, gambling at horse-races appears to have become so general, that Burton, the author of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' who flourished at that time, emphatically though quaintly said, 'that many gentlemen by means of race-horses, *galloped* out of their fortunes.' What would Burton have thought if he had foreseen the extent to which the vice of gambling on the Turf is carried in our day? Thousands are yearly ruined by it.

"There is a numerous gang of sharpers and black-legs, who make the plunder of simpletons who bet on horse-racing a part of their daily schemes and daily roguery. Their plans are secret, but they are deeply laid, and are carried out with a skill and artfulness which render their success almost a matter of moral certainty. And even where they are detected, it is not, unhappily, until they have fleeced their victims. What villanies have of late been brought to light, which have been practised at our leading horse-races! But in no instance have they been discovered in sufficient time to save the unsuspecting simpletons whose money was at stake. And what care the unprincipled 'legs' for exposure, when it comes not until after they have pocketed the money of their victims? Nothing at all; for they have no character to lose. And they know the law cannot reach them. Who does not remember the disgraceful transactions which took place at the Doncaster races of 1832? And are not certain transactions of the most unprincipled kind, which occurred at a celebrated race a few months ago, and by which thousands have been ruined,—still the subject of animated and indignant remark in all the sporting circles? The affair of the horse Ludlow is still fresh in the recollection of all patrons of the Turf; and that of Harkaway, at a very recent race, is not likely to cease to be spoken about for some time to come. Is it not beyond all question, that horses, which otherwise would have won, are often prevented from winning by the most consummate roguery? In some cases they are drugged so as to make them sick; in others the jockeys are bribed to ride them in such a way as to prevent them coming in first. A very common expedient resorted to by the 'leg' fraternity, when they have made their arrangements to their entire satisfaction beforehand, is to withdraw the horse which was the greatest favourite, by either purchasing him from the proprietor, or pretending to have purchased him. In fact, there is no end to the tricks of the Turf. The ramifications of the roguery practised by the mendacious gamblers who are so largely mixed up with all Turf transactions, are so varied and extensive, that no calculation or foresight can guard against their effects. So cunningly and skilfully are their schemes for plundering her Majesty's subjects laid, that they often, with the view of gulling the public, bet to a certain extent in favour of the favourite horse, though they know he will lose. A little loss in this way is amply made up by secretly betting to a large amount the other way; or by some other private arrangement made among themselves. Another favourite expedient on the race-course is to invent all sorts of rumours respecting different horses,—rumours relative to the probability or otherwise of particular animals running; and thus raising the odds, or causing them to fall in particular cases, according as their own interests are affected. Scarcely less notorious for the invention of false rumours on the part of a gang of black-legs is the race-course, than is the Stock Exchange itself. With regard again to the running of favourite horses, it is now so common a practice for the parties interested to manage matters in such a way as that they shall not win,—that it has of late become customary with the recently initiated, before betting for or against any favourite horse, to do everything he can to ascertain whether or not it really be meant or intended by the proprietor that the horse shall win.

"The public, who know little or nothing of the tricks of the Turf, never contemplate the possibility of any person entering a favourite horse, far less of his starting him for the race, without being most desirous that he should win; and, consequently, are victimised without perhaps ever suspecting that there was aught else than perfect fairness in the matter. It is well known that many hundreds of pounds have been given to proprietors of favourite horses, to bribe them not to win the race; and it is equally well known that the jockeys destined to ride such horses have, when not directly bribed by the 'legs' to lose the race, often received through the proprietors two or three hundred pounds for riding in such a way as to cause the horse to make a respectable appearance on the race-course, and thus lull suspicion of any treachery without winning the prize.

"When I mention that a number of Jewish black-legs,—for the Turf swarms with rogues of the Hebrew persuasion,—have severally, perhaps, betted from 10,000*l.* to 15,000*l.* that a particular horse shall not win, and when I add, that these are all leagued together for the purpose of plundering simpletons of their money, it will at once be seen to be natural that they should unite together, through the medium of one of their number, in offering the proprietor of a horse, where that proprietor is supposed to be accessible to bribery, such a sum as will cause him to guarantee that the horse shall not win the race.

"In innumerable cases, in which the proprietors were men of too much honour and honesty to be parties to any such fraud, the leading men among the 'leg' fraternity have, through the intervention of some person on whom they could depend, attempted to bribe the individual entrusted with the training of the particular horse, to give him a particular pill the night before the race, so as to make him sick; and when this has failed, the inducement of some hundred pounds not to win, has been held out to the jockey booked to ride the animal. And where all efforts of the kind have failed, a sum twice the value of the horse has repeatedly been offered for him immediately before the races.

"The late Mr. Mostyn was offered the unprecedented sum of seven thousand guineas, a few years since, for a horse of his which was the favourite for the St. Leger; but knowing that the offer was made for the purpose of enabling the parties to practise a fraud on the public, he, like an honourable man, scorned to accept it, though the probability was, he would have taken a third of the sum after the races were over. Had the swindling brotherhood got the horse, they would of course have withdrawn him from the field,—all the parties who had betted that he would win being in that case equally losers as if he had contested the prize, but been unsuccessful.

"The trickery which is practised on the Turf may be inferred from the character of the persons who most largely patronise it. Who are these? Notoriously the leading proprietors of gambling-houses in London, and the principal frequenters of those houses. Who ever heard of a race of any note, without seeing Crockford standing on the course, with his hands in his pockets, and looking like one whose mind is occupied with some abstruse calculations as to the way in which the impending 'events' are likely to come off? And see how the trio of Bonds, the next greatest gambling-house proprietors in the metropolis, dash about in their splendid equipages. As to gambling noblemen and gentlemen—why there is not one of any notoriety in our London hells, that is not equally well known on the Turf. I could here run over in dozens the names of dukes, of marquises, of earls, and of noblemen and gentlemen of every rank, professed devotees of gambling at the hazard-tables of the hells in town, who are equally notorious for their patronage of the Turf. And how many of these are there, who are bankrupt in fortune as well as character?

"Then there are the false notions of honour that prevail on the Turf. Such are these notions, that Turfites feel bound to pay, provided they can at all raise the amount, any losses they may incur by betting, even though their tradesmen and families should not only be suffering the greatest privations in consequence of the non-payment of the amount due to them, but should be brought to the verge of ruin on that account. How many poor tradesmen suffered, and how many of themselves or their successors still suffer, from the non-payment by the late Duke of York, of the debts he contracted with them! And yet he always made a point of paying the losses he sustained on the Turf. It was the same in the case of his brother, George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales; and it is the same with numbers of noblemen whose names might be mentioned. Such is the morality which obtains on the Turf! Such are the notions of honour that are entertained by its votaries!

"The Turf, then, is a most prolific source of social evil. I am convinced it would be impossible to estimate the amount of mischief it has done to morals, to families, and to society. It first destroys all the better feelings of one's nature, and then destroys one's fortune. Could all those that are still alive, who have been ruined by the Turf, be brought into one place, what a vast and wretched assemblage of human beings would they present! The victims of the Turf! Why, their name is Legion!

"It is deeply to be regretted that when the results of betting on horse-races are so disastrous, those races should be specially patronised by the Queen. Of course the blame does not attach to her. The subject is one which, in all probability, has never been brought under her consideration. She subscribes to the Ascot Races, and patronises those races by her presence, because her predecessors have done the same before her. But it is to be regretted that there should not be those around her throne who would point out to her the frightful evils which are necessarily associated with the Turf, and suggest to her that she ought not to become the patroness, either by her purse or her presence—especially not by both—of a pastime which is productive of so much immorality, and of so much misery to individuals and families. I am sure, that were a sovereign possessed of such amiable feelings as is Victoria, and who is so exceedingly anxious to promote the cause of morals, and to increase the happiness of mankind, —only aware of the deplorable and destructive consequences of horse-racing, she would at once withdraw her patronage from that pastime."

Having, as we have intimated, only received a portion of the work, from which our extracts are taken, we must of necessity reserve our remarks upon the whole until the remainder shall have reached us.

SONG.

THE WOODLAND WELL.

O the pleasant woodland well!
Starred about with roses;
Sweetest spot in dale or dell,
Bright when evening closes;
Sparkling, gushing clearly:
There it was first love begun;
And, amidst eve's shadows dun,
There it was I wooed and won
Her I loved most dearly.

O the lovely woodland well!
Unto it is given
Fairest light that ever fell
Full of bliss from heaven.
Ever, late and early,
Lingering, there I love to be,
Through sad memory's tears to see,
Lost to love, and lost to me,
Her I loved most dearly.

Richard Howitt.

THE COURTIER OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.[1]

BY MRS. C. GORE.

CHAPTER XIII.

LABOUR lost were the ponderings of the Duke of Bucks on his way back to London upon the most plausible pretexts to be assigned for his defeat! Whether his wager were paid with a swaggering air of inuendo, or a frank avowal of the truth, mattered not a grain of the dust raised by his gilded wheels. By the time he arrived at Whitehall, not a living soul save Lord Lovell bore recollection of the bet: Arran being engrossed by the loss of an old mistress, and Rowley by the impending arrival of a new wife! A schooner, despatched by the Earl of Sandwich from Lisbon, had arrived at Spithead, announcing that the English fleet, after receiving from the Portuguese the cession of Tangier as part of the portion of Dona Caterina, had sailed from the Tagus with the future Queen of England!

What a turmoil at court! From day to day the princess might be expected on the coast! Mistress Palmer in hysterics on one side—Vatteville in the sullens on the other; the chancellor labouring to preserve such equanimity of countenance as might prove to the nation that he had not abetted the match with a Catholic princess, and to Mazarin that he did not oppose it: while not a woman of quality from Temple Bar to Whitehall—nay, from Westminster to Berwick-upon-Tweed—but was caballing to obtain some post of honour in the new household. Every morning the printed playbills, laid by royal command upon the breakfast table of the king, were accompanied by perfumed packets, marked "particularly private," or "eminently confidential," containing powerful appeals to his protection from duchesses, countesses, viscountesses, and damsels of honour; setting forth that there was no life or satisfaction for them on earth, unless they could obtain the blessed privilege of being cooped up in a chamber six feet square at Whitehall or Richmond, of figuring in the royal coaches and the court calendar, as mistress of the robes, bedchamber woman, or maid of honour. So malapert in their own households, so indolent in their personal habits, that at home they must needs entertain pages to fan the summer midges from their cheek, these pretty coveters of the glare and gauds of life would hear of nothing but making menials of themselves, or that the magniloquent term salary were substituted for the ignominious word wages. They were ready to air linen, pick up fans, carry handkerchiefs, and comb lapdogs, for the untold beatitude of being proclaimed as of the court—courtly.

"'The devil sends the breeze that blows good to no man!' quoth the proverb," said Buckingham as, gathering up a handful of similar applications, he proceeded to the breakfast appointed for rendering an account of his adventure. "I have despatched to Lovell his sack of two thousand pistoles; and instead of having to appear in presence with pendent ears and hanging tail, like one of Rowley's spaniels after being whipped for picking and stealing, I shall enter, radiant with triumph, as having avoided to encumber the memoranda of royal promises with the name of a hundred and fourteenth lady of the bedchamber. My life on't, I am thanked rather than bantered for my mischances! Rowley will have enough on his hands with trying on new perukes, and essaying new washes, upon a complexion somewhat of the swarthiest for a bridegroom, to trouble himself further touching the airs and graces of this bumpkin Venus of Shrapston!"

---

[1] Continued from p. 308.

The king's mind was, in truth, in the most feverish state of excitement. A new wife, writes La Bruyère, "*l'emporte sur une ancienne maîtresse!*" and so satisfactory were the reports which reached England of the southern brilliancy of Dona Caterina's large dark eyes, her good grace, and, above all, her desire to please the capricious fancy of her future lord and master, that, strange to relate, his thoughts were rather bent upon the Infanta than upon the duchesses, countesses, and viscountesses, tormenting themselves and *him* to promote their elevation at court.

"Out upon the jades! all in the same vein—all bent upon the same design!" cried Charles, thrusting across the table the packets of perfumed memorials and petitions with which his favourite came charged to swell the amount of his previous embarrassment. "Seeing that I have provided myself with a wife, they would fain metamorphose the gender of my whole household, and set up a petticoat government to my very teeth!—*Grand merci, mesdames!* as the royal cut-throat says in the play—'There'll come a time for *that* hereafter!' Meanwhile, here—Harris, May, Chiffinch, Sawtrey—one of you bear me this bale of sweet commodities to the chancellor, to keep company with those I remitted to his hands last night; and pray him to provide fair ladies to his liking for her majesty's household, and fair answers of apology to the ladies of his *dis*liking who pester us with their importunities."

"A household chosen by Sir Edward were a sight to see!" exclaimed Buckingham, delighted at the verification of his hopes. "Yet I would fain beseech you, sire, to take into consideration the high birth and breeding of Lord Shrewsbury's noble countess!"

"Whose noble countess, George?" cried the king with a laugh. "Would you have me insult her majesty the queen with the services of a quean so notorious?"

"I beseech your majesty's pardon," replied the duke, with saucy freedom. "I heard it announced last night that a countess belonging to one Master Roger Palmer—another quean of some notoriety—had been appointed by your majesty to the bedchamber?"

"They lied who said it, George," cried the king, who was in one of his most cordial veins of good-humour. "The new countess appointed *herself!*—would take no denial from *me*—would listen to no objections from the chancellor. Nay, so furious is the poor soul at the necessity for her dismissal from my favour, that at one time I feared even the promised coronet would scarcely bribe her from her design of selling her soul to the Lapland witches for a wind to sink the fleet and the Infanta; as the law-pleas of our sapient kingdom avouch to have been done to delay the coming of my grandsire James's red-polled Danish bride!"

"Your majesty need entertain no present uneasiness. The wind sets fair for the Downs," observed Lord Lovell, glancing towards the window, and in no mind to have the cause of their meeting overlooked.

"So that I may chance be summoned to Portsmouth before set of sun," cried the king. "I, who had promised Barbe to sup with her for the last time! And by the way, Lovell, thou who art so forward to promise me a wife, what news of thy own? Buckingham, we look to *you* on this score."

"My Lord Lovell has received the amount of his wager, sire," interrupted the duke, "and your majesty should receive the confession of my defeat, did it contain any incident more diverting than the amount of a lady's ill manners. I went—(according to your majesty's commands)—but neither saw nor conquered. Whether refused admittance to see lest I should *succeed* in conquering, I leave to the decision of your penetration; but as I am ready to swear that my Lord Arran saw double in the case, I more readily pardon fate and the lady that I was not permitted to see at all!"

"Admit at least that I did my best to spare your grace and your grace's road-horses unnecessary pains?" cried Lovell, with a smile of self-sufficiency. "The Duke of Buckingham is a wizard of renown; yet I am as satisfied of the inefficacy of his incantations to draw my wife to court, as to sink the precious flotilla which bears her highness of Braganza at this moment into the Channel."

"The brag is of the boldest, Arthur," exclaimed the king. "Recollect meanwhile that, *at present*, I choose to hear no profane mention of a lady to whom it is promised me that I am to lose my heart at sight. And, faith, I little doubt it. 'Tis a winged toy ever on the perch for a flight, and, like a carrier pigeon, comes back as fast as it goes, to be ready for an excursion in some opposite direction."

"Your majesty is fortunate in being able to make so light of your coming cares!" cried Buckingham, with an affected sigh. "There are two of us here present who, or I mistake, could furnish you to a hundred weight with a computation of the oppression of the chains of matrimony. Yet neither my Lord Lovell nor myself had mortgages on our single estate to increase their irksomeness, such as may chance to be insisted upon by my Lady Barbara of the new earldom."

"*Au jour le jour!*" cried the king cheerfully. "Destiny is still in my arrear a world of joys to compensate for the out-at-elbow days of penance of my princedom. I have promised the chancellor and myself to be the best of husbands; and the king over the water, and his cardinal, promise *me* that the Infanta shall render me the happiest."

"God send it, sire!" cried the duke, with pretended fervency. "I would only that we could add—the richest. But I greatly fear that his Spanish excellency's prediction will prove true, that Dona Caterina's dower will cost its weight in gold to keep our own."

"And if it do, George, nearly four hundred thousand pounds in gold will go far towards the maintenance," said the king, sharply.

"I pray your majesty may ever be so fortunate as to receive half the sum," retorted his grace, "or, I might say, a quarter, since, after all De Mello's mighty protestations, King Alphonso entreateth us like some usurer of the Old Jewry, sending so much in bullion, and so much in commodities. 'Tis rumoured on 'Change that your majesty's name is in the market, as part owner of fifty puncheons of Val de Peñas, a hundred barrels of potash—besides the Lord and the Board of Trade know how many bags of Lisbon sugar."

Within a week of this carouse, his majesty, fresh from the tears and shrieks of the now Lady Castlemaine, was on his road to Portsmouth to welcome the new queen; and, in the first frank impulse of his heart, avowed in his letters to the chancellor that the timid young foreign princess, whose dark eyes were so languishing, and whose voice so sweet and low, had produced a most favourable impression on his heart. "You would much wonder to see how well we are acquainted already," said he. "In a word, I think myself very happy."*

For a king to aspire to "happiness" is a pretension beyond his condition in life. It suited Lady Castlemaine as little that Charles should be "well acquainted" with his youthful bride, as it suited the courtiers that he should think himself happy in wedlock. Before the royal party arrived at Hampton Court for the enjoyment of the honeymoon, mischief had been at work, and though the month was May, (a season that seemed expressly created by nature for royal honeymoons,) breezes were blowing more boisterous than the turbulent equinox.

Stimulated by the bad advice of Rochester, Jermyn, Killigrew, and Hamilton, Lady Castlemaine strenuously insisted upon the king's performance of a promise given in love's melting hour to elevate her to the rank of lady of the bedchamber, from which every circumstance but her birth tended to exclude her, and in spite of the entreaties of Clarendon and Ormond that he would not overlook the scandal to good manners, and the ill example afforded to the kingdom by so unprovoked an insult to the unoffending queen.

"Supposing, sire, as I can well suppose, that no intermeddling person ventures to apprize her majesty of the relationship held towards her sovereign by the young son of the countess," pleaded Ormond, presuming on his gray hairs to play the monitor, "may I inquire whether a woman, jealous of her hold on your majesty's affections, is not likely to mislead her legitimate rival as to the modes and habits by which those affections are to be moved? May I presume to ask whether Lady Castlemaine is likely to prove a prudent counsellor for a virtuous woman, or a safe companion for an unsuspecting one?"

"Ask what you will, and I can give but such answer as I may. That my kingly word is pledged, and that my kingly palace of Hampton would be too hot to hold me, did I so much as dream of evading the performance of my promise," cried Charles. "Flesh is frail, my lord duke, albeit your mellow years may have forgotten the fact; and I am free to confess that my heart is not proof against the influence of woman's tears."

---

* Macpherson Papers, I. 22, note.

"And does your majesty suppose, then, that the eyes of the queen are insured against weeping, and her heart against the tenderness and sensibility of her sex?" cried his grave admonitor with indignation. But Ormond spoke in vain. The king, who, like all men of easy, indolent, selfish habits, detested a scene, was already out of hearing; and on the morrow night, upon the return of the court to Whitehall, the mistress was presented to the wife; and the whole court stood by to watch the triumph of the sinner, and the anguish of the saint.

But, in spite of the manœuvres of the libertine associates of the king, by whom the injury had been wantonly prepared, the inoffensive Katharine had already partisans in the country. It was easy to make a jest of the sallow uncouthness of her six broad-nosed, barrow-shouldered Portuguese maidens of honour; to deride, at the instance of the Duke of Buckingham, her majesty's equerry, Dom Pedro de Silva, under the name of Pierre Dubois, and Peter Wood; or to find it passing absurd that her majesty's coiffeur should be breveted under the name of barber. But nationalities are themes of contempt only to the narrow-minded; and the most prejudiced of the court were fain to admit that the manners of the queen and of her *grande maîtresse*, the Countess de Panétra, were as perfect as if modelled in that court and parliament of love—the circle of the queen-mother of France. From Whitehall this decree went rapidly forth to the city and the provinces; her Majesty's position begat pity, and pity being akin to love, the acclamations of "Long live the queen!" which assailed her whenever, either in her barge or coach, she attempted to take the air, more loud, and fully as sincere as those of "God save the king!" which, for five years past, had been wearing out the echos of London and Westminster. No sooner was the little world apprised, by the indiscreet whispers of the great world, that upon the public presentation of Lady Castlemaine to the queen by the hands of his majesty, Katharine, though for a moment able to control her emotion, had in a few minutes been seized with convulsions, and carried from the chamber with the blood bursting from her lips, than, perceiving that her brief reign of conjugal ascendency was over, they began to honour as a martyr her whom they already loved as a queen.

But while the kind and generous compassionated her position, the worldly-wise of a court, which, modelled upon that of France, was a college of shrewdness and double dealing, decreed that her majesty was grievously to blame. She was guilty of a blunder, and at court a blunder is more exceptionable than a crime. What business had she to give way to her feelings? Nay, what business had a queen *with* feelings?—convulsions and hysterics are the constitutional frailties of a chambermaid or sempstress. To be the daughter and mother of kings,—to say nothing of being the wife—it is indispensable that the impulses of the mind should overmaster the impulses of the body; and as for jealousy, had his majesty required of her to take to her arms a score of the mistresses he had notoriously taken to his, it was her policy to submit. And is not policy both law and gospel to a royal conscience?

So reasoned the Buckhursts, Rochesters, Buckinghams, and so, alas! *pretended* to reason one whose principles should have been of firmer texture. Clarendon was required by his royal master not only to be of the same opinion, but with all his force of eloquence impress it upon the queen; and whereas the chancellor, like the devil, could quote scripture to his purpose, he succeeded in proving to the weeping Caterina, by means of a hundred of the proverbs of Solomon and fifty of the precepts of St. Paul, that it was the duty of a wife to submit to every mode and modification of insult and injury inflicted upon her patience by her lawful husband. Had not Hyde already held the seals, his loyal sophistry would have merited the reward of a mitre.

The queen submitted—whether to the eloquence of Clarendon, or because her countrywomen having been sent back to Lisbon on pretence of the displeasure of the people, she feared she might be sent after them. At the close of a painful struggle which tarnished the lustre of her dark eyes, and withered her young cheek, she consented to accept the services of Lady Castlemaine as her lady in waiting; and while the wedded courtiers of King Charles exclaimed to their chaste spouses, "Behold a model for wives!—honour to the royal Griselda!"—the courtiers, who had condemned her sullenness, when she ventured to oppose the pleasure of the king, despised her instability now that she gave in her submission. They were angry with the patience with which she resigned herself to become the most unhappy of women.

For so amiable was the unpretending character of the queen, that it was no consolation to *her*, when, soon afterwards, her insolent rival was visited by humiliations equal to her own. Though carefully apprised by the gossip of Miss Middleton and others of her maids of honour, with whom, as nearest of her own age, she chiefly associated, that it was no longer the bright eyes of the countess which nightly attracted the king to sup in her apartments at Whitehall, his majesty having made it the condition of his visits that the young and lovely granddaughter of Lord Blantyre should never be absent from her entertainments; while the homage tendered to Miss Stewart by Buckingham and the rest of the courtiers left not the countess a moment in doubt of the estrangement of the affections of her royal lover.

In this new scandal the queen saw only cause for sorrow. It was no comfort to her that others were to be made as miserable as herself. Her wife-like resignation, meanwhile, afforded no pretext to the king for further harshness or discourtesy. In the intervals of his banquets with the Castlemaine and flirtations with the Stewart, he deported himself with decency towards the poor moping sallow thing from whom his unkindness had extracted all the bloom and sprightliness of youth; and as Katharine was constantly assured by the selfishness of her ladies that the only mode to attract the king to her society was to maintain the brilliancy of the court by a series of entertainments such as he had been in the habit of enjoying previous to her arrival in England, her majesty willingly lent herself to the suggestion. The summer was come—the session over—the court was enjoying itself at Hampton—a spot endeared to Katharine by the memory of those happy hopes with which it had inspired her bridal hours; and though the transient dream had vanished, it was something to linger in the place by whose associations it was recalled to mind.

To the common routine of balls, given alternately by her majesty and the Duchess of York, and kept up chiefly by the members of their united households, a charming variation was proposed by the Comte de Comminges, a suggestion borrowed from the fêtes he had witnessed at Fontainebleau and St. Germain on occasion of the marriage of the young king his master with the Infanta of Spain. Instructions were given by his excellency's secretaries with a degree of zeal becoming the occasion, for the ordering of a *bal costumé* at court; and the Chevalier de Grammont and other foreign adventurers, by whom the circle of the easy monarch was beset, exerted themselves to do honour to the occasion by the exercise of the utmost magnificence and taste. Her majesty, whose notions did not overstep the common-place freedoms of the masquerades in vogue at the court of Lisbon, hailed with delight the prospect of an entertainment where brilliancy was not to be purchased at the cost of decorum.

It was but a few days previous to the promised fête that Charles, at the conclusion of the hasty yet ceremonious morning visit to the queen which comprised his conjugal civilities for the day, expressed a desire that, in addition to the invitations issued, a list of which had been submitted to his approval, there might be despatched in her majesty's name a command to attend the fête to " the Lady Lovell."

" The name methinks is unfamiliar to me?" observed the queen, musingly.

" The lady, a peeress by estate, having been resident in the provinces since your majesty's arrival in this country, hath not yet enjoyed the honours of presentation," replied the king; " but being at present detained in Westminster by the process of a law-plea, I am desirous that a personage of such rare merit and distinction should, on her return to her estates, bear back to her country cousins tidings of the hospitalities and refinements of the court of her sovereign."

Had his majesty seen fit to add " rare beauty " to his communications of the excellencies of Lady Lovell, there had been more virtue in the ready acquiescence with which his request was fulfilled by the queen.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was at the malicious suggestion of the Duke of Bucks that this royal invitation had been devised. After paying two thousand pistoles for the *dis*satisfaction of not *beholding* Lord Lovell's wife, he was determined to enjoy the satisfaction and revenge of beholding her at the expense of his lordship.

Lady Lovell had been reluctantly compelled to visit the metropolis by a citation from the high court of Exchequer, at the suit of her husband; and generously apprehensive of entangling the hot temper of the old general in family disputes, or an over-frank exposition of his grievances against the king, she had declined the escort of Sir Richard.

" 'Tis natural she should have more confidence in a younger head and younger arm than in those of the cavalier," reflected Sir Richard, after hearing from his fair niece an entreaty that she might be accompanied only by Master Shum and his wife! . "But no matter! With God's blessing, she will need no aid of mine. Dame Corbet's son, as they tell me, holds high office in chancery; and as Nancy is to abide under his roof, no fear of her wanting protection."

Nevertheless, when fairly established in the household of the somewhat pragmatical son of her excellent governess, Lady Lovell, though satisfied as ever that the choleric old soldier was not exactly the man to advance her law-plea, or escort her through the silken mazes of a court, could not help longing for companionship of a more suitable nature than that of her demure auditor, or the mouthing master in chancery, who bewildered her understanding with technical phrases, instead of enlightening it with facts. Good old Elias Wright was now infirm beyond all power of rendering her assistance; and though, previous to his surrender of her affairs, he had carefully instructed his nephew in all matters appertaining to the mortgage of the Lovell estates, Lady Lovell foresaw that she had lost much in the warmth and circumstantiality of evidence derivable from eye-witness alone. Neither Master Shum nor herself would be able to do justice to the disinterestedness of all parties in the transaction, saving that sullen son and husband who, after rejecting as a gift the property preserved from sequestration by a deed in which even the searching eyes of the Commonwealth were unable to find a flaw, was now eager to invade with the strong arm of the law the estates he had not chosen to accept as a freewill offering.

As far, however, as the professional prolixity of Master Corbet enabled her to approach an opinion, Lady Lovell understood that she had nothing to fear from the proceedings instituted against her, beyond the unpleasant exposure of her family disagreements. Nay, it was shrewdly hinted by certain of the long heads and big wigs retained in her behalf, that Lord Lovell had commenced his suit only as an appeal to the liberality of his royal master; by proving to him in open court that he was *minus* an estate most dear to him, and *plus* a wife most detested, because the last gold piece of that faithful subject, his sire, had been sacrificed to the interests of that faithless king, his sovereign. A stronger bond of family obligation could scarcely be shown on record!

But this version of the case was indignantly rejected by the fair defendant in the cause of Lovell *versus* the trustees of Lovell. Grounding her judgment rather on the physiognomical traits displayed in his portrait than upon the moral traits evinced in his proceedings, she chose to attribute his opposition to pride and a sense of justice; prone, like all generous spirits, to appreciate the conscientiousness of others by her own.

Provoked by her wilful blindness, Master Corbet next suggested that—notwithstanding the worthiness of her cause as a matter of law—that subtle essence of jurisprudence called "equity" might in the hour of trial appear to hover like a freakish Will-o'-the-wisp over the adverse party; and by some concatenation of arguments which her ladyship found it difficult to follow, he even advised her that, if she possessed influential friends either *in* court or *at* court, Madam Themis might perhaps be made to see the clearer for a pair of spectacles of their providing. But, at the mere hint of such corrupt practices, Lady Lovell's indignation burst forth. She would hear of no deviation from the strictest and most straightforward path of rectitude and course of law!

"Under your ladyship's favour, madam," remonstrated Master Corbet, "if your object be, as I conclude, *success*, no reasonable means ought to be neglected. For weeks and months hath my Lord Lovell been occupied in creating a party for himself to the prejudice of your ladyship. To the great world you are personally unknown; to the legal world represented as a despoiler—nay, almost as an impostor —a woman of low birth and habits, engrafted by chicanery upon the noble stock of a ruined house. It is vitally important that this dire impression should be counteracted."

"Be it effected, then, by fair and open means!" cried Lady Lovell, with glowing cheeks. "If it be needful to establish my respectability in the eyes of the world, my father's kinswoman, the old Countess of Carlisle, shall present me at court, according to her frequent proposition. As a peeress of the realm, I am entitled to a private audience of their majesties."

Scarcely an hour after despatching a formal request to the lady in waiting for the appointment of a suitable occasion for this purpose, the royal invitation was placed in the hands of Lady Lovell. It was now too late to retract her petition; nor did she altogether regret that a private presentation was to preface the courtly publicity of the royal ball.

A day and an hour were instantly appointed. A small summer drawing-room of the old palace of Hampton Court, in the suite of state apartments overlooking the river, was usually selected by Queen Katharine for receiving those privileged persons admitted to private audience. Nothing could be simpler than this unadorned chamber. The mouldings and wainscotings were of pure white, and the hangings of pale sea-green damask; a chair and footstool, somewhat richer than the rest, alone indicating the place of the queen, whose appearance and demeanour were far from being of an imposing character. Dingy in complexion, heavy in countenance and deportment, Katharine was seen to peculiar disadvantage amid the bevy of youthful beauties selected to compose her household. But though the first impressions produced by the young queen were far from favourable, scarcely had she given utterance to the customary compliments, when Lady Lovell felt prepossessed in her behalf. In speaking, her large dark eyes became, if not animated, expressive and benign; and there was an indication of helplessness in her broken English, which accorded well with her foreign and almost girlish appearance. The blazing and audacious beauty of Lady Castlemaine "paled its ineffectual fires" before the mild lustre of her meekness, which well became the august position of one who has nothing to attain by self-assumption.

To the venerable countess the deportment of the youthful queen was almost respectful,—to the country lady under her protection simply gracious. But while Lady Carlisle regarded her sovereign in admiration of a deportment so different from that of the haughty lady she had last beheld inhabiting those walls,—the domineering Henrietta Maria,—Lady Lovell regarded her with far deeper interest, as an unhappy woman, heart-broken by the indifference of her husband.

There is something peculiarly touching in the melancholy of a young heart stript suddenly of its illusions, and wrecked upon the arid and flinty shore of the world. Reared in that absolute ignorance of all things needful, peculiar to the insulated education of royalty, Katharine of Braganza, tenderly beloved by her brother Don Alphonso, had been taught to expect from her future consort the same affectionate deference she received at the court of Portugal; and from the moment the policy of Mazarin had decreed that the balance of power in Europe could only be maintained by the transference of so slight a weight in the scale as the hand of a princess of Braganza to the endurance of a king of England, Katharine was instructed that Britain was the garden of the world, and Charles Stuart an English mirror of the graces of Iberian chivalry. In becoming his wife she was to become the most fortunate of women and of queens!

In this charming illusion had she bidden adieu to the orange groves of Belem; and from her embarkation in the Tagus to the hour of setting foot on British ground, the gallantry of Lord Sandwich and his fleet was taxed to the utmost to maintain the deceit. Even her first interview with the king had failed to disenchant her imagination. The excitement of that moment imparted a charm to her countenance which the attraction of novelty in any shape served to enhance in the eyes of her fickle husband; nor was it till after the expiration of a week or two the attentions paid in her very presence to the favourite mistress roused her indignation, and her indignation was publicly reprimanded by the dismissal of her Portuguese attendant, that the queen gave way to a despair which with the king's courtiers passed thenceforward under the name of sullenness.

The heart of Charles II.—if so flimsy a thing deserves to pass under that noble designation—resembled in nature certain birds which, though easily brought down by a first shot, are never to be reapproached if once suffered to get wing. The queen had lost that golden opportunity which she had misconstrued into the mere prelude to a life of happiness, and the advantage was never to be regained. All was over! —love, hope, joy,—the prospects of domestic life, of loving children, of a calm and contented decline brightened by the reminiscences of a happy youth! Deserted, despised, an object of pity to some and contempt to others, Katharine beheld the homage of the courtiers dedicated before her face to Lady Castlemaine, leaving her abandoned and desolate in a foreign country—no tender hand to dry her tears—no friendly spirit to afford her counsel; her only chance of securing even the decent courtesies of her husband, depending upon the degree of patience with which she might be disposed to support the insults of her rival.

With a sympathy readily to be understood did Lady Lovell regard the dispirited young foreigner, who, having the misfortune to be a queen in addition to that of being a neglected wife, was debarred the consolations of independence and personal enjoyment which brightened her own career; and as if conscious of the kindly thoughts passing in her bosom, Katharine, perceiving that her fair visiter was able to converse fluently in French, entered more readily into conversation. It was a bright sunny autumnal day. Miss Middleton and Miss Warmester, the attendant maids of honour, had profited by the momentary absence of the lady in waiting to saunter forth into a stone balcony abutting from the adjoining chamber, in order to display themselves to the admiration of a few idlers in the gardens below, and indulge in many criticisms at their expense. The queen, left alone with the Countess di Panetra and her two guests, felt comparatively happy and at ease, when, suddenly, repeated bursts of laughter from the antechamber caused the brow of Katharine to become overclouded, and the eyes of Panetra to sparkle with indignation. The aged Countess of Carlisle, a rare visiter at court, expected every moment to find her majesty's page in waiting despatched to inquire the origin of this indecorous mirth; but, to her surprise, no notice was taken. It was in this guise that the approach of the king usually announced itself to his wife. But Lady Lovell was wholly unsuspicious of his majesty's proximity, when the precipitate return of the Lady Berkeley managed to precede by a moment the entrance of a tall, heavy-looking, richly-accoutred personage, remarkable chiefly for an air of slouching self-possession, who, but for the humility of the queen's countenance, as she rose from her seat to do him honour, it would have been difficult to invest with the poetical "divinity which doth hedge a king." Her fancy had depicted him better looking—better bred; for in place of the deference testified by his consort to the gray hairs of the Countess of Carlisle, *he* noticed the old lady's obeisance merely by a careless inclination of the head; and, in pure listlessness, suffered both her majesty and her companions to remain standing, while, with an abstracted air, he went through the ceremonies of an inquiry touching her majesty's projects of pastime for the morning.

It was not till the close of Katharine's almost tremulous replies to a long series of idle questions, that the eyes of the king chanced to fall upon a graceful form, half-hidden behind the yellow satin vertugadin of the Countess di Panetra. In a moment his whole demeanour changed. The careless husband disappeared, and the graceful cavalier stood in his place, as, bending towards her Majesty, he inquired the name of the stranger.

"I conceived it unnecessary, sir, to present the Lady Lovell to your notice, conceiving, from your observations of yesterday, that her ladyship was well known to you," replied Katharine, a slight tinge of red becoming perceptible on her swarthy cheek as she glanced suspiciously towards her guest.

"I regret to own myself less fortunate than your majesty has been pleased to suppose me," replied the king, coolly; and with a more respectful air he signified his desire for presentation. An ironical smile passed between the two damsels of honour, who had now taken up their position behind the chair of Katharine, on perceiving a certain unusual air of embarrassment pervade the deportment of the king, when he found that of the country lady wholly devoid of flurry or confusion. The noble countenance of Lady Lovell remained unchanged, and her air serene, while he addressed her; for it was not the witty companion of Etherege and Buckhurst, it was not the gay comrade of Buckingham and Rochester, *she* discerned in the dangerous Charles Stuart. She beheld in him only a man who neglected to pay his debts of honour to a living subject, and his debts of gratitude to a dead one; and in spite of the easy grace of his person, and gallantry of his address, she despised the unprincipled and ungenerous master of the elder Lovells.

That the impression produced by her own beauty upon his majesty was of a very different nature, was perceptible to every female witness of the scene. The transitory bloom produced by his arrival faded from the cheek of the queen when she observed the king gradually recede to the window overlooking the gardens, so as to compel Lady Lovell to follow him, and stand somewhat apart from the circle, while he proceeded to interrogate her touching the progress of the law-proceedings instituted against her. Already poor Katharine beheld in Lady Carlisle's protégée a new enemy arrayed against her peace; and no longer inclined to pursue her cheerful chat with the venerable countess, who, nearly fifty years before had been resident, with the earl her husband, at the court of Lisbon, she sank into a desponding reverie.

"Much as I could desire that this suit were amicably adjusted, and inexplicable as *now* appear to me the differences subsisting between your ladyship and Lord Lovell," observed the king, in reply to the exposition of facts he had demanded, "I grieve to be under the necessity of avowing that I foresee no conclusion to the dispute, save under the rigid interpretation of the law. Hitherto, madam, let me admit that my wishes have sided with an old companion in arms, the son of a most loyal subject; but since, from the moment of this interview, I feel that it will be impossible for me to remain the partisan of my friend, I shall strive to dismiss the matter from my thoughts, till the issue be formally communicated to me by the Lord Chancellor. Meanwhile be the Lady Lovell assured, that whatever sentence is decreed by the wisdom of the law, it will at all times be most gratifying to her majesty and myself to welcome her at court with the attentions due to her personal merits."

A silent obeisance was the only answer to be tendered to so flattering an intimation; but when, after a moment's silence, the king proceeded in a lower voice to express his hopes that her ladyship had received an invitation to the approaching fête, Lady Lovell ventured to outrage the rules of etiquette by an entreaty that, in her present unprotected and delicate situation, she might be permitted to absent herself from the brilliant scene. It would be extremely painful to her feelings, she said, to hazard a personal encounter with Lord Lovell.

"His lordship's presence at court, madam, depends for the future upon the signification of your wishes," replied the king, still more and more fascinated by the sensibility which glowed in the countenance of the fair stranger; "for hitherto it has depended upon mine. No invitation will be issued to his lordship that can place an impediment to the satisfaction I promise myself in your ladyship's presence at Hampton."

And straightway quitting the window with a profound bow, which admitted of no rejoinder or expostulation, the king bent his steps towards Katharine, with whom he entered into conversation in so gracious and confidential a tone, that the circle accepted it as a token of dismissal, and retiring in a group into the adjoining antechamber, the countess and her protegée found themselves at liberty to depart.

But the odour of royal favour had now sanctified the fair stranger! Without an exception, the ladies present crowded round the countess to claim an introduction to her lovely kinswoman. Lady Berkeley was at the trouble to inform her of the precise moment at which it would be desirable to enter the ball-room on the following evening, so as to be in waiting for the appearance of their majesties; and had not Lady Carlisle interfered with an assurance that her niece, Lady Capel, had already undertaken to escort her rustic cousin to the ball, Lord Lovell's rejected wife would have been overpowered by the chaponerage of as many fair courtieresses as are ever to be found at the service of any fortunate individual illustrated by the light of a king's countenance.

"You have succeeded to a miracle, my dear child," said the old lady as she settled herself for a doze in the carriage on their way to town. "During my fifty years' experience I remember no such successful *debût.* In the whole course of my service I never received from the queen-mother a tenth part of the courtesies bestowed upon us this single morning by her majesty; and, as to the king, I could only desire that his homage were somewhat less warmly demonstrated. How is all this, my dear Lady Lovell? Are you sincere in your assurance that this is the first time of your quitting your rural seclusion? Yet why should I feel amazed? *Beau sang se fait connaître;* and the best blood in England was intermingled in the veins of your father."*

---

* To be continued.

SONNET.

TO A PORTRAIT OF LADY JANE GREY,

By Hans Holbein.

Most beautiful! how from the inner mind
  Grace is diffused to every outward part!
  A queen indeed, of love a queen thou art:
What feminine soul is through those eyes divin'd,
What tenderness is in that breast enshrin'd!
  Alas! not framed ambition's schemes to thwart,
  Thy fitting empire were the human heart—
To heal, to soothe, to soften, and unbind.
  Yet better than a world of weary rule
Were thy ten days of sovereignty: thence back
  Sad pace we from fresh air and violets cool,
Into the old and beaten royal track;
  Unto a real queen of blood of gold—
  The hard, the dull, the cruel, and the cold.

Richard Howitt.

MEMS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.[1]

BY LAUNCELOT LAMPREY.

> " Chi va lontan' dalla sua patria, vede
> Cose da quel che gia credea, lontane."

No. VIII.

Departure from Biscari—Brigands—A false alarm—" Wants a situation "—A Ghost Story—The Madonna of Chiaramonte—Polemics and Pallazuoli.

The rusty clang of the gate-bell roused me in the morning, and announced the arrival of Domenico with his mules. We were soon in the saddle. The whole *posse comitatûs* of the brotherhood poured out to bid us farewell, and Antonio, in the midst of a thousand thanks for the dollar which was dropped into his expectant palm, recommended us to the convent of Pallazuoli as our resting-place for the night.

" Addio," said we.

" Benedicite," said the capuchins,—and we departed.

Soon after we left the convent we entered a small forest of cork trees. Domenico, as usual, led the way, perched on the croupe of one of the baggage-horses, and keeping up a shrieking whoop, which was possibly intended for a song. As the path curled like a snake through the underwood, he was generally out of sight, and the only intimation of his presence was this running accompaniment, rising and falling with the wind that came sighing through the foliage.

" Sweet nightingale !" said the doctor; but suddenly reining up his mule, while his usually ruddy cheek turned to a deep brick colour, he added—" Who the deuce is that ?"

" Who is what ?" said Igins, following with his eye the direction pointed out by the doctor's index finger, which rested on a clump of bushes a little in advance.

" What's in the wind now, doctor ?" said Dawson, after a glance over the *terrain*, without discovering anything more alarming than the rustling leaves.

" Brigands, my boys !" said Danks, coolly extracting from his coat-pocket a short matter-of-fact looking pistol with a portentously large bore, which had been at the storming of Seringapatam, and had been presented to the doctor by a red-coated cousin of his own, with the recommendation of its having sent six-feet-two of dingy humanity to its long account. " Brigands, my boys !"

" Nonsense, doctor," said Dawson, clapping his hand into the pocket of his shooting-jacket.

" Nonsense, doctor," said Igins, getting into the rear.

" Nonsense, doctor," said I, feeling, I confess, a kind of cold-watery sensation about the præcordia.

---

[1] Continued from p. 319.

"It's as true as the forty-seventh," reiterated the doctor, cocking his weapon. "The scoundrels are down among the underwood—look there!"

Sure enough, from behind the black-barked stem of a cork tree a head muffled in a hood was slowly and cautiously protruded. With a stealthy glance it looked down the path by which Domenico had passed, and seemed to listen for a moment to the receding tread of the horses. Its glance was then turned upon us, and I could almost fancy I saw the dark eyes glisten as they looked. A jet-black beard did not increase the amiability of the gentleman's appearance.

"Confound it," said the doctor, "if we give them time to aim, we shall be shot down like partridges. Come, my lads, charge!"

Down the path cantered Lo Zingaro, bearing the doctor with a pistol cocked in his right-hand ready for action. Down the path poured the rest of the troop in somewhat irregular array; Igins, who was unarmed, bringing up the rear, and galloping to death or glory with a most lugubrious expression of countenance. His mule, however, would not be denied, and was rapidly getting into the van, when, just as the doctor got abreast of the supposed ambuscade, a brown-robed capuchin rose from among the underwood. The mule sprang aside, the doctor lost his balance in clutching at the pommel, the pistol went off, (the ball kicking up a dust in the road, and very nearly making cat's-meat of Lo Zingaro,) down came the doctor among the long grass, and as the supposed brigand, springing forward to his assistance, placed him on his sitting part, he looked up, and found that his valet on the occasion was Antonio.

"Oh, che disgrazia!" said the capuchin.

The doctor looked at Antonio, then at the pistol, from the muzzle of which the smoke was still eddying, and laughed, and rubbed his shoulder till, either from the laughing or the pain, or both, the tears ran over his cheeks.

"Is your excellency hurt?" said Antonio.

"Not a bit of it, my dear fellow," said the doctor, getting to his feet; "but it is a mercy that you hav'n't got an ounce of lead in your midriff. What brought you here?"

"I ask pardon, eccellenza; I hope your excellency will not be angry—oh, Dio mio! I am so sorry," said Antonio, half crying, as he rubbed the dust with the skirt of his robe from the doctor's habiliments; "I wished to speak to your excellency without Domenico seeing me, and came through the underwood from the convent. Oh, Dio mio, that I should have hurt your excellency! Mi rincresce eccellenza, mi rincresce assaissimo."

"Pooh! never mind it, man," said the doctor, "we are both in luck that it is no worse. What have you got to say to me? There can surely be nothing wrong about Domenico," he added to us in English. "He's no brigand, I'll be bound."

"I would wish to go with you," said Antonio, clasping his hands, and looking with tearful eyes imploringly in the doctor's face. "If your excellency would only take me for your servant, I would serve you with heart and soul *fin' alla morte.* I want no wages," he added, as the astonished doctor shook his head; "only a morsel of bread, and I would go with you over the wide world. Indeed, indeed I would try to please you, and I am sure, very sure, you would never have cause to regret having taken il povero Antonio along with you."

"It is impossible, Antonio," said the doctor. "In the first place you are a Capuchin."

"I know it," said Antonio, shaking his head; "but if your excellency will only say you will allow me to go with you, I can be a contadino in a twinkling, and will meet you at Syracuse."

"But are you tired of your present life?"

"Perdutamente! signor. I was young—very young, when I began it, and I cannot bear it any longer. I am young still, and I find that life is good for something better than begging for a convent. Pray let me go with you!"

"I cannot do any such thing, Antonio," said the doctor. "I have no need of a servant, and if I had, I would not, on any account, encourage you in a step of which you might afterwards repent. It is a long way to England, and once there you would soon wish yourself back again. You had better remain at Biscari."

"That I will not," said Antonio firmly. "I should have been happy—oh, so happy! if you would have taken me with you; but, ahi! poor Antonio must push his fortune by himself. Addio, signori, may God bless you—I hear Domenico coming back with the mule."

So saying he drew his cowl over his head, and was lost among the underwood.

He had scarcely disappeared when Domenico came in view, wearing on his face an expression of the greatest consternation, and urging Lo Zingaro to the top of his speed by *digging* the goad into his shoulder, accompanying each application with that pithy *Agh!* which on the lips of a Sicilian muleteer expresses the most venomous malignity towards the animal whose progress he thus endeavours to accelerate.

"Ma! cosa è? 'ccellenza, cosa è arrivato?" he exclaimed, as he reined up his mule. "Santa Caterina! is there any body killed?" And the great fellow turned pale, and his teeth chattered as if he had seen a spectre.

"O no, Domenico," said the doctor; "I was only trying a shot, and Lo Zingaro wouldn't stand fire. Come! don't sit gaping there, but dismount."

Domenico did dismount without a word, and held the stirrup for the doctor, looking stealthily round the while among the cork trees. There was clearly some mystery that he could not fathom.

"Oh, Dio mio, there he is," he exclaimed, dropping the stirrup. "Ahi! ahi!" and off he dashed down the path as fast as his fat would permit, bellowing and blubbering as he ran, like a schoolboy after a whipping.

The doctor being once more steady in the saddle, we posted after the fugitive at a smart trot, wondering what could have caused all this alarm, and laughing in chorus at the droll Sancho Panza looking figure that bowled along before us, every inequality of the rough road introducing into his song a sudden *crescendo*, the effect of which was extremely ludicrous. In vain we called on him to stop—the noise of the mules and our mingled voices served only to increase his alarm. There was no room to pass, and by getting in front intercept his progress, so that we could only follow in his train until we arrived at the outskirts of the wood, where we found the baggage-horses tied to the boughs of a cork tree, on the edge of the wide plain that extended nearly the whole way to Chiaramonte.

"What *is* the matter? bestia che tu sei," exclaimed the doctor impatiently, as Domenico scrambled on the croupe of one of the horses, and urged him across the plain. "Have you bid good-by to the little wits you had?"

"Oh, the ghost, 'ccellenza!" said Domenico, gasping. "The ghost —didn't you see him? Agh!" and he again gave the horses' withers a punch with the goad.

"What ghost, you blockhead?" said the doctor.

"O the capuchin! the capuchin! I saw him once before;" and Domenico looked back with a shudder to the wood we had just left, somewhat reassured apparently by seeing that nothing supernatural was emerging from it. It was, however, some time before he had recovered breath and self-possession enough to give us an account of the circumstance which had caused his alarm. He did so at length only in reply to our repeated inquiries.

"Why, signori," he said, drawing a long breath as if to remove some oppression about the præcordia, while we gathered round him on the smooth and trackless sod over which we were passing, "I once saw in that wood the ghost of a capuchin, unless it was indeed"—and here he most devoutly made the sign of the cross—"the devil himself. I got a peep of his hood to-day again skulking among the bushes. It is so long since I saw him before that I had almost forgotten it, and began to think he was snug in Mongibello—but, mercy on us! he's here still."

There was a chorus of laughter from Domenico's audience, which brought the colour back with a rush to his cheeks. He again applied himself diligently to his goad, as he grumbled, "If you had seen what I have seen in that wood, you would not think it a thing to laugh at."

"Nay, Domenico," said Dawson, "a laugh is good for the health, and it breaks no bones. What was it, man, that you did see? Are you sure it was a ghost, and not a downright capuchin, after all?"

"Ha!" said Domenico, emphatically tossing his head, as much as to say I should think not; adding, in a parenthesis to his horse, "Andatevi, Satanasso!"

"Come, come, Domenico, let us hear it, and we'll not laugh any more."

"Well, signori," he said, beginning rather sulkily, but warming as he went on, "it was, I should think, about seven years ago—yes, it was just seven years ago—that I met, at the albergo at Biscari, two guides who were going from Syracuse to Palermo. I was going the other way, and stopped to give my mules a bit of bread, and take a bit of *caccio cavallo* for myself, before going on to Chiaramonte. One of the two was that little reprobate Giuseppe, who overtook us as we were leaving Segesta. He's a *briccone* that Giuseppe, and, what with his songs and his chatter, there's no rising from the table while he chooses to sit. Now I must tell you, signori, that I was then under a vow not to drink more than a flask of wine a day, and I had brought my allowance with me from Terra Nova. I had about half of it left when I got to Biscari, and, while my mules were feeding, I sat on a bench before the door of the albergo with Giuseppe and Adrian—that was the name of the other muleteer. So we talked and talked, that is, Giuseppe did, telling lies by the score about what he had done and what he had seen on his last journey, and joking and laughing with the landlady when she came to the door. A pretty merry landlady she was then; she's not ill-looking now, but if you had only seen her——"

"Skip the landlady, Domenico," said Dawson; "she had a very dirty face when we passed that way."

"Ah, 'ccellenza, when a woman has half a dozen children to take care of, and to work hard besides, she can't keep her face as clean as if she was a principessa; but, as I was saying, Giuseppe was chatting and joking with the landlady, when, emptying his glass, and setting it down, with a smack, on the bench, he says to her, laughing, 'By the way, have you seen Andrea since I was here?'

"'Dio me ne guardi!' said she, looking very serious, 'don't talk so, Giuseppe. You had better let *him* alone, or you'll suffer for it some day. He nearly frightened an old woman of Chiaramonte out of her senses about a fortnight ago, and I expect he'll tear your little body limb from limb one day or other, if you go on in this way.'

"'Give him some trouble,' said Giuseppe, kicking out his bow leg, 'I'm pretty tough.'

"'Now do have done, Giuseppe,' said the landlady, 'you have had too much wine, and don't know what you're saying. I wish, at any rate, if you will talk so, it wouldn't be at my door.'

"'But who is Andrea?' said I.

"'Hush!' said the landlady, 'don't talk of him.'

"'Why, I'll tell you who they say he was,' said Giuseppe, taking another good drink of wine. Nay, don't run away, cara mia. You will go, will you?' (and slap went the door.) 'Why, what silly things these women are! You must know, then, Domenico,' said he, 'that there's a ghost haunts the little wood of cork trees between this and Chiaramonte. They say he was a capuchin, who hanged himself for love long ago, but whether that was his reason, or whether he hanged himself at all, was never, I believe, very well made out. However, it is certain; that his ghost is seen now and then by old women and little boys, and that he wears the ghost of a robe, and is girded with the ghost of a rosary. There is no doubt about his lodging in the wood, and, if you doubt it, you may ask the landlady.'

"Well, signori, Adrian, and Giuseppe, and I sat and talked until near sunset, and I still took another drink of wine. It seemed as if my little wooden wine-keg would never run dry, and I began to think I never had had so much drinking out of one flask of wine in my life, when, as I happened to turn suddenly round, I found Giuseppe had been pouring Marsala in as fast as I took it out. Now you may suppose, signori, I was rather angry at being cheated into breaking my vow, and if Adrian and the landlady had not held me, I was determined to give Giuseppe a beating he would not soon have forgotten.

After some angry words we sat down again, and he told me very coolly, laughing all the time, that he made it a rule never to quarrel with anybody over his wine—above all, with an old friend. So when he found I could not be angry with him, what do you think he did, signori? why, cospetto! he persuaded me that as I was an inch over the head I might as well be a fathom, and before we parted he made me pay for two flasks more, and help to drink them. O he has a tongue like a snake—Giuseppe.

"Well, at last I started for Chiaramonte, but I didn't feel at all easy in my mind at what I had been doing, and I wished Giuseppe *là giù.* The moon had risen, but there was still a little daylight in the west. As I travelled on, I couldn't help somehow thinking of the capuchin, and I whistled and sang, and said my prayers, to drive him out of my head, but it was of no use. The moon was very bright, but I could not help fancying, when I got into the wood, that its light had a curious blueness I never had observed before. The mule that I was riding stopped and snorted every now and then, a thing he was not at all in the habit of doing. Indeed he stopped so suddenly, that one would have thought he saw something right before him, and two or three times he nearly threw me out of the saddle. I thought this was very strange, but I wasn't much afraid, and I said over the seven penitential psalms, to keep away all evil spirits. Well, I went on in this way, the mule stopping every now and then, until I got near about the centre of the wood, when, at a turn in the road, the mule attempted to walk right into the bushes. I pulled and pulled to make him keep the path, but he was strong-headed and obstinate, and it was more than I could do to manage him. So after I had been trying a while to get him into the right way, I was much surprised to see on a sudden one of the trees moving slowly out from among the rest, and stopping right in the middle of the road that I wanted to go. You may suppose, signori, this seemed very strange to me, and I sat still in the saddle, looking at the tree for a good while. At last I turned my eyes from it, and looked to the right side and to the left, to see if there was any other way; but I could not see any, for a cloud had come over the moon. Well, signori, the cloud passed away, and when I looked at the spot where the tree had been, cospetto! there was a tall capuchin, with his hands behind his back, looking steadily at the mule with all his might. His beard was as black as charcoal, his face was white—very white, and there was a curious wavering blue light in his eye that I could see glancing over the head and neck of the mule, as he looked at it. I'll not deny my being desperately frightened, but whether it was the Marsala, or the seven penitential psalms, or what it was, I don't think, signori miei, that I was half so frightened as I was to-day at the sight of him in broad daylight. I looked at him very long and very hard, but he never said a word, only looking all the time at the mule and the trees, for his eyes rolled in his head, and I could see where his looks fell by the light they left upon everything. Now I don't know how it was, the longer I looked at him the less I was afraid, and at last, after a long pause, I plucked up courage, and said, 'Ebbene, Signor Andrea, come sta.' Signori, I had hardly said the words, when he looked up right in my face. Diamine! his two eyeballs looked like two suns, that fairly blinded me, and I could not see anything but themselves—rolling and blazing. At last he looked down, I suppose, for I saw him again, standing with his hands behind his back, his face as white as ever.

" 'Domenico!' said he, in a hollow voice.

" 'Eccomi, signor,' said I, for, signori miei, there is no use in speaking uncivilly, even to the devil himself.

" 'Will you give me a ride?' he said, in the same voice, without raising his eyes. 'I'm very tired.'

" 'Have you gone far?' I said.

" 'Yes,' he replied.

" 'Where are you going?' said I.

" 'I am going to Mongibello,'* said he.

" I was a good deal surprised at this, and I was just thinking with myself what I should do, for I didn't like his company, and I was afraid to say so, when, per Dio! the glance of his eyes passed across mine like a flash of lightning, and before I recovered my sight, he was sitting behind me. Off we went like an arrow, for the mule was as frightened as I was, and that was very frightened indeed. Off we went, stretching down the rough path as if it had been a green sod, the capuchin squeezing me round the waist till I thought he would have fairly cut me in two, and kicking with his heels like the devil. Oh, Dio mio! I wonder the fright did not kill me. The trees seemed to fly past us. I felt his breath at the back of my neck as hot as fire, and I could see the light from his eyes glancing past me, first on the one side and then on the other. His voice boomed among the trees like a tempest, as he shouted 'Via, via!' and spurred on the mule faster and faster. The sweat poured down my brow, and the poor mule was as if he had been in a river. The hot steam rose from him in a cloud, and rushed by me as we went. We swept through the cork trees and across the plain, over bank, and ditch, and river, making the water fly as high as the steeple at Palermo, when we plunged in. Where we went or how we went I don't know, for there was a mist before my eyes, and so fast we flew that I could not distinguish any one thing in the crowd that hurried past. For hours and hours we kept flying on, and though the mule panted as if he would have dropped, he went as fast as ever. At last (and I thought I should have died outright) I lifted up my eyes, and there straight before me was the top of Mongibello. I could not see the mountain itself, but there was the light from it flashing every now and then over the sky, which was as dark as pitch between, for the moon had gone down and the stars had vanished. On we went, and I could hear the hoofs of the mule clattering over the hard lava. On, on, for hours, up the mountain, and the flash grew nearer and nearer, and brighter and brighter. We got at last to the bottom of the cone, and then I thought with myself, bewildered as I was, that the mule could go no further; but, cospetto! on he went, panting and gasping, but still tearing along over the loose ashes as fast as ever—on he went, and at one bound sprang far into the abyss from which the red flame and the blazing stones rose with a noise like thunder, mingled with a screaming laugh close at my ear from the capuchin.

---

* Mount Etna.

'Lord preserve me! said I, when we went over the edge, and letting go the reins, down we went, rushing through the sulphur-smoke—my breath and senses left me.

"Well, signori, when I came to myself, there I was, lying among the cork trees yonder. The morning was just breaking; I was cold and stiff, and had a cut on my forehead, that, as you may see, has left a mark I shall carry with me to the grave. My mule was lying at some distance, with his bridle broken, his saddle gone, and his ribs torn by the spurs. How I came back or he came back, Dio lo sa! This I know, I wouldn't for all this world, and that's a good deal, have such a ride again."

"Did you ever tell this to Giuseppe, Domenico?" said the doctor.

"'Ccellenza, si."

"And what did he say?"

"Why, laughed, 'ccellenza! as if it were the best joke in the world. He always does; he'd laugh at anything, Giuseppe."

As we stretched across the plain, which was one of the most extensive we had seen in Sicily, the doctor amused himself with a cross-examination of Domenico as to the further particulars of his ghostly ride, enhancing the poor muleteer's terrors by divers tales of gramarye, and sundry horrific suggestions as to the possibility of the ghost having come back with the determination to run off with Domenico, and make no mistake this time.

Portions of the plain were cultivated, and these gave bright promise of an abundant harvest; though, even amid the richest corn, thick clumps of the palmetta bore testimony to the careless, "canna-be-fash'd" style of Sicilian agriculture. In this, as in everything else, the Sicilian likes to come as near his beloved *far niente* as he can, by doing *next* to nothing.

Our route rose towards Chiaramonte as we commenced the ascent of the mountains that here form the central chain of Sicily, and we drew up for breakfast at the door of a miserable hovel that served for an albergo. It was situated, however, in a small square, composed on three sides of buildings similar in character to itself, while the fourth was filled up by the front of a large and splendid church, predominating in strange contrast over the mass of poverty and wretchedness with which it was surrounded. It was evident, as we dismounted, that something important was in progress. The inhabitants were clustered about the church door, and several officials were busily engaged in placing round the square a line of some hundreds of petards, with a small train of powder to each. It was the festival of the Madonna of Chiaramonte.

"Now, Dawson, my boy," said the doctor, "it is my duty to be out, and your turn to attend to the cookery while I go to church. So see that the tea is infused, the toast buttered, and the eggs boiled in half an hour to a minute, or you'll be turned off without a month's wages. Come, lads."

So leaving Dawson and the baggage-horses in a circle of admiring strangers, we crossed the square and entered the church. The preparations for the festival were nearly completed; and if the exterior was of a pretension apparently inconsistent with the poverty of the worshippers domiciled around, much more so were the interior decorations. A gallery for the musicians had been erected on one side of the centre aisle, covered, as were other parts of the walls, with silk hangings. At the further end, above the altar, was the Madonna of Chiaramonte blazing with gold and silver, in an alcove of similar materials with those that ornamented the other parts of the building, but of a richer texture.

After sauntering about the church, and examining the droll votive offerings of wax and silver, legs, arms, and heads, representing the identical legs, arms, and heads which had been benefited by the intercessions of the Madonna, we adjourned to our albergo. One small room, half shop half kitchen, opened to the street, and from this an ascent of a few steps led to an apartment at rather a higher level, one corner of which, by the falling in of the roof, was laid open to the light of day. This was our *salle-à-manger*.

Dawson, when we entered, was sitting beside the fire of wood-ashes, on which our tin saucepan, in default of a tea-kettle, was simmering, looking, with a droll expression of interest, into the face of the old landlady, who with her dark eyes, still bright, contrasting with her wrinkled and smoke-dried countenance, looked like a Norwood sibyl, reading his fate to some believing inquirer.

"Come here, old gentleman," said Dawson, as we entered, "you're a liberal, and wont drink the 'glorious, pious, and immortal.' I wish you heard this old lady's notion of popery, brass money, and wooden shoes. Come, sit down, and I dare say she'll go through her points of doctrine for you once more. She'll make an iconoclast of you, I'll venture to say, and set you bellowing No Popery—(or, as they write it up on the walls in College Green, No Poppery)—as loudly as the best of us. Come, madama," said he, addressing our hostess, "tell this gentleman the great things that your Madonna here can do."

"Ah! you've seen her," said the old lady in her Sicilian gibberish, addressing the doctor; "is she not bedda (bella)?"

"Oh! very pretty indeed," said the doctor.

"I knew you would think so," said she; and clasping her hands in enthusiasm, she proceeded to dilate, in the first place, on the personal perfections of their Madonna, and to draw certain invidious comparisons between her outward appearance and that of some in the neighbourhood. She then proceeded to her spiritual gifts, and, after several specific instances of the wonders she had wrought, assured us, that to take care of us while we lived, and charge of us when we died, there was no Madonna in Sicily to be compared to that of Chiaramonte.

"Well," said Dawson to the doctor, when she had done, "you think us Orange-and-Blue men illiberal when we talk of image-worship. Now, Dr. Danks, will you be good enough to draw the distinction between that and the creed of this very venerable and right reverend old lady on my left? Come, no flying off on a theory, doctor—practice, my boy, experimental philosophy! Don't talk to me of the Fathers. What's the belief of this old gentlewoman?—that's the question."

"My dear Dicky-bird," replied Danks, "I would no more think of taking the exposition of her church's creed from her, than I would of taking that of yours from you. A pretty mess you'd make of the doctrines of St. Athanasius, wouldn't ye, if you were asked to expound them, after all your terms at Trin. Coll. Dub.? 'Pon my life, Dick, I think a man who would take an ignorant old woman's word on such matters, is the most ignorant old woman of the two."

"Doctor," said Dawson, "you're——"

"What, Dick?"

"Beaten, my boy. I didn't ask her what was the creed of her church, but what it was to her—what the teaching of it had induced her to believe—what, in short——"

"O Dick! do come to breakfast;

'Pass round the tea, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages and reasoning fools.' '

And so saying, the doctor bolted up stairs to the other apartment.

While we were agreeably engaged in discussing the viands which Dawson had been preparing, the explosion of a petard announced the commencement of the service, and at the same time produced such a convulsive effect upon Igins, as to cause a sudden collapse of the primitive egg-cup, by the aid of which he was discussing the delicate *mangeaille* which the foresight of Domenico had picked up at Biscari, for Chiaramonte would have provided us with no such luxuries.

We hastily adjourned to the church, which now contained nearly all the population of Chiaramonte, and in which a very respectable orchestra, many of the individuals composing which were brought, as I understood, from a considerable distance, was engaged in performing the service. The music was very good. The elevation of the host was marked by the explosion of the petards in front of the church, which produced a louder explosion than their appearance promised, and kept up a most deafening din while they lasted.

By the time the service was over, Domenico was ready with the mules, and we proceeded on our way towards Syracuse in the midst of a stormy political discussion between Danks and Dawson; the latter making the proceedings we had just witnessed the text of an angry homily on church and state; and the doctor mischievously fanning the flame of our worthy friend's indignation, by drawing a quizzical parallel, after the fashion of Plutarch, between the Irish establishment and the church of Chiaramonte.

The scenery around us, when we had fairly entered upon the hilly country, was bleak and wretched in the extreme, while occasionally the dangers of the path were such as to put a stop even to the polemics of my two companions. The doctor's mule, indeed, had a fancy for being occasionally unruly, at the very time when a tranquil demeanour on his part would have been most desirable. On several occasions our road lay for a considerable distance along a layer of smooth stone, projecting from the hill-side, and hanging over a precipice of considerable height. The pieces composing this natural pavement were irregular, but fitting so closely as to resemble a street at Pompeii, or a fragment of the Via Appia. Indeed, it was difficult to believe, as we looked forward at the track winding before us into the valley, that it could be other than artificial, it seemed so like a fragment of those days when Roman giants walked the earth. All the hills around us, however, were of a similar formation. In some, of a conical shape, the layers were horizontal, and they presented the appearance of huge pyramids, with a succession of broad steps rising to the summit. The doctor had a narrow escape during our day's journey. The mule, as usual, like a member of the skating club, being partial to the "outside edge," the sod that fringed it broke away beneath his hinder feet. There was a desperate struggle for a second or so; but the doctor having instinctively thrown himself from the saddle, and the declivity at that spot not being so precipitous as to deprive the mule of all opportunity of retrieving his hold, a vigorous tug at the bridle preserved Lo Zingaro from a roll and tumble which would probably have spoiled his campaigning.

We slept at Pallazuoli, and again took refuge in the convent, the internal arrangements of which differed in no respect from those we had witnessed the evening before. We had time before sunset to take a hasty view of the excavations of the Baron Judica, who has discovered a great number of tombs. He has also laid open a small theatre, the seats of which are in a tolerable degree of preservation, and command a magnificent though distant prospect of Ætna. What a splendid addition to the stage decorations the old mountain must have been, placed in the very centre of the view! There it was now before us, clothed in the purple light that an Italian sunset gives, its column of smoke rising nearly perpendicular to the upper air, and then spreading like a thunder-cloud over its brindled summit.

"O Lamprey!" said the doctor sentimentally, as he bade us good night on retiring to his cell, "only think!"

"What, doctor?"

"Syracuse to-morrow, you dog;" and off he went along the corridor, holding his candlestick in the one hand, and snapping the finger and thumb of the other, as he muttered to himself something about Tycha, and Epipolæ, and Acradina, and Castra Atheniensium.

WILT THOU LOVE ME STILL?

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Wilt thou love me still, when I'm far away,
  And when all are gay about thee,
In the pensive light of thine eye betray
  Thou art lone and sad without me?
By the lonely Arno's silver stream,
  With a faith that's all unbroken,
Wilt thou sit on the gray moss-stone, and dream
  Of the words I there have spoken?

Wilt thou love me still, when the fleeting years
  Have come and gone without me,
And oft, in the gush of thy secret tears,
  Embalm sweet thoughts about me?
And O, my beloved, if again we meet,—
  Though in anguish now we sever,
Wilt thou bring me a faith as fond and sweet?
  Wilt thou still be the *same* as ever?

MARY AMBREE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHILLIS LEYTON," &c.

CHAPTER I.

> "Soe fares the unthrifty Lord of Lynne,
> Till all his gold is gone and spent,
> And he maun sell his lands soe broad,
> His house, and lands, and all his rent."
>
> THE HEIR OF LYNNE.

THAT devotion in woman which defies all censure for the sake of him she truly loves, and renounces all other ties to follow him wherever he may wander, we are prone, in these cold days, to regard as a mere fiction of our early poets, beautiful but unreal. They were not so faithless to human nature; but human nature was then of a more poetical, if you will of a more exalted character, than it seems to be now. Can we tell a tale of our times so romantic, and yet strictly so true, as the story of Mary Ambree?

The sun, his daily course now drawing near an end, was welking in the warm and gilded clouds prepared to receive his last smiles in the west, and shot levelly a few broad and dazzling rays through the parted boughs of the stately rank of poplars which bordered the garden wherein Mary Ambree was leisurely wandering, musing of her lover. Now she stooped to gather a flower, and now she paused to gaze upon a ring she toyed with in her hand, and then, in a mood wherein gentle lovers often feel themselves, especially if they are young and romantic, sighed while she watched the first trembling beams of the moon as her glowing disk was rising slowly from the east, and felt herself sweetly melancholy—why she knew not.

In this garden she had been coyly wooed, but the perseverance of her lover had triumphed, and the ring, her spousal ring, was the sign of his success. And her lively fancy was already enjoying, in anticipation, her wedding-day—that day of triumph to an ardent young woman, beyond which she seldom looks, and, for the gratification it furnishes, often bestows herself. Her garments of the costliest, herself more blooming and far richer even than her garments—the noble figure of her bridegroom, flaunting in gold and velvet—the admiration and ready praise of her bridesmaidens—the merry peal that would welcome her to church—the flowers strewed before her feet, and the greetings of the spectators on every side as she hurried through them to the altar—all rose before her young mind, and made her feel too happy, which feeling is near allied to sadness.

Yet there was not a dim spot in her future prospect, nor any in the brief track of life she had left behind her. She had been used from her infancy to all the indulgences wealth could lavish on her, and had been spared even the little vexations which fall to the lot of the fortunate if they have not some one devotedly watching over them to avert or conceal them. In childhood she never knew a wish ungratified, and when increase of age, and the perusal of an entire library of romances, taught her love might be one, and that a suitor, rich, handsome, gallant, and romantic, would render her existence much less monotonous, a lover arose at her beck. Sir John Major, the young master of an adjoining manor, who had satiated himself with the pleasures of London, came down to live quietly at his country-seat. He saw and sighed, and then he wooed and won. True, he was no Sir Launcelot or Parthenopex, for he wore not armour in common, nor did he ride out on knight-errantry, but he was courteous and well-favoured, could cast off a lady's merlin, and read to her in a meadow under the shade of trees, or serenade beneath her bower by moonlight. Mary first toyed, and then she gave her consent; her happy father approved, the ring of betrothment was slipt tenderly on her finger, the wedding-day appointed, and all her young companions envying her the bridegroom.

The spot where Mary herself stood was shrouded in gloom, but the moon, which had now climbed high in the east, threw upon the whole front of the mansion a broad sheet of silvered light, and played gloriously on every object her beams fell upon. And as she saw emerge from the postern the tall figure of a cavalier, she knew at once the only one it could be who was coming to seek her. The moonlight dilated his stately form, and sported around him, first darting from the hilt of his rapier, and then kissing the dark plume of his bonnet. She forgot the little pride in her character which made her feign to be sought, even by her lover, rather than to seek him, and, with an exclamation of delight, she ran forward.

"My own Sir John, this is kind indeed! I wished thou wert with me—for ever, if it might be so. But, in sooth, I dreamed not to see thee again ere the morrow."

"Perchance, my sweet Mary, you may not see me to-morrow," replied her lover gravely, as he drew his arm round her slender waist.

"I have been another time laying out our marriage-day," she ran on, "and all the bridal procession. It will never suit as we planned it: indeed, I am sure it cannot please you. Bridal laces of silver—I myself clad in a white kirtle—the children who lead me all in white;—why, if they throw lilies before me, it will be a perfect funeral for a virgin before marriage. Now, I would wear a chaplet of red roses, and dress the little girls in green, like fairies. But, gracious Heaven! Sir John, why so silent? Alas, I fear you are not heeding me."

They were now seated in an arbour at the bottom of the garden, formed of a jasmine and lady's bower intertwined, here and there mingled with roses, which had been trained carelessly through it, and gave a richer perfume to the delicate savour of the faint blossoms among which they were scattered. While she was thus addressing him, Sir John Major, unnoticed by her till she was surprised by his silence, leaned with his arms folded upon the table, and his face buried in them, and only replied to her prattle by sighing bitterly.

"Dream of the future," he murmured; "ay, and of a bridal, poor wronged one, but never of a bridal with me. It must be avowed," he added, raising his head, and conquering the strong emotion visible in his countenance, "and yet it goes near to break my heart to tell it. For me, can I complain of misery when I have laboured for—yes, wantonly courted—and, wretch that I am, ere I thought it, have earned it? You, Mary, are innocent, and a victim."

"Sir John!" exclaimed Mary, "these are wild words—what mean they? I know not what to think—do not my ears play me false?"

"I, Mary, have played you false, listen calmly, my own one, and, above all things, I pray thee, do not, if you can help it, reproach me. I am a guilty man, but my punishment has been no less than utter ruin. In few words, I have deceived thee basely, and now I cannot deceive you longer, am come here to tell thee as much."

"Deceived me, John Major! why, that can hardly be. You have won my heart, and are to marry me. Surely your troth has not been plighted to another erewhile, whom you would now wed, leaving poor Mary Ambrey to weep in secret, and die ere she can well assure you she has forgiven you."

"There you now wrong me, thank Heaven! I am not so base. 'Tis certain I have deceived thee, but 'twas not when I knelt at your feet, and vowed that I loved you the dearest and best upon earth. But I have been guilty of meaner and less manly falsehood, and, like a player, have palmed myself off for the man I was not. You believe me wealthy and honourable; I am a dishonoured man, and a beggar. My fortune has been squandered by blazing, like a marquis, in jewels and brocade, reining the fairest steed, and wooing the proudest ladies of the court; my lands are pawned, and, above all men, to the infamous Audley. I have not a *denier* in the world—I have broken my bond—and to-day he has exacted the forfeiture, and driven me from every rood of the fair domains of woodland and meadow I once boasted all my own. I am undone! I am undone!"

Mary was shedding tears, but she wiped them away that he might not see them, and said very tenderly, as if fearing to wound the proud heart of the man she was speaking to, "But my father is wealthy, Sir John, and we all know how kind-hearted he is. He will do anything to save his child from sorrow, especially if the favour be for you, whom he has known and fondled from a boy. I fear to name what I would you would permit me to entreat of him."

"Mary, you never spoke a word that pleased me less. I am too proud to ask any man to pay my debts, especially one I have wronged, beyond retrieving, in his daughter. Shall I stand over him, like a robber, to extort his gold, and pleading that I have won your heart, and that you will shed tears, and make him wretched, unless he now buys me to marry you. Perish the thought, for it drives me mad. No! to-morrow reveals all, when I, a double coward, shall have fled far from the reproaches of a family my villany has rendered completely miserable; but I will make the world what amends I can, and in the wars of Flanders seek to atone my follies in the grave. I go thither, and would have quitted thee, Mary, without bidding thee farewell; but my heart would not rest until I had craved thy forgiveness, and for that purpose alone I have sought you. But tell me you forgive me, and I am gone—never to look upon you again in this earth, although perchance we may reunite in heaven."

She would have spoken, not to tell him she forgave him, for her looks told him that, but to pour out the devotion of her heart; to reveal to him how her being had become bound up in his, and was never now to be severed from it—that she must live for him and with him, or die. But when she sought for words, tears came in their place, and she could only answer him by laying her head upon his shoulder, and crying bitterly.

"It is well," said Sir John Major; "I am indeed a sinner not to be forgiven. Nor shall I ever forgive myself, but, plunged in the hottest fire, and mounted on the most hazardous breach, my life shall pay the forfeit, and this world thus atoned, a compassionate Heaven have mercy upon my soul! And now farewell for ever! and not, I beseech ye, in anger—dearest, sweetest Mistress Mary Ambree."

She heard not these his last words, but it seemed he was still speaking to her; nor did she feel him gently put her from him, for she was half senseless with extreme sorrow. At last all seemed still, and she looked up wildly. She saw the cold moon silvering the gray turrets of her father's mansion, and her quiet rays sleeping peacefully in the dark long avenues, chequered with light, that extended as far as the eye could reach down the path wherein the dwelling was seated. And she gazed long, very long and fixedly on the broad shadows of the forest trees which the moonlight cast athwart the grass, for she was watching the figure of a stately cavalier hurrying past them, until at last he was lost in the dimness of the distance; and when she could see him no longer, she went back into the arbour, and there wept as if her heart would break.

CHAPTER II.

"When captains couragious, whom death cold not daunt,
Did march to the siege of the citty of Gaunt;
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.
A helmet of proofe she strait did provide;
A strong arminge sword she girt by her side;
On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett put shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree!"

OLD BALLAD OF MARY AMBREE.

The streets of Bruges, at that time the most crowded and lively city in Europe—for she was the staple of the Hanse Towns, and therefore the emporium of the world—were thronged, as wont, by busy thousands hurrying to and fro; but they were not in the peaceful garb of traffic. One of the fiercest sieges in history had exhausted its fury upon her walls for many weeks before the day on which this chapter opens, and the allies had just entered her gates after the capitulation of the Spanish garrison. The churches, and other public edifices, begrimed with smoke, and shattered in all parts by the shot which had fallen thickly upon them, some with their pinnacles and coigns carried away, others with their towers half thrown down, and their roofs gaping open, and exposing the most sacred shrines and altars—those too crushed by the fall of the ruins, and singed by the fire—to the fury of the elements. The dilapidated houses you met everywhere as you passed along the streets; some were heaps of ruins, others tottering over your head, and ever and anon answering one another with the sound of thunder as they fell—all told what destruction the Flemings had brought upon their own beautiful city before they could regain her. Then, to add more lively horror to this scene of destruction, the paths were choked with the remains of those citizens who had been struck down accidentally in the course of the siege, some apparently but yesterday, others festering in the gore which curdled from them, and crept in many lazy streams down the steep descent which shelves to the canal, where, one after another, they gradually became mingled with the mass, borne slowly down the water—ruins, arms, merchandise, food, utensils, everything rich and costly, mean and squalid, with here and there a corpse, which appeared for a moment above the heap, and then sank with a sullen plunge beneath it. The pale inhabitants—some still stupified with horror, and others wringing their hands, and crying lamentably as they sought in vain amidst the confusion for all they held dear, or possessed upon earth—wandered like madmen up and down the city, and ever and anon uttered shrill cries of joy as they clasped to their bosoms some child long sought for, or some friend they had never hoped to meet again.

But not a Spaniard was now to be seen, and every space and corner of the city was thronged with motley groups, picturesque from the contrast of features and habits they presented, of the soldiers of the allies, adventurers from all parts of Europe. Here stood the tall Switzer, clad in his plain hose and stained jerkin, in earnest conversation with the gaudy and bearded Huguenot cavalier of France; there a party of brawny archers from England, with tall bows of yew tree in their hands, surveying the ruin brought upon the town, and pointing out where the shot had hit, and how it had told. In one part a company of Dutch burghers were draining flagons, and roaring damnation to the Spaniards; and in another might be seen fierce parties of sun-burnt Walloons, gambling on a heap of ruins for their prey, and quarrelling loudly when the game went against them; while, the most quiet in the scene, the Flemish yeomanry, stood drawn up, with tall pikes in their hands, before the west front of the cathedral, the interior of which was heaped up to the vaulting with valuables of all kinds, and patiently beat back the multifarious crowd which kept pressing upon them, and begged for admittance.

A disorderly mass of soldiers of all nations was scattered about the fair gardens which sweep down to the canal, committing a thousand wanton acts of mischief, unchecked by their officers, who were lolling listlessly from the windows of the mansions to which these gardens appertained. In happier times the elegant domes and lively weather vanes of these stately buildings had been elaborately gilded, and the paths and alleys of the gardens into which they opened carefully kept in order by many a rich burgomaster, who little foresaw what an end would be put to his careful magnificence. But they had all been slaughtered, or driven from their homes; and the soldiers, alike reckless whether friends or foes suffered, while they made their will their law, had taken unchallenged possession, and all was riot, debauch, and uproar.

But the bearing of the soldiery, who marched with measured step from rampart to rampart on the walls, or stood posted round the city gates, was far more regular and disciplined. Especially before the picturesque gate which opens on the high road leading to Ghent, all was labour and activity. Some were digging trenches, others raising mounds or facing-batteries, under the protection of small parties of harquebusiers; for the sharp sound of firing that at intervals rang from the open country, told that some stragglers of the enemy were hovering about them. One of those labouring in a trench, up to his knees in water, leaned awhile upon his spade, and addressed one of his comrades, who was looking on apparently at his leisure, in the English tongue.

"Cold work this, Master Walter; and I bear in mind you have a much easier time of it where you are. Well, some get all the hard fighting, and hard labour too, and others are favourites, and have very little of either."

The youth –it was a mere boy he addressed—made no reply; for he leaned against the rugged wall with his arms folded round his partisan, buried in thought, and quite unconscious of what was passing before him. Only when the sharp sound of firing caught his ear, he raised his dark eyes from the ground, and then cast them down again. Poor boy! his delicate features and slender form were cast in a far different mould from that of the rude men around him, and this even the mean garb of a common yeoman could not disguise. There was a nobility in his look, and a loftiness in his carriage, which told the son of gentle parents, and one who had been bred in a station far above his present lowly walk, whatever misfortune might have reduced him to it.

While the youth was thus buried in meditation, musing perhaps of the happy home he had left behind him, an officer, who had passed through the gate from the city, and had been giving orders to the pioneers, accosted him familiarly. The officer was also a young man, but had evidently seen much service; and there was a wild fire in his eye, and a desperate recklessness stamped on his handsome features, marred as they were by the scars of several flesh wounds, some not yet perfectly healed, that marked him one of those men, often at battle with the world, at least setting little price upon themselves, who have ventured all upon the one cast, and are resolved to win it or perish.

"Walter," said the officer in a low voice, as he pointed to the tall spires of a city dimly seen in the extreme distance, "yonder is Ghent, where Farnese has fortified himself for a last struggle, and has called up so many troops from Liege and Brussels, that when he once has them in his walls he may laugh at us for ever. They will come up to him to-morrow; but ere then the night assault of a handful of desperate men, led on by one, alas! more desperate, who recks little how soon he may throw away a life of less than no value to him, will make the proud Duke of Parma a captive in his own strong city. You wonder I talk to thee of these things, Walter."

"Sir," answered the youth, turning ashy pale, "this attack is not your service also. Then——"

"I shall take thee along with me, Walter—not so. Those who are desperate and disgusted with the world may well rush into perils; for if they fall, there are none to bewail them, and all their miseries are at an end. You have left a cherished home and loving parents, no doubt, behind you in merry England: your mother looks daily for her fair son, and will go down in sorrow to the grave if he is not restored to her. Well, stanch your tears; I am not come to force your secrets from you, but to confide one of mine. Good youth, the slaughter this night will on both parties be awful, and I may be one of the slain."

"Sir John, you will not go. Oh! for the sake of heaven do not rush into this desperate service. I love you—that is, as far as a young soldier must love the captain to whom he owes everything: and I have once saved your life—I crave a boon—oh! for my sake, for the sake of the fair lady of your love, do not go."

"For her sake am I here, my boy, and for her sake, if I fall to-night, have I perished; and when she sees this ring, and hears from thy lips the story of my death, perchance she may shed a few tears for him who so devotedly adores her. I will give you gold for your passage; and in case I fall, you will seek England, carrying this ring—here I now give it you—and a letter, for which you will come to me at my tent ere sunset. There seek a fair lady—nay, do not hang down thy head—she is gentle as she is fair, and give her both these in my name. Tell her how gallantly Sir John Major fought, and how honourably he fell, adding these words—that but for one fault he showed himself a man worthy to be her husband, and to atone for that fault he gave all he could—his life. Good youth, these tears are kind. Thank Heaven, I am not so lost but there is one—perhaps two in the world—who can still feel pity for me. But stanch this weeping; come, red eyes set but strangely on a soldier. Here, take the ring, and at sunset come to my tent for the letter. You shall then have the lady's name, and where she bides, and any other message I may bethink me to send to her."

He turned away, and waving his hand with the air of a superior, hastily withdrew into the city; and the young volunteer returned in a sad and disconsolate mood to the brink of the fosse, and sat himself down on a mass of the shattered wall which had fallen beside it, looking on a small turquoise ring, with tears in his eyes.

"I will fulfil his commands, for I have sworn to myself that I will never disobey them. She has the ring, she shall read the letter; and at nightfall I will follow John Major to the assault of Ghent, and if he falls, there fall too," said Mary Ambree, as she turned after him, and entered the sullen walls of Bruges.

CHAPTER III.

"The Prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne,
Who long had advaunced for England's faire crowne,
He wooed her and sued her his mistress to be,
And offered rich presents to Mary Ambree."

BALLAD OF MARY AMBREE.

Two noblemen, the elder of whom, from the richness of his dress, was evidently of the highest rank, stood conversing together in a remote chamber of the Stadthus of Ghent. It was a mere closet, opening into a range of apartments, and was fitted up somewhat in the style of an oratory; but evidently served many other uses, perhaps much more frequently than for prayer. It is true, a pigmy altar, much in the style of the ormulu cabinets of the present day, and enclosed by a rich fretted screen, contained an ivory crucifix whereto to kneel down; that a breviary bound in crimson, and gorgeously illuminated, was laid carelessly open upon the cushion at the foot of the shrine, and that the single window of delicate lancet gothic was glazed with the most solemn colours, representing in its storied panes a portion of the legend of Saint Ann. But the costly trifles scattered about—the few capricious articles of furniture, all discordant with one another, and most of them pleasingly grotesque—the volumes of light literature in every corner—and the general disorder of the apartment, heaped as it was with curiosities, bespoke rather the lounging room of a person of some taste and greater wealth. And this was no meaner a man than the Duke of Parma, general of the Spanish armies in the Low Countries, and at this time all powerful on account of his great talents and wonderful success. With forces inferior to their own, and with the country in arms against him, he had at one time driven the allies from every great city in Flanders; and although they were now, with the aid of the volunteers, and backed by the subsidies secretly given by most of the Protestant princes of Europe, winning their towns into their own hands again, one by one, merely by dint of superior numbers, he on his part held out one after another with undaunted courage, and always evacuated on the most honourable terms.

Alexander Farnese was indeed one of the most skilful captains and deep politicians in Europe; but his reputation, like that of all the princes and prelates of his name, and, in fact, of most of the great Italians of that day, stood rather high than fair. His courage was tarnished by deliberate cruelty; and in politics he sacrificed everything, first to his own interest, whence we find him now a mercenary of the Spaniards; after that to the advancement of the members of his house; and, lastly, to the aggrandisement of Italy. But this selfishness in his character was fortunate for mankind, since it continually held in check a temper most daringly and unscrupulously ambitious, and caused every petty advantage to call him aside to the neglect of loftier but less substantial good. In private character he was sensual and luxurious; and while he was a prince learned in all the knowledge of his age, ridiculously foppish and affected in his manners, and when the darker passions of his soul were called into play, even in the pursuit of pleasure, his debauches were stained with bloodshed, and the tale of his innumerable amours was a crimsoned tissue of poison and assassination.

“ Sebastian,” said the duke, addressing his familiar in Italian, “ ’tis a marvellous story. The fair heretic deserves to be enshrined in these rare verses,” taking up a volume of Ariosto, more than “ many of the loose damsels immortalised in them; but I cannot believe that she dared fight like a soldier, though she wore harness as one. Such courage is not in woman's nature.”

"With my sovereign's pardon," answered the other, "I trouble myself very little about that, and only tell what I heard others telling. Those that fought that night declared she followed the captain, Sir John Major of Britain, pace by pace, into the thickest fight, and when he was struck down, fought over him like an Amazon."

"We shall see," laughed the duke, "for I have sent for her hither. I love curiosities; witness my vases yonder, and the bows and arrows from Guiana; and although I cannot lock this male woman in a glass cabinet, or hang her up dried against the arras, there is no reason why I may not keep her tame about my palace; and if she be as beautiful as every one tells me she is, have the gratification of showing her off now and then as my mistress. And see, my child, even as I speak, here is the rarity we covet. My ring, Sebastian. She is beautiful! and stands like an antique in the Vatican. This mirror deceives me, or I have tinged myself a shade too red. Mark that drooping attitude; 'tis a study for a Madonna. Retire, Sebastian; this room is narrow, and cannot with convenience hold more than two persons—especially if those two be the Duke of Parma and a lovely woman."

Mary Ambree, clad in the dark and sweeping robes which well became her figure, of the novice of the order of Saint Clare, for her male disguise had been taken from her, was led into the chamber, supported by two attendants. She walked with the greatest difficulty, and drooped every step she went; her face was deadly pale, and settled in a fixed expression of hopeless despair, yet a look of high enduring courage had not passed from her features, but lingered upon them, though faintly and subdued. And when she cast her dark eyes, as she approached him, upon the duke, it was with an earnest gaze more than a fearful one. These melancholy beauties, which would have touched the heart of a more feeling man, only excited the desires of Farnese.

"Maiden," he addressed her as he took her hand in his jewelled one with a superior but fantastic air, and handing her to a seat beside him, motioned the attendants, who well understood his meaning, away—"maiden, be of good cheer! For though you have hitherto, I doubt not, looked upon the Duke of Parma as an enemy merely, perchance you may find him your devoted friend. We war not with women, although our royal sister of England, whom we name with all respect, nay affection, for we have been of her suitors, is not content, methinks, to let loose the men of her kingdom upon us, her peaceful allies, but sends us her women too, clad in armour, and fighting like Amazons. Yet why should Farnese complain? the ocean wrecks our stately ammirals, and commits a thousand ravages on our shores, but she sometimes casts up a rich treasure on the strand, more than repaying all we have lost by her, which we eagerly seize upon and devotedly keep as the greatest prize Heaven could send us. Beautiful Amazon, I speak in images; but my looks may reveal to you what my tongue can never—the admiration, nay, the love, that I feel."

As he said thus he squeezed her hand, and, sighing carefully according to rule, looked complacently at his withered features in the mirror. He had addressed her in the English tongue, which he spoke like his own language; and Mary, as her gaze met his gloating eye, and as she felt the warmth of his pressure, trembled from head to foot, and averting her head, for she could not endure to look at him, answered in a hurried and fearful tone—

"I thank my lord for his compassion to one, alas! utterly miserable; but would fain understand him otherwise than I do. My lord, I am weak and suffering, quite friendless here, and therewithal broken-hearted. I scarce know what I say—nay, I am not always certain what I am doing. I left my native country and my kindred there, to wander after the man to whom I was to have been wedded. I put on male attire and donned harness, because I feared, my lord—what I fear even now—that there is no protection for a woman who is found alone in the world, while many fear to injure a man. Step for step I followed after him in the whole career of these desperate wars; it was, indeed, a hard trial for me, but my love sustained me through it all; and I tended him day and night, he little thinking the while that his careful young soldier was his own Mary Ambree. My lord, he fell by my side in the assault of this city; I would not leave him till I fell too, and now I know not whether he is living or dead. If he be gone, there is no longer anything for me to live for on the face of the earth, and I will lay down my head and follow him to the grave. The great Duke of Parma will never deign to take an advantage of so helpless and unhappy a creature."

"Advantage, peerless paragon!" cried Farnese, with the tone and gesticulation of a conceited actor, as he fell on one knee before her—"Alexander of Parma is in thy power, and it is you who have taken advantage of his weakness. A heart so devoted as thine I have sought in many women, but have found it in none. All I possess—my dukedom, would it were an empire for thy sake—my palace, would it were a city—my person, would it were what it is not," (and here he surveyed himself and smiled,)—"all are in thy hand from this hour. Deign but to bestow on me those favours I have rejected from the loftiest ladies, and those too esteemed the most virtuous in Italy—I will not boast how often."

Mary had been drying her tears during this noble flight, and as she grew more and more indignant, all her weakness as well as her forlorn situation was forgotten; and darting a look of withering scorn upon the duke, she thus reproached him as she put him from her with her hand.

"My lord duke, this life is in your power, but my virtue is in the power of no man on earth. Perchance, my lord, you have mistaken the woman you are addressing; but the poorest woman in this city, if she be honest, does not deserve to have her feelings insulted by such offers, even from the Duke of Parma. I was born of gentle parents, who taught me above all things to hold fast on virtue, and spurn vice. I may be called imprudent, for I have forgotten the delicacy of my sex, and followed in all honour a man I dote upon, and that in an unnatural disguise; but it is disgraceful in any one calling himself a man to insult me, helpless as I am, on that account, or for any other reason. In few words, my lord, I will not hear such proposals; let me implore you never to repeat them. Keep me your prisoner for years; take my life, if it is your pleasure—indeed, if Sir John Major be gone, I had rather die than live. But do not, I beseech ye, great duke, when a helpless woman has fallen into your power, force her—force alone can compel me. My lord, I faint—I can say no more."

Here her emotion overcame her, and she fell half senseless. The duke, who in his own luxurious Italy had met with many an easier triumph, and could neither brook nor understand the rigid virtue of more northern climes, caught her in his arms, while he felt his pride rebuked and his anger roused by the covered reproaches conveyed in the pathetic appeal she had just made to him. Besides, he was merely gratifying a transient passion, and therefore was determined to shorten the labour while he gained his end.

"I have demeaned myself," he cried; "it is for the Duke of Parma to command, not supplicate. You are indeed in my power, and, come what will, I must obtain the completion of my wishes. From this palace she shall never stir, and day and night I will never cease to persecute her till a time come—and what time like the present, if she were but brought to life again? How now, Sebastian? I will not be intruded upon."

"My lord, the enemy."

"Ha, I hear it! They have opened their batteries. Let them roar on; the walls of Ghent are like iron, and we are victualled for a twelvemonth. We can laugh at them for months yet, with all their cannon."

"My lord," said Sebastian, hurriedly, "they have fired upon us ere we thought it, and the citizens are in a panic. The Spanish council is assembled, and has sent for you."

"The cowards!" cried Farnese. "I toil for them day and night, and give up my pleasures to fight their battles: it shall have an end. Look to that girl; she has fainted, or is obstinate—I care not which. Keep her close, and see that you starve down her spirit. By the way, is the English captain, Sir John Major, (the girl's lover, it seems,) dead or alive?"

"My lord, he was arraigned before the council yesterday morning."

"I forgot it; he was condemned as a spy, was he not?"

"My lord, the young maiden—"

"She knows not what is passing round her; speak lower then."

"His sentence is death, my lord, but all own the point is strained, and the enemy have some of our generals, on whom they may retaliate."

"I feel that, and would respite him, but the maiden must be worked upon, and he shall be my instrument. To-morrow, at noon, let the bells be knolled, the drums muffled, all the pomp of a military execution be most solemnly displayed, and let Sir John Major be led as to his death, in the Grass Market, before the church of St. Nicholas. I will be at that window of the house of the burgomaster Van Rosen which looks into the square, and would have the maiden brought there to me. You take me, Sebastian?"

"You would purchase her submission, my lord, by saving the life of her lover."

" Even so: I will work upon her feelings till human nature can hold out no longer. When she is mine, I shall drop my glove from the window, and the prisoner is respited."

" Good, my lord; but if you fail, the signal?"

" On to the death, Sebastian, for I will then be revenged. Revenge is as sacred to the Italian as his honour or religion, and richer blood than that of this English marauder must be sacrificed to propitiate it. Let my orders be fulfilled to the letter. Remember, at noon, and in the Grass Market—farewell."

CHAPTER IV.

For a departing being's soul
The death-hymn peals, and the hollow bells knoll;
He is near his mortal goal.

PARISINA.

" 'Tis well," said the duke, as he entered a chamber which had been prepared for his reception in the house of the burgomaster Van Rosen; " and now the hour?"

" On the strike of noon, my lord duke," answered a page who attended him, at the same time bending lowly.

" When the maiden is brought hither—I mean the young Englishwoman who was taken prisoner with him who is about to die—conduct her here. Till then I would be alone."

The page made his obeisance and withdrew, and Farnese, with a countenance settled and determined, but revealing little of the diabolical expression one might expect to discover in the features of a man ready to shed the blood of a fellow-creature rather than forego the gratification of a temporary passion, walked up and down the chamber. " I shall now surely win her," he exclaimed; " but my ardour in the chase hath greatly abated, even since yesternight. Honour and pride are other considerations; they were never wounded in the family of Farnese, but that they took a signal revenge. I will not be braved longer; if she yet spurn me, her lover shall pay the price of her obstinacy, and his blood be upon her head, not mine."

The door of the apartment was now opened, and his destined victim, the unfortunate Mary Ambree, ushered in. She came this time without support and with a firm step; her eye was settled, but wild, and from her face, though it was paler, yes, even paler than it had been the day before, all emotion had passed away, and nothing now dwelt there but calm and enduring resolution. She seemed as a victim led to the sacrifice, certainly without hope, almost without desire of mercy. She just bent her head to Farnese as he greeted her, and then meeting his searching gaze with a quiet look quite as determined, stood before him, awaiting what he would say to her, without uttering a word.

" Maiden," said the duke, coldly, as he led her by the arm to the window, which looked into the square below, " come hither. It is the Groodt Mart of Ghent you see beneath you. Examine all you may mark worthy of your notice in it."

Saying thus, he pointed to the preparations already made for the execution of Sir John Major. An oblong space, which, with the exception of a slight passage on either side to the right and left of the window, and from which an entrance had at the farther end been left open to the interior, extended from one end to the other of the market, had been railed in with a slight barrier, and was now guarded by a grim line of Spanish infantry. Within, at the termination of the barrier opposite to the entrance, which opened on the street leading to the Stadhus, was drawn up a double file of harquebusiers, with their matches ready in their hands, and at some paces from them was a spot marked out as the station of the condemned. To add to the impressiveness of the scene, the windows of all the houses round the square were hung to the roofs with sable tapestry, and at the front of every door were posted two officials of the government, clad in long black cloaks, and each holding a dim flambeau of unbleached wax in his right hand, while they stood as rigid and immovable as statues, with their left hand crossed upon their breasts. The space left open before the market, and every street leading to it, were crowded with spectators, all of them anxious and some breathless with expectation; and before the broad and arched doorway of the venerable church of St. Nicholas was drawn up a large troop of the armed retainers of the priesthood and various monastic orders of Ghent, while, in the interior of the church, and between the fair and lofty arches of the central aisle, were to be partially seen, as the dreamy light from the stained windows fell upon them, the proud and lordly canons of the cathedral of St. Bavo, clad in their richest vestments, and drawn up in long procession, ready to issue from the porch, with many a pix, censer, banner, crosier, and pastoral, borne before them. On the mouldering towers above hung heavily and drooping in the sky the gigantic standards of Castile and Arragon, now for a moment partially unfurled, and rustling as the breeze took them, and then sullenly sinking down again.

At this moment the clock struck, and the deep-toned bell of the church began to knoll; the clamour of the crowd was hushed, a slight murmur of expectation succeeded it, and then all was quiet, save there swelled solemnly, and only heard by fits, as it rolled faintly from the remote choir in the interior of the church, the rich peal of the organ, and the drowsy chant of the canons singing a requiem for the dead.

Mary Ambree knew not what tragedy was to follow these awful preparations, but she felt a faintness come over her, and her heart beat violently against her bosom. She gasped for breath, and clutched, with a convulsive grasp, the cold mullion which separated the window, to support herself; yet she could not withdraw her fascinated gaze from the unearthly scene beneath her, while every knoll of the sullen bell, answered, as it were, by a prolonged echo, and the distant thunders of the cannon from the beleaguered walls, went bitterly to her soul, telling her, as if in an audible voice, to despair and die.

"Now, my chaste damsel," said the duke, bitterly, "yesterday you braved—yes, I was never, in the whole course of my life, so perfectly set at defiance before; but a night of reflection, your own good sense telling you that I have it in my power alike to make you happy or miserable, even as you conciliate me by submission or provoke me by resistance, and above all, this present awful display of my authority, the scene beneath you, may have brought you, however tardily, to your senses, and taught you to have some little respect for a sovereign when he kneels at your feet."

"My lord," answered Mary, "what these terrors are for—what they mean—how they concern me—I cannot in any manner conceive; but my heart tells me something dreadful is about to be done before my eyes. O great duke, have mercy upon me, as you hope mercy shall be shown to yourself hereafter, and do not put a woman to a greater and more terrible trial than human nature can endure. If I am to be the victim, I am ready to die; but let me die easily, and do not prolong my suffering by unendurable tortures. And O, my lord, since I am the only guilty, if any guilt be mine, let my death alone pay the price, and do not unjustly—yes, inhumanly, make another—for a horrible fear tells me there is another—suffer, not for his own crime, but for my constancy."

"Mary Ambree, not a hair of thy head shall be harmed, for I love you; but the life or death of another is, as you justly fear, with all the awfulness of such a responsibility, in your hands. If you still deny me what I crave, not demand, he must die; but when you comply with my wishes, be he then within a minute's breadth of his fate, that compliance will save him. And now, if your eyes can endure the sight of the man you love, yet will not stoop to save, behold your victim."

As he spoke, he pointed to a long procession, which winded with a melancholy pace from the steep street at the extremity of the left hand of the market, and which goes down to the Stadthus.

Mary shuddered convulsively as the foremost of the train appeared, but it relieved her, and she breathed freer; it was not him. No, hope was not quite extinguished—she did not see him yet. First came a party of gray friars, barefoot and bareheaded, carrying long tapers in their hands, and, as they bent their heads and kept their eyes fixed on the earth, chanting the dismal notes of the Miserere. Next after them rode the stern soldiers of the holy office, for the prisoner being a heretic, this was partly a religious as well as a military execution, mounted each one on a stately black steed, and clad in a black mantle which almost swept the ground behind him. And lastly, fenced on both sides by a double file of the iron men-at-arms of Castile, they brought forth the prisoner, clad in a penitential dress, and with his head uncovered, and his hands bound with a friar's girdle of cords behind his back. Two priests, clad in their full and most sumptuous vestments, kept even pace with him, the one on his right hand holding before his averted eyes the crucifix, and earnestly pressing him to kiss it, and the other with his breviary open, and his face raised to heaven, praying in a low voice without ceasing. It was Sir John Major—it was her betrothed, the husband of her heart, if not of her hand; he for whose dear sake she had renounced her parents and her home—he whom she had followed without shrinking through all hardships and dangers—yes, braved the horrid front of battle to follow him! And now to see him led to the slaughter, in her presence—under her very eyes! She fell down before the feet of the duke, and clasped his knees.—"O my lord, you can do it—save him, for the sake of mercy save him!"

"I can," he answered; "be mine when I cast this glove from the window, and the prisoner is respited."

"My lord, I cannot. What! when he whom I love, for whom I live alone, is in my sight? Do not drive me to distraction. O for a higher, for a nobler motive—for the love of Heaven—for the sake of your eternal salvation—for the quiet of your own conscience—have mercy upon me!—Quick, my lord,—see, they have entered!"

"They have, and in a few short minutes he will be no more. The bell has ceased—determine."

And the last murmurs of the knell died hoarsely away, and over it swelled majestically the solemn chant of the canons, now issuing from the church of St. Nicholas. But this was heard but for a moment. A roar from the mouths of innumerable cannon came pealing along the city, and shook every house in the market like an earthquake; and instantly upon this followed a crash louder and more prolonged and reverberated than thunder, and a cry arose, at first distant, but caught from man to man and spread like fire, till it was screamed from every voice of the mighty crowd in the market-place in mingled terror and amazement—"The wall is down!" "They are in the city!" "The enemy! the enemy!"

The prisoner, who had submitted to his fate without a murmur—who had been already placed before his executioners—whose moments were numbered—turned his eyes imploringly, as a gleam of hope shot across his countenance, towards the place whence the cry had arisen, and Mary Ambree felt her heart beat and her temples throb violently as she turned to Farnese, and, with her right hand raised, exclaimed—"The Majesty of heaven is in this, proud duke: see, it is still willing and able to assist suffering innocence when it has no other tribunal to appeal to; when we have called for help, and found it not on earth, nor from those who rule the earth, the Ruler of heaven, the Master of princes, interposes his omnipotence: though you would not save him, tyrant, God will!"

Farnese had turned deadly pale, and stood like one insensible with astonishment, but, at the voice of Mary thus upbraiding, he recovered his faculties, and seemed like one awakened from a dream. "I will not be baffled," he cried; "stand firm there at your peril—see to the condemned, that he does not escape from you."

"My lord, my lord!" cried Mary.

"Submit then, and I drop my glove."

And now there came up the streets the sound of conflict and battle—cannon brayed, swords clashed, the wounded yelled, and the victorious shouted. The clamour grew nearer and nearer, and emerging from the street that led to the Stadhus might be seen parties of armed men, at first few, but increasing in number every minute, fighting their way desperately but slowly into the market. The soldiers who guarded the barrier rushed round, and, as their eyes gleamed with fire, ran in the direction of the combat.

"On your lives, stand firm there!" shouted the duke to the harquebusiers.

"On, on!" cried Mary, "or he will be slaughtered; 'tis Sir John Major—the brave Sir John Major, and he will be slain. O, it will be too late! See—they are nearer! Oh, as you value the life of your best and bravest captain, on!"

"Now," said the officer commanding the harquebusiers, calm and obedient to his orders to the last, "make ready—fire!"

A sharp report was heard, and then there rang through the air a cry so loud, so thrilling, so full of anguish, that it made the blood curdle and the limbs quiver of the rudest soldier who was wading knee-deep in the slaughter below.

Farnese shuddered, and turned to Sebastian as he entered the chamber. "Look to her there," he said, "in a voice wherein so many and contrary emotions were mingled that words cannot describe it. "We have killed her!"

"My lord," said Sebastian, shuddering also, "'tis too true; she is gone—quite dead, my lord."

The duke averted his face for an instant, and when he turned round again, it was as calm and resolute as ever. "The enemy have the walls, have they not, and the streets?"

"Yes, and the market now."

"Does the Stadthus hold out?"

"As yet, my lord."

"And so will I, my child; for I will not yield before the government whereto I am a servant. Hang out my banner on the house-top and —Have we cannon in this house?"

"We have, my lord, and they are shotted."

"Fire then in the devil's name, Sebastian—I mean on the Dutch; I would have you spare those who are English."

TO MY SLEEPING BABE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Sleep on, my child, and may'st thou never know
Aught but a sleep as innocent as this;
May no dark crime o'ershadow that fair brow,
Or from thine heart allure its tranquil bliss.

I see thee now, fair, beautiful, and gay—
All that a mother's fondest wish could form;
Oh! may I never reach that dreadful day,
When thou'rt, perhaps, become the mark'd of scorn.

When that pure breast, by deadly passions torn,
Of every sweet and joyous thought bereft;
By the cold world forsaken and forlorn,
Thou art by all, except thy mother, left—

Oh! may'st thou learn betimes, my boy, to shun
The rocks and shoals of mad ambition's strife;
May all thy days in one calm tenor run,
And be my pride in the decline of life.

Be mine the task to rear thy infant mind,
And guide thy feeble steps in virtue's way,
Instruct thee where true happiness to find,
That no remorse may cloud life's after day.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

SEPTEMBER, 1838.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Sartor Resartus: the Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdrökh. In Three Books. 1 vol. 8vo.

In saying that Mr. Carlyle is one of the deepest thinking and most original minded writers of the present day, we merely repeat the confirmed opinion of the most intellectual and philosophical part of London and Edinburgh society—an opinion, too, which is now gaining ground rapidly even among those who, knowing him only by his writings, were at first deterred by the oddity of his manner, and the German turn of his style and language. On the latter head, perhaps, more objections have been raised by hasty and unthinking readers than the case justifies; and it would be difficult to prove, on philological principles, that Mr. Carlyle's metaphysical terms, compound words, and compound figures, are *unenglish.* For ourselves, we recognise no formal and unchangeable law in our plastic and elastic language—a rich mosaic made up of all idioms, but the grand substratum of which, together with its constitution and spirit, is essentially Saxon. Sometimes, we confess, there is a sort of mistiness in Mr. Carlyle's sentences, but this never lasts long; and however much he may delight in wrapping himself in a German-looking mantle, he has English flesh and bones, thews and sinews, and a thoroughly British heart beneath it. His thoughts and feelings are national without prejudice or bigotry. Some heresies he has both in politics and poetry; but we let them pass. We admire his bold examining for himself, his total freedom from the thraldom of mere conventionalities: we admire, even when it is at its roughest, his odd or crabbed style; in part, because we are wearied to death with the trim and measured sentences of the mass of modern writers—sentences that look as if they had been turned on a turner's wheel, and that have, too often, no thought at all, or not more than a vague generality under their silky, sliding, shiny surface.

No man is more happy in epithets, or in describing character in a word or two. We remember being mightily tickled at one of his lectures on German literature, wherein he hit off a Doctissimus of one of the universities, an antagonist of Luther's, as being *a very illustrious dull sort of a man.* We believe that Mr. Carlyle displays this faculty more forcibly in conversation than in writing. As a conversationist, indeed, his fame stands at the highest. He is esteemed by many as being equal in this way to Coleridge himself; but we believe that Mr. Carlyle sometimes lets other people talk, which Coleridge never did, though few there were but were fully satisfied with giving rest to their tongues and employment to their ears when he was holding forth. As in poor Coleridge's case, Mr. Carlyle's admirers admire him with a fervency quite rare to the English character; and as some of the brightest and purest of intellects are included in this wide and spreading circle, we are justified in assuming that he is an extraordinary man, and one (being active and industrious) that will do greater and better things than those he has hitherto produced, though upon those he may safely build an honourable reputation. We see that he announces the publication of his miscellaneous works in four volumes. His essays are not for the vulgar and the trivial: they will find no favour in the eyes of those who read running; and to circulating libraries and fashionable boudoirs they will be unknown; but we trust that there is manly sense enough in the country to appreciate and reward such writing—that there is a sufficient number of lovers of metaphysical inquiry, of original thinking, to absorb a very large edition. A small one, we should think, would be engrossed by Mr. Carlyle's personal friends, admirers, and disciples.

The history of the startling little work before us is rather curious. It was first published, in monthly parts, in "Fraser's Magazine," and did not attract a tithe of the attention which it merited; it was afterwards taken up by an American bookseller, and published as a separate volume in the United States. It is laudable in the transatlantic bibliopoles thus to discover merit which has not been puffed in England; and it is no doubt *convenient* unto them to be able to appropriate an English author's lucubrations, without reference to the substantial and vulgar consideration of dollars and cents. The book puzzled Jonathan mightily, (and it will pleasantly puzzle many of the family of John Bull as well,) but it was widely read and admired. In its American shape it first attracted the notice of Miss Martineau, who, in one of her delightful volumes about America, spoke of it as it deserved to be spoken of:—and then people at home began to inquire touching "Sartor Resartus; or, the Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh."

To tell precisely what this oddest of odd books is, is an utter impossibility—

"Who can describe the indescribable?"

We are, however, inclined to believe that the North American Reviewer is not far from the truth in saying, that *Sartor Resartus* means, in the vernacular, "The tailor patched;" that there is in it a treatise upon clothes, their origin and influence; but that, though there is a good deal "throughout the work in a half serious, half comic style upon dress, it seems to be in reality a treatise upon the great science of things in general, which Teufelsdröckh is supposed to have professed at the university of Nobody-knows-where." Nay, we even think that we may safely add the reviewer's advice to dandies not to purchase the volume in the expectation of finding in it any particular instruction in regard to the tying of the neckcloth and the cut of their coats, albeit the articles of faith of the Pelhamite school are concisely and logically set down as they here follow.

"ARTICLES OF FAITH.

"1. Coats should have nothing of the triangle about them; at the same time wrinkles behind should be carefully avoided.

"2. The collar is a very important point: it should be low behind, and slightly rolled.

"3. No license of fashion can allow a man of delicate taste to adopt the posterial luxuriance of a Hottentot.

"4. There is safety in a swallow tail.

"5. The good sense of a gentleman is nowhere more finely developed than in his rings.

"6. It is permitted to mankind, under certain restrictions, to wear white waistcoats.

"7. The trousers must be exceedingly tight across the hips."*

Still, however, not triangles and wrinkles, not collars and swallow tails, not waistcoats and breeches, but things in general, and everything else, are the main subjects of the book; and we rather think, with the Boston editor, that "Sartor Resartus" may be a criticism upon the spirit of the age, exhibiting in a just and novel light the present aspects of religion, politics, literature, arts, and social life.

The worthy Bostonian seems to have been rather startled at our author's advancing the gravest speculations upon the gravest topics in a quaint and burlesque style; but to our own particular taste this humour is perfectly delicious. We love to be led by a smile or a laugh to deep wisdom; and we have no doubt that many will be drawn to listen to his valuable lessons and materials for thinking, who would have turned away with a yawn if he had put them in the usual didactic shape.

It is difficult to convey by an extract a notion of the book. Even harlequin would have hesitated in the choice of his brick where all the bricks are so different. But we will venture to give a part of the "Preliminary," and will then add a bit of description, such as is not found in descriptive novel writers.

"Considering our present advanced state of culture, and how the torch of science has now been brandished and borne about, with more or less effect, for five thousand years and upwards; how, in these times especially, not only the torch still burns, and perhaps more fiercely than ever, but innumerable rushlights, and sulphur-matches, kindled thereat, are also glancing in every direction, so that not the smallest cranny or dog-hole in nature or art can remain unilluminated,—it might strike the reflective mind with some surprise that hitherto little or nothing of a fundamental character, whether in the way of philosophy or history, has been written on the subject of clothes.

"Our theory of gravitation is as good as perfect: Lagrange, it is well known, has proved that the planetary system, on this scheme, will endure for ever; Laplace, still more cunningly, even guesses that it could not have been made on any other scheme, whereby, at least, our nautical logbooks can be better kept; and water transport of all kinds has grown more commodious. Of geology and geognosy we know enough: what with the labours of our Werners and Huttons, what with the ardent genius of their disciples, it has come about that now, to many a Royal Society, the creation of a world is little more mysterious than the cooking of a dumpling; concerning which last, indeed, there have been minds to whom the question, *how the apples were got in?* presented difficulties. Why mention our disquisitions on the social contract, on the standard of taste, on the migration of the herring? Then, have we not a doctrine of rent, a theory of value; philosophies of language, of history, of pottery, of apparitions, of intoxicating liquors? Man's whole life and environment have been laid open and elucidated; scarcely a fragment or fibre of his soul, body, and possessions, but has been probed, dissected, distilled, desiccated, and scientifically decomposed: our spiritual faculties, of which it appears there are not a few, have their Stewarts, Cousins, Royer Collards: every cellular, vascular, muscular tissue glories in its Lawrences, Majendies, Bichâts. How, then, comes it, may the reflective mind repeat, that the grand tissue of all tissues, the only real tissue, should have been quite overlooked by science—the vestural tissue, namely, of woollen or other cloth, which man's soul wears as its outward wrappage and overall, wherein his whole other tissues are included and screened, his whole faculties work, his whole self lives, moves, and has its being? For if, now and then, some struggling broken-winged thinker has cast an owl's glance into this obscure region, the most have soared over it altogether heedless; regarding clothes as a property, not an accident, as quite natural and spontaneous, like the leaves of trees, like the plumage of birds. In all speculations they have tacitly figured man as a clothed animal; whereas he is by nature a *naked animal*; and only in certain circumstances, by purpose and device, masks himself in clothes. Shakspeare says, we are creatures that look before and after; the more surprising that we do not look round a little, and see what is passing under our very eyes. But here, as in so many other cases, Germany, learned, indefatigable, deep-thinking Germany, comes to our aid. It is, after all, a blessing that in these revolutionary times, there should be one country where abstract thought can still take shelter, that while the din and frenzy of Catholic Emancipations, and rotten boroughs, and revolts of Paris, deafen every French and every English ear, the German can stand peaceful on his scientific watch-tower; and, to the raging, struggling multitude, here and elsewhere, solemnly, from hour to hour, with preparatory blast of cowhorn, emit his '*Horet ihr Herren und lasset's euch sagen*;' in other words, till the universe, which so often forgets that fact, what o'clock it really is. Not unfrequently the Germans have been blamed for an unprofitable diligence; as if they struck into devious courses, where nothing was to be had but the toil of a rough journey; as if, forsaking the gold-mines of finance, and that political slaughter of fat oxen whereby a man himself grows fat, they were apt to run goose-hunting into regions of bilberries and crowberries, and be swallowed up at last in remote peatbogs. Of that unwise science, which, as our humorist expresses it,—

---

* Our philosopher thus hits upon the final cause of clothes. "Are we opossums? have we natural pouches, like the kangaroo? or how, without clothes, could we possess the master-organ, soul's-seat, and true pineal gland of the body social—I mean a PURSE?"

'By geometric scale,
Doth take the size of pots of ale;'

still more, of that altogether misdirected industry, which is seen vigorously enough thrashing mere straw, there can nothing defensive be said. In so far as the Germans are chargeable with such, let them take the consequence. Nevertheless, be it remarked, that even a Russian steppe has tumuli and gold ornaments; also many a scene that looks desert and rock-bound from the distance, will unfold itself, when visited, into rare valleys. Nay, in any case, would criticism erect not only finger-posts and turnpikes, but spiked gates and impassable barriers, for the mind of man? It is written, 'many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.' Surely the plain rule is, let each considerate person have his way, and see what it will lead to. For not this man and that man, but all men, make up mankind, and their united tasks the task of mankind. How often have we seen some such adventurous, and perhaps much-censured wanderer, light on some outlying, neglected, yet vitally momentous province; the hidden treasures of which he first discovered, and kept proclaiming till the general eye and effort were directed thither, and the conquest was completed;—thereby, in these his seemingly so aimless rambles, planting new standards, founding new habitable colonies in the immeasurable circumambient realm of Nothingness and Night? Wise man was he who counselled that speculation should have free course, and look fearlessly towards all the thirty-two points of the compass, whithersoever and howsoever it listed.

"Perhaps it is a proof of the stinted condition in which pure science, especially pure moral science, languishes among us English; and how our mercantile greatness, and invaluable constitution, impressing a political or other immediately practical tendency on all English culture and endeavour, cramps the free flight of thought,—that this, not philosophy of clothes, but recognition even that we have no such philosophy, stands here for the first time published in our language. What English intellect could have chosen such a topic, or by chance stumbled on it? But for that same unshackled, and even sequestered condition of the German learned, which permits and induces them to fish in all manner of waters, with all manner of nets, it seems probable enough, this abstruse inquiry might, in spite of the results it leads to, have continued dormant for indefinite periods. The editor of these sheets, though otherwise boasting himself a man of confirmed speculative habits, and perhaps discursive enough, is free to confess, that never, till these last months, did the above very plain considerations on our total want of a philosophy of clothes, occur to him; and then, by quite foreign suggestion. By the arrival namely, of a new book from Professor Teufelsdrökh, of Weissnichtwo, treating expressly of this subject, and in a style which, whether understood or not, could not, even by the blindest, be overlooked."

Here we have Professor Teufelsdrökh up on a mountain: and even poor Godwin would allow that it was good for us sometimes to be "in the mount."

"Beautiful it was to sit there, as in my skyey tent, musing and meditating, on the high table cloud in front of the mountains; over me, as a roof, the azure dome, and around me, for walls, four azure flowing curtains,—namely, of the four azure winds, on whose bottom fringes also I have seen gilding. And then to fancy the fair castles that stood sheltered in these mountain hollows; with their green flower lawns, and white dames and damosels, lovely enough: or better still the straw-roofed cottages, wherein stood many a mother baking bread, with her children round her—all hidden and protectingly folded up in the valley-folds; yet there and alive, as sure as if I beheld them. Or to see, as well as fancy, the nine towns and villages, that lay round my mountain-seat, which, in still weather, were wont to speak to me (by their steeple bells,) with metal tongue; and in almost all weather, proclaimed their vitality by repeated smoke-clouds, whereon, as on a culinary horologe, I might read the hour of the day. For it was the smoke of cookery, as kind housewifes, at morning, midday, eventide, were boiling their husband's kettles; and ever a blue pillar rose up into the air, successively or simultaneously, from each of the nine, saying, as plainly as smoke could say, 'Such and such a meal is getting ready here.' Not uninteresting! For you have the whole borough, with all its love-makings and scandal-mongeries, contentions and contentments, as in miniature, and could cover it all with your hat. If, in my wide wayfarings, I had learned to look into the business of the world in its details, here perhaps was the place for combining it into general propositions, and deducing inferences therefrom.

"Often also could I see the black tempest marching in anger through the distance: round some schreck-horn, as yet grim-blue, would the eddying vapour gather, and there tumultuously eddy, and flow down like a mad witch's hair, till, after a space, it vanished, and, in the clear sunbeam, your schreck-horn stood smiling grim-white, for the vapour had held snow. How thou fermentest and elaboratest, in thy great fermenting-vat and laboratory of an atmosphere—of a world, O Nature! or what is Nature? Ha! why do I not name thee God? Art thou not the living garment of God? O Heavens! is it, in very deed. He then that ever speaks through thee? that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves in me?"

The man who can write poetry like this in plain, idiomatic, English prose, may be forgiven his heresies touching rhythm and verse, and his occasional indulgence in extravagances.

The Correspondence of Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart., Speaker of the House of Commons, with a Memoir of his Life; to which are added, other Relics of a Gentleman's Family. Edited by SIR HENRY BUNBURY, Bart.

The late Earl of Clancarty, when a boy, stumbled upon a chest in his grandfather's house in Ireland, containing a vast heap of French letters, addressed to one of his ancestors by the witty and observant Count Antoine Hamilton, who had written in them all that passed under his eye in the court and camps of Louis XIV. The young earl was enchanted with these letters, and the scenes and characters they described; but when his grandfather died he was unfortunately absent on the continent. On his return to Ireland he eagerly asked after the box, and learned with some difficulty that it had been removed a year or two before to the house of an old aunt. When he reached the house of this unlucky relative, his lordship found that the box, with nothing in it "but a great heap of old French letters," had been consigned to the cellar; and, on going to the cellar, (if he was a choleric man he must, for the nonce, have wished the old lady in one deeper still,) he found the box falling to pieces from the effects of damp, and all the papers in it converted into a pulp, on which the writing could no longer be distinguished. And thus perished the correspondence of Antoine Hamilton.

This family anecdote about old papers seems to have made a proper impression on the mind of the accomplished and amiable editor of the present volume, the contents of which have all been derived from old boxes, such as exist, more or less, in the houses of most British gentlemen of any antiquity. We quite agree with Sir Henry Bunbury that many of these family papers, forgotten or neglected, might extend our views on many subjects of historical, biographical, or literary interest; and we happen to know instances in England and Scotland of a negligence and destruction very closely resembling that of Lord Clancarty's old aunt. If we go a little back in time, our heart is grieved by the impious waste made of such relics. Cooks and sedentary ladies addicted to needlework have been Thalabas in this kind of destroying. Your thread-papers have been the very devil! If our old friend Mr. Brunel had invented his pretty little process of putting sewing-thread up in reels and balls a hundred years ago, many a family manuscript, many an interesting scrap, might have escaped the pitiless shears. But it is vain to regret the past! Let us look to the future, and hope that other gentlemen may be induced to follow Sir Henry Bunbury's example in putting the *materiel* of such documents out of danger, by submitting them to the press. It is not every owner of a large old house that has such well-filled boxes, but many may have a few interesting scraps, while some, no doubt, have far greater treasures—papers that would furnish a feast to the national historian and antiquary.

The contents of the delightful volume before us are of a very varied character, so much so, that we can scarcely describe them all. We will mention a few of the papers which have most struck us, without any attention to order. The longest piece in the volume is a memoir of Sir Thomas Hanmer, Speaker of the House of Commons, an editor of Shakspeare, and the friend of Pope, Swift, Prior, and the other wits of that time. With a little allowance—a very little—on the score of family reverence, this memoir is well written, and throws some new light on the political intrigues of the last years of Anne, and the first years of George the First. Sir Henry Bunbury is anxious to prove that his ancestor did not deserve to be stigmatised as a trimmer and time-server; and, in fact, if we compare Sir Thomas Hanmer with the mass of the intriguing, selfish, venal politicians of those days, we shall find that he was better than nine-tenths of them. As an editor and annotator, Sir Thomas *n'etait pas un aigle*, but there was something in his admiring Shakspeare as he did, and devoting time and money to do him honour.

There is a very curious account of France in the year 1648, written by Sir Thomas Hanmer, grandfather of the Speaker. This paper contains several little things not to be found elsewhere, and which may be serviceable to the historian in treating of the relations of England and France, during the commonwealth and the minority of Louis the Fourteenth; some extracts from the private account-book of Isabella Duchess of Grafton,* from 1708 to 1723, are interesting in many respects, and they afford an index to the manners of those times. Her grace, as she grew old, seems to have tippled a little; for there are many entries of—brandy and usquebaugh. "This alarming item," says the editor good humouredly, "makes its first appearance in 1713, (her grace was then in her forty-sixth year,) and it recurs with a fearful growth of frequency in the following years. Charity would make me hope that this brandy might be for the tooth-ache: *but* it is observable that pence to the poor, losses at cards, and casualties in her grace's jewels, make their appearance about the same time, and multiply with a proportionate rapidity; while operas and plays cease to be numbered among the duchess's expenses." He might have added, that as the consumption of brandy increased, so did the purchase of sermons, snuff, and books of warm devotion.

There is also an extract from "Eroclea; or the Maid of Honour," a manuscript romance, in the manner of Scuderi, and big enough to fill some six or seven goodly octavos, the production of Sir Henry North, of Milden Hall, the maternal grandfather of Speaker Hanmer. Then follow in the volume miscellaneous letters, written by a curious variety of personages, from Pope down to poor Bloomfield, the author of the "Farmer's Boy;" from the Duke of Marlborough down to Lord Nelson. Several of these letters are full of meaning and character—quite a *bonne bouche*. Two or three of them are truly exquisite.. There is one from the poet Crabbe, when in his greatest difficulties, to the benevolent Burke, which will make tears gush to the eyes. If we remember right, there is an extract from this most touching letter in Crabbe's life by his son, a book which we take this opportunity of recommending to all such as have not had the felicity of reading it. Another letter, equally admirable in its way, and honourable alike to the great man who wrote it, and to the great man to whom it was written, is one from Mr. Wordsworth to Charles Fox, upon the condition of the labouring classes of England in the year 1801. Among the writers of the other letters are named Doctor Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts." Goldsmith, Garrick, Horace Walpole, Jeremy Bentham, Burke, Mrs. Jordan, Madame de Genlis, Dr. Parr, the Marquis Cornwallis, and others. And in addition to all this mixed matter, the volume contains a memoir of Charles Lee, the American general, who was a first cousin of the editor's father, and a singular character; and this is followed by extracts from the poetry of the late Henry F. R. Soame, a cousin of the editor, who died in early life, after giving proof of brilliant talents, and being the delight of a society, many members of which still survive. This gentleman, who died in India in the year 1803, was the author of those beautiful lines on the *pains* of memory, beginning

---

* This lady, in second marriage, was united to Sir Thomas Hanmer, the Speaker.

> "Pleasures of memory!—oh! supremely blest,
> And justly proud beyond a poet's praise," etc.

which Mr. Rogers has printed in many successive additions of his "Pleasures of Memory" as the production of an anonymous writer. Thanks to Mr. Rogers, we have been familiar with the lines from our childhood, but until now we never could make a guess as to their authorship. The lines are by far the best in the present selection, and they ought to preserve the name of Henry Soame from oblivion.

We could make many pages of choice extracts from this volume, but we must content ourselves with two or three, trusting that *they*, and the remarks we have offered, will help to direct attention to the volume itself.

As the public mind is now somewhat excited on the subject of Lord Byron's statue, and the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, we will treat our readers with part of another story about a tombstone, in which another great poet was concerned. It appears that Pope's father, though a Catholic, had a tablet erected to his memory by his wife and son in Twickenham church, and that this said tablet was placed over the pew of Lord and Lady Stafford, who were neighbours and friends to the poet. When Sir Godfrey Kneller, the vainest bad painter that ever lived, departed this life, his bouncing and still vainer widow wanted to pull down old Pope's tablet, and to stick in its place a large statue of her defunct husband, with another statue of her living self. The poet, who, on account of his religion, was not likely to find much favour, applied for the assistance of Lord Strafford, and began by wittily representing the danger to his lordship and his noble line.

"A monition from Doctors' Commons was published here last Sunday, wherein that pious widow desires their leave to pull down the tablet set up at the end of your lordship's pew, to fix there a large one to Sir G. and herself, with both their figures. If your lordship should really chance to take no great pleasure in beholding my name full before your eyes, (which I should not wonder at,) yet, at least (dangerous as that name is, and dreadful to all true Protestant ears) it cannot incommode you so much as a vast three hundred pounds pile, projecting out upon you, overshadowing my Lady Strafford with the immense draperies and stone petticoats of Lady Kneller, and perhaps crushing to pieces your lordship's posterity! This period sounds very poetical, and yet Reeves seriously tells me, and allows me to tell your lordship as seriously, that the main wall at the pews will be greatly in danger of falling by the addition of such a tomb."

Lady Godfrey would hear no reason: she said that she would have the place over his lordship's pew *because* she liked it, and because Pope had promised the place to her husband on his deathbed. To the latter allegation the poet answers—

"The only ground of this silly pretence of hers is what follows. . . . Sir Godfrey sent to me just before he died. He began by telling me he was now convinced he could not live, and fell into a passion of tears. I said I hoped he might live; but if not, he knew it was the will of God, and therefore would do his best to resign himself to it. He answered with great emotion—'*No, no, no!—it is the evil spirit.*' The next thing he said was this—'By God! I will not be buried in Westminster Abbey.' I asked him why? He answered, '*They do bury fools there.*' Then he said to me, 'My good friend, where will you be buried?' I said, 'Wherever I drop; very likely in Twickenham.' He replied, 'So will I;' then proceeded to desire I would write his epitaph, which I promised him. It would be endless to tell your lordship the strange things he suggested on that head. 'It must be in Latin, that all foreigners may read it; it must be English too,' &c. I desired him to be easy in all that matter, I would certainly do the best I could. Then he desired me that I would take down my father's monument, '*for it was the best place in the church to be seen at a distance.*' This (as your lordship may well imagine) surprised me quite. I hesitated, and said, 'I feared it would be indecent, and that my mother must be asked as well as I.' He fell crying again, and seemed so violently moved, that in pure humanity to a dying man, (as well as to one I thought *non compos*,) I would not directly persist in denying it strongly, but begged him to be easy upon the whole, and said, '*I* would do for him all that I could *with decency*.' Those words, and that reserve, I can swear to."

As the portrait painter's wife was obstinate, the chancellor of the Bishopric of London went down to Twickenham church, and there he, and Pope, and the sexton, and my Lady Kneller, and my Lady Kneller's mason, had quite a field-day. The parson of the parish sided with her ladyship.

"Upon this a very silly thing happened, which I ought not to conceal from you. The minister, Dr. Booth, with a good deal of ridiculous warmth, told Dr. Henchman that of all men, my Lord Strafford's objections ought to have no weight, for he never came to church. And added, that you had never given *him* anything since he was parson; with more to that idle purpose. Two that were present said, my Lord Strafford had given 50*l*. to the church; and I observed you had scarce been in the country since this parson came, and that he himself had been but once a month, or not so often, here. You will smile at Dr. Henchman's grave answer, which was, 'Is my Lord Strafford a Roman Catholic or a Dissenter? If he were either, that would not lessen his right of objecting, or any other man's.' This was all that passed."

But Pope was not a man to let the matter pass so easily. He wrote an epigram upon the "very large and very wide lady," and he hit the parson very hard in a subsequent letter to Lord Strafford. He says, among severer things—

"The truth is, the black puppy provoked me, which was more than all the fat woman could do, with all her other dirty gownmen: a dull blockhead sometimes galls one more than a smart cunning rogue; as a blunt knife cuts and mangles worse than a keen one. I wonder the man should be angry at your lordship, of all men, who (by his own account) are the only one of his parish that does not know him to be a dunce, by never having heard him hold forth."

The next letter, by the hero of Trafalgar, relates not to making a monument, but to making a lieutenant without Admiralty patronage.

"TO SIR CHARLES BUNBURY.

"*Victory, off Cape St. Vincent, Sept.* 26, 1805.

"My dear Sir Charles,

"Only this moment have I been favoured with your letter of Feb. 4th, 1804. Where is this Mr. Stewart? let him come forth! and if I can take the enemy's fleet he shall be made a lieutenant; if not, he must get an Admiralty recommendation, for all except death vacancies are considered as belonging to them; but be assured I am ever happy to meet your wishes, and believe me, my dear Sir Charles,

"Your most obliged,
"Humble Servant,
"NELSON."

In less than a month after writing this letter, Nelson was killed. Collingwood, who succeeded him, took a good number of the enemy's ships into port; but that excellent officer was not allowed to make lieutenants out of the brave *unpatronised* who had won the victory. That office still remained with the Admiralty, and the Court, and the boroughmongers; and the navy was disgraced—ay, at that very moment—by the promotion of inefficient, untried striplings, while the men who had saved their country were, in great part, passed over. O the good old times!

The next describes, with touching simplicity, a perambulation made among the great, in search of patronage, by poor Bloomfield.

"TO SIR CHARLES BUNBURY.

"*City Road, March* 25, 1806.

"Sir,

"I think you will pardon my thus writing to you instead of calling, when I inform you that a violent cold has caused me several fits of the headache, and I cannot this wet day persuade myself to venture out. Your zeal in my service entitled you to an earlier intimation of its success; but convinced as I am, that you, sir, know well that the great and fashionable part of the world are not so easy of access as yourself, I anticipate rather a smile at my adventures than that you will feel anything like disappointment. Mr. Windham was too much engaged to see me. The Earl of Carlisle sent a message to the same effect, but added, that if I would call any morning in the following week, he would be glad to speak with me. Accordingly I took a charming walk in Hyde Park, and called a second time, when his lordship sent down for my address, and said he should see Sir Charles Bunbury. On the same day I met with a civil reception from the servants at Devonshire House. But the duchess was not up. I therefore left your letter and the book; perhaps I herein acted wrong—but I felt at that instant as if I should be much happier out of the house than in. I had all along a great desire to see Mr. Fox, and therefore twice declined calling, because there appeared several carriages at the door, and because I conceived that, as I have as little as possible the appearance of a minister of state, the porter would not think me of importance enough to attend to. But finding that my first objection was of a kind not likely to be avoided by waiting, I at last called, when some gentleman, whose carriage stood at the door, was probably engaged with Mr. Fox, and I had an intimation to that purpose. I had, however, so far anticipated my fortune, and so far disclosed my mind in a note enclosed, as to say that 'I ought, for my country's sake, to wish that he might not find time to read the poems.'"

Letters on Paraguay; comprising an Account of a Four Years' Residence in that Republic, under the Government of the Dictator Francia.

By J. P. and W. P. ROBERTSON.

This is an interesting work on a somewhat novel subject. The republic of Paraguay, situated in the heart of South America, is but little known, and we do not remember any work that treats exclusively of it, with the single exception of Davies' "Account of Paraguay," published about thirty years ago. The authors tell us they were the first British subjects, with the exception of a Scotch sergeant, who visited the country. The first five letters, which are termed introductory, relate to South America generally, and give a rapid sketch of the rise and progress of society in the different states once under the dominion of old Spain. After detailing the course of events which brought about the revolt of the colonies, and their recognition as independent states, we are introduced to the government and society of the infant republic of Paraguay, which is the main object of the present work.

Having formed the determination of visiting Paraguay, with the view of settling there, Mr. J. P. Robertson thus describes the expedition.

> "The expedition which I undertook to Paraguay was a mercantile one; and the ship engaged for the purpose, being equipped and stored with all things necessary, commenced, in December 1811, the laborious navigation of the river Paraná. She had twelve hundred miles alternately to sail and warp against a stream which runs at the rate of three miles an hour; and she was not expected during the summer season (for December there is the veriest midsummer) to make the passage in less than three months, while I could perform the distance on horseback in fifteen or sixteen days."

He therefore determines to go *per terra*. His equipment as a land traveller is amusing.

> "Doffing the habiliments of an Englishman, I put on a light jacket, hidden under a poncho, of a sort of fustian manufacture of the country. The lightness of its material kept me cool, while the closeness of its texture, and the flapping position in which it hung, preserved me from rain. My poncho did more than this; for it served me as a coverlet during the night, and as an awning over head while I sat at my meals, or slept my siesta during the heat of the day. The next, and most conspicuous part of my dress, was a huge straw hat, with the circular amplitude of a large parasol. Round my waist I wore a broad leathern girdle, fastened in front by a large button. At one side of this belt was my carving knife, projected by a curiously wrought sheath, and opposite were stuck a brace of pistols. A red silk sash tied round my smallclothes kept them up; and a pair of stout loose boots, armed with silver spurs, of which the rowels were nearly an inch in diameter, completed my travelling attire. My horse furniture was equally well adapted to the country as my own apparel, and quite as little like that in use here. The hunting saddle was exchanged for the recado, a sort of pack-saddle, underlaid by a large piece of leather covering the whole of the horse's back and haunches, and made with a view to prevent the sweat penetrating to the clothes or upper gear of the saddle. * * * Such an apparatus *must* be cumbrous; but seeing no bed is to be procured in travelling over the country, a saddle thus capable of being converted into a comfortable couch is extremely convenient."

He arrived at Santa Fé, a town on the banks of a tributary stream of the great river Paraná, which, he says, presents a poor appearance—the houses being low-roofed, with the rafters exposed to view, the walls whitewashed. Here he is shocked "to see, for the first time, a great proportion of the ladies, openly and undisguisedly, not only smoking, but smoking *cigars of a size so large that those of their male companions bore no comparison to them.*" His nerves are doomed to a still greater shock! On being asked by the *ladies* to accompany them to the bath, our author (then scarcely out of his teens) says—

> "I never doubted we were to part company at the water's edge. I of course consented to become one of so novel and interesting a party, and forth we sallied. The ladies were attended by a great many female slaves, bearing their mistresses' wearing apparel. As we moved onward *en masse*, many was the joke, and loud the laugh, which cheered us on our way. Much too plain and primitive, however, for reiteration was the language in which the whole conversation was couched. At

> length the shining river arose upon our view, its waters rippling and dimpling under the dancing beams of the moon. But guess, my friend, if you can, my astonishment, when, on reaching the banks, I saw the Santa Fecina naiads, who had taken to the stream before our arrival, bandying their jokes in high glee with the gentlemen, who were bathing a little way above them. It is true they were all dressed, the ladies in white robes and the gentlemen in white drawers; but there was in the exhibition something that ran counter to my preconceived notions of propriety and decorum."

Our Scotch friend is rather too particular. After a month's stay, he resumes his journey. On his arrival at Assumption, the capital of Paraguay, he is introduced to Dr. Bargas, whom he describes with some humour. We have seen fac-similes of this doctor in old Spain.

His arrival, it appears, was regarded with jealousy. It had been asserted that he had come to monopolise the commerce of the province, and that he had been making a map of the country. " These are things that must be closely looked into," said they, " and it behoves us also to see that Mr. Robertson do nothing *contra bonos mores*, or subversive of religion; at the same time charging Dr. Bargas, whose guest he was, to take care of him, and watch his conduct. Of the city, Assumption, the capital, he says—

> " I shall say very little. As a city, in our acceptation of the word, nothing can be said of it. In extent, architecture, convenience, or population, it does not rank with a fifth-rate town in England. It is true it has a cathedral; and when we think of Gloucester, Salisbury, even Chester, and other cathedrals, the name sounds fine. But neither has Assumption any greater pretension to comparison with one of the towns mentioned, than has its white-washed paltry episcopal church to comparison with any one of the noble piles, which, under the designation of cathedrals, adorn this country; its government-house, with the title of ' palace,' is a mean, low, white-washed, though extensive structure. Its largest buildings, though anything but sumptuous, are the convents; and so few good or commodious private houses are there, that it took me a month to find one large enough, at the highest rent ever paid there—three hundred and sixty dollars, or eighty pounds a year—in which to accommodate the limited establishment I contemplated forming in this ancient capital."

The population is computed by Mr. R. at 10,000, but of late years we believe it has rapidly increased. There is a good deal of interesting anecdote about that famous man, Don Gaspar Rodriguez de Francia, doctor in Medicine, and late Consul or Dictator of Paraguay, with whom one of our travellers was personally and familiarly acquainted. This, indeed, is the best part of the book. The following passage is delicious:—

> " ' You know,' says Dr. Francia, (the then dictator,) addressing himself to Mr. Roberston previous to his departure for England, ' what my policy has been with respect to Paraguay; that I have kept it on a system of non-intercourse with the other provinces of South America, and from contamination by that foul and restless spirit of anarchy and revolution which has more or less desolated and disgraced them all. Paraguay is in a more flourishing (pingüe) state now than any of the countries around it; and while here all is order, subordination, and tranquillity, the moment you pass its boundary, the sound of the cannon and the din of civil discord salute your ears. . . The natives of Buenos Ayres are the most fickle, vain, volatile, and profligate of the whole of Spain's late dominions in this hemisphere; and therefore I am resolved to have nothing to do with the Portenos. My wish,' continues the dictator, ' is to promote an intercourse with England direct, so that whatever feuds may distract the other states, and whatever impediments they may choose to throw in the way of commerce and navigation, those states shall themselves be the sole sufferers. The ships of Great Britain triumphantly sweeping the Atlantic, will penetrate to Paraguay; and, in union with our flotillas, will bid defiance to all interruption of commerce from the mouth of the Plate to the lake Xarayes. Your government will have its minister here, and I shall have mine at the court of St. James's. Your countrymen shall traffic in manufactures and munitions of war, and shall receive in exchange the noble products of this country. . . . *Now, I*

desire that as soon as you get to London you will present yourself to the House of Commons, take with you these samples of the productions of Paraguay, (two cwt. of tobacco, a bale of Paraguay tea, some spirits, loaves of sugar, and a bundle of cigars, with bales of cloth and cotton,) request an audience at the bar; and inform the assembly that you are deputed by Don Gaspar Rodrigues de Francia, Consul of the Republic of Paraguay, to lay before it these specimens of the rich productions of that country. . . . . Such a treaty of commerce and political alliance may then be framed, as shall comport at once with the dignity and interest of the great empire of England, and with those of the rising state which I now rule. Paraguay will be the first republic of South America, as Great Britain is already the first of European nations. The alliance seems, therefore, natural; and how beneficial for the European state, you, Senor Don Juan, can fully elucidate and explain."

Our authors' political reflections and strictures on forms of government, monarchic and republican, are not worth more than the fine ladies' talk about Shakspeare and the musical glasses in the "Vicar of Wakefield." They are not prepared by study and enlarged observation to pronounce opinions on any such matters.

Another interesting portion of the work is the account of the curious establishment of the Jesuits in Paraguay; but here our authors have too much of the spirit of John Knox in them to speak impartially. The "Loyola body," as they term the Jesuits, are evidently "imps of Anti-Christ" (as Knox called them) in their Presbyterian eyes, and their religious antipathies prevent their fair reasoning on obvious facts. It appears to be indisputable that the Jesuits managed their colonies better than those who preceded and than those who succeeded them, and that their system, so far from being particularly baneful to the Indians, was more favourable and advantageous to them than any other system ever carried into practice either in North or South America.

But our authors themselves are forced into the admission, that after exploring the country of the *Misiones*, they "*almost* regretted, upon the face of its dreariness, depopulation, and decay, that the Jesuits were not still its masters." And they continue—"There was, at any rate, in *their* time, industry, increase of population, and of wealth; comparative comfort to the Indian, and the appearance of a cultivated country—cultivated on bad principles, it is true—but still, *cultivated*. There was discipline, regularity, order, and subordination."

Edwin and Mary. By LADY TUITE.

There is much that is excellent in this little work. The amiable authoress takes for her motto the words of Solomon, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." In accordance with this invaluable rule, she seeks to impress on the youthful mind a love of virtue for its own sake. Not that she by any means loses sight of the higher view, which should actuate all to whom iscommitted the tuition of immortal beings. Her plan appears to be well wrought out in familiar dialogues, by means of which are instilled those principles which lie at the root of human happiness. The conversations are lively and interesting, and Lady Tuite has here added to our juvenile libraries an useful and attractive little volume, of which all must feel the value.

The Poetical Works of Robert Southey, Esq., LL.D. Vol. X.

This is the concluding volume of the present admirable edition of Dr. Southey's works—an edition that will be much prized by lovers of handsome books, and which will, we trust, enhance the reputation of the excellent author and editor. We have already spoken, *seriatim*, of every volume except this the last. In it are contained "The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo," the "Vision of Judgment," and some minor poems. The embellishments are two exquisite little engravings, one being a view from the Poet's House at Keswick, the other the Field of Waterloo. The whole of the poetical works of Robert Southey are now before the public, as edited by himself. We imagine that no modern library can be considered as perfect without this choice and cheap edition.

The Book of Family Crests, comprising nearly every Family Bearing, properly blazoned and explained, accompanied with Four Thousand Engravings, illustrative of the Crests of One Hundred Thousand Families of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, the Colonies, the United States, and various parts of the World; with the Surnames of the Bearers alphabetically arranged, their Mottos, an Essay on the Origin of Arms, Crests, &c., a Glossary of Terms, and an Index of Subjects.

This is one of those works which require little or no comment—the thing speaks for itself, and is almost out of the pale of criticism. The merit lies in its correctness, and as we have neither leisure nor inclination to search the Heralds' College, we can only recommend it to the public for examination. In the arrangement, however, there is much to approve. The terms in heraldry are explained in alphabetical order, the book forming, so to say, an heraldic dictionary; and at the end there is a complete galaxy of engraved arms and crests.

The History and Geography of Greece, including its Literature, Forms of Government, and the spreading of Grecian Civilisation by Colonists and Conquests. By THOMAS SWINBURNE CARR, Author of the "Manual of Roman Antiquities," and Classical Master in King's College, London.

An epitome of Grecian History, for the use of Schools, "unencumbered by those minute and circumstantial details which, by distracting the attention of the reader, confuse at once his memory and judgment." The different authorities, along with many important explanations, are given in notes, and we pronounce the work to be admirably clear and conclusive, notwithstanding its brevity. Such a book has long been a desideratum, and we therefore confidently recommend it. An insight into the valuable materials of this volume will inspire a love of study and create a decided taste for classic literature in the young.

The leading facts of Grecian history are really given—as the author proposed they should be—in a clear and consistent series; and the chapters on Constitutions, Progress of Geography, Commerce, and Civilisation, are most valuable additions.

Historical Tales of the Southern Counties. In Two Volumes.

Here we have several light and agreeable tales illustrative of English history. The first volume contains two stories, one entitled "The Sea

Kings," of the times of Alfred the Great, the other, "Sir Walter Tyrrel," of the time of the Normans. The second volume is devoted to "William of Normandy," the unhappy child of a hapless sire, the son of Robert *Courte-heuse*, the blinded captive of Cardiff Castle. As the scenes here described relate to leading epochs of our national history, they cannot fail to instruct, in some measure, as well as amuse. Those who prefer the romance of history to history itself, will doubtless find the volumes much to their taste. The times depicted are those of romance and chivalry, which to the youthful mind have always a degree of fascination. The deeds of our Saxon and Norman ancestry are dwelt upon with an enthusiastic and inspiring warmth.

Ladies' Sunday School Assistant; or Mother's Guide to the Four Gospels; being an Explanation of each Chapter, according to the Verses, with occasional Practical Hints.

This is a useful little book, and well adapted for the purpose intended. In contains a familiar explanation of the epistles of the four evangelists, according to the judgment of our best divines, and frequently in their own words, and is divided into chapters and verses, corresponding with the Bible. The passages themselves are not only, in most instances, reduced to easy and familiar language, but explanations of the texts are given, well suited to juvenile capacities; and, we doubt not, many adults will benefit themselves by a perusal. The work must prove an excellent assistant to all Sunday-school teachers, and to such we recommend it.

Walter Deverell, a Domestic Tale. In Three Volumes.

Though a domestic tale, yet of stirring interest. Walter Deverell is no common hero; and his troubles and adversities are very agreeably depicted in the three volumes before us. His manly sternness and unimpeachable integrity, his singleness of purpose, and calmness of demeanour, are well contrasted and relieved by the grace, feminine softness, and bewitching tenderness of Alice, his fair protegée; while the whims and fashionable follies of Lady Georgiana, the dissipation of her father Lord Ellerton, the hard-hearted cruelty of old Deverell, and the crafts and wiles of an intriguing lawyer, render the whole story one of life and variety. The opening scene introduces the readers to one of those numerous boarding-houses at the west end of the metropolis, so convenient for bachelors and members of Parliament. At this place the fair Alice, the heroine of the tale, is somewhat mysteriously ushered into the world, but has the good fortune to meet with a kind protector in the widow of an officer, who, along with her sister, "a sharp sour old maid," is the keeper of this lodging-house. We will not destroy what is generally considered the very spice of novel reading—anxious surprise—by developing the plot, which has many intricacies, many crooked paths, and many dark passages, ere the lovers are brought to the usual haven of happiness—matrimony. When we consider the number and variety of the characters introduced, their vicissitudes, the striking incidents, and the animation of many of the scenes, we think that there is every probability of Walter Deverell becoming a favourite with novel readers.

Poems and Songs, Humorous and Satirical. By ALEXANDER RODGER.

Were the present collection of poems to be taken as a sample of Glasgow verse, we should not be very favourably impressed with the value of the commodity. In the first edition, the author tells us, many of the productions contained in the present volume were omitted. Of what these consisted, Mr. Rodger does not inform us; but sure we are that very many of the pieces now published would have been better out of the bale.

We should disagree about terms. What Mr. Rodger may call political satire, we should call Billingsgate!

C. Crispi Sallustii Bellum Catilinarium et Jugurthinum. Curâ JOANNIS HUNTER, LL.D.

An excellent school-book. In this edition, while the text and punctuation of the late editor, Dr. Hunter, have been strictly adhered to, the work has been illustrated by numerous interpretations and notes, which will be found greatly to augment its value in the estimation of every intelligent teacher.

Windsor Castle and its Environs; illustrated with Historical Sketches and Anecdotes of the Royal Founders, and descriptions of Towns and Seats. By THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.

The chief merit of this publication rests with the embellishments, which are finely executed. The present number (the first) contains a portrait of her Majesty, (though expressive, it is not the best likeness we have seen,) and three views of Windsor Castle and the surrounding scenery. The views are very beautiful, presenting a fair specimen of the excellence now attained to in that kind of engraving.

A New Translation of the Tales of a Thousand and One Nights, known in England as the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, with copious Notes. By EDWARD WILLIAM LANE, Author of the "Modern Egyptians." *Illustrated with many Hundred Wood-cuts, engraved by the first English Artists, after Original Designs by* WILLIAM HARVEY.

Having in our former number endeavoured to do justice to the many excellencies of this work, we need only remind our readers that part the fourth is in every respect worthy of its predecessors. Mr. Harvey seems even to improve in his designs, and Mr. Lane's peculiar style and his orientalisms gain more favour in our sight, as we become more accustomed to them.

The Pictorial History of England; being a History of the People, as well as a History of the Kingdom. Illustrated with many Hundred Wood-cuts of Monumental Records; Coins; Civil and Military Costumes; Domestic Buildings, Furniture, and Ornaments; Cathedrals, and other great Works of Architecture; Sports, and other Illustrations of Manners; Mechanical Inventions; Portraits of Eminent Persons; and Remarkable Historical Scenes.

We have paid considerable attention to this truly meritorious work, from the appearance of the first part down to the seventeenth, which brings the historian to about the middle of his labours, or a little beyond the extraordinary reign of Henry VIII. We are thus enabled to state, that an exceedingly good plan has been worked out with much industry and spirit, and a very rare impartiality. The plan indeed is excellent, embracing many of the most interesting facts connected with our history as a people, and which have been generally neglected, or passed over very briefly, by our historians. Each book embraces a determinate period, and contains, in addition to a very full narrative of civil and military transactions, a chapter on the history of religion—a chapter on the progress of the constitution, government, and laws—a chapter on the progress of the national industry—another on the history of literature, science, and the fine arts—another on manners and customs, and a seventh, and an exceedingly interesting one, on the history of the condition of the people. The illustrations are numerous and beautiful, serving to convey a deal of useful information. An idea may be formed of the liberal hand with which they are given when we state, that in the first twelve parts, which form one thick volume, there are no fewer than five hundred and twenty-four wood-cuts of various kinds. It has been the object of the conductors of the work to take these illustrations as nearly as possible from pictures, sculptures, coins, or other works of the period which they are employed to explain. The Pictorial History thus lays before the public many curious and quaint things which were not to be met with except in a very expensive shape, and not a few from illuminated MSS. and other precious relics in the British Museum, and other repositories, which, as far as our knowledge goes, have never been published in any shape. Some of these old things are wonderfully full of meaning and character. Taken collectively, they are in themselves a little history of the progress of art in Great Britain. On the whole, we scarcely know a work more likely to excite the attention of the young. The book is so remarkably cheap, that a hope may be entertained of its finding its way into every respectable house in the kingdom. The literary part of the work has a claim to much more ample notice than we can now afford it; but we may take an early opportunity of returning to the subject, or at least to some portion of it more particularly distinguished by its novelty and excellence.

Railroadiana. A New History of England; or Picturesque, Biographical, Historical, Legendary, and Antiquarian Sketches, descriptive of the Vicinity of the Railroads. First Series. *With a Map and Illustrations.* London and Birmingham Railway.

A useful little book as far as it goes, exhibiting at one view the chief objects of attraction right and left of the line, as far as Stoney Stratford.

The title is a great deal too ambitious, and the execution is not quite so good as the idea. A railroad history of England will hardly do, unless it be done by very different steam from that got up on the present occasion. What the book really is, is a guide-book, enlivened with a few anecdotes. As such, it may suggest a very pleasant trip, and direct and amuse the traveller while he is about it.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Dewar's (the Rev. Dr.) Evidences of Divine Revelation. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
Carr's (T. S.) History and Geography of Greece. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
Osborne's Grand Junction Railway Guide. Royal 18mo. 3s. 6d.
The Chatham Correspondence. Vol. I. 8vo. 18s.
Incidents of Travel in Egypt and Arabia. By George Stephens. 2 vols. post 8vo. 15s.
Notes on Naples and its Environs, &c Post 8vo. 9s.
Relics of Elijah. By Dr. Krummacher. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
Questions on the Epistles. 18mo. 2s.
Christ our Example. Sixth Edition. 12mo. 6s.
Hoary Head and the Valleys Below. By Jacob Abbott. Fcap. 3s. 6d.
Vindication of the Book of Genesis. By the Rev. F. De Johnsone. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Bible Thoughts, extracted from Caryl. 32mo. 2s.
How to Observe: Morals and Manners. By Miss Martineau. Post 8vo. 8s. 6d.
The Singing Master. Second Edition. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
The Book of Family Crests. 2 vols. fcap. 21s.
A Brother's Gift to a Sister. Edited by R. D. Walker. Fcap. 5s.
Crusts for Chickens, &c. 18mo. 2s.
Little Crumbs. 18mo. 1s.
The Peep of Day. Fifth Edition. 18mo. 3s.
Family Prayers for the Use of Young Persons. New Edition. 12mo. 2s.
Southey's Poetical Works. Vol. X. Fcap. 5s.
The Doctor. Vol. V. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Macartney on Inflammation. 4to. 15s.
Doering's Horace. Second edition. 8vo. 18s.
Hawker's Instructions to Young Sportsmen. New edition. 8vo. 21s.
Williams's Euclid. New edition. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Uncle Oliver's Travels in Persia. Vol. II. 18mo. 4s.
Lamartine's Souvenirs en Orient. New edition. 2 vols. 18mo. 12s.
Carey on the Credit System. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Gathercole's Letters to a Dissenting Minister. 18mo. 4s. 6d.
Elementary Latin Class-Book. By M. Thornborrow. 12mo. 2s.
Prout's Hints on Light and Shadow. 4to. 42s.
Lectures on Theology. By I. Dick, D.D. Second edition. 4 vols., post 8vo. 30s.
The Steam Engine. By Hugo Reid. Fc. 4s.
Geography Simplified. Second edition. 18mo. 2s.
Blackett on the Use of the Spirit Level. 8vo. 8s.
Lyell's Elements of Geology. 12mo. 10s. 6d.
Letters from Ireland. By C. Elizabeth. 8vo. 8s. 6d.
Essays on the Church. New edition. Fc. 3s. 6d.
Dale's Companion to the Altar. Fcp. 4s.
Brougham's Speeches, with Historical Introduction. 4 vols. 8vo. 48s.
Mendelssohn's Jerusalem, translated by M. Samuel. 2 vols. 8vo. 20s.
The Dying Soldier. By Rev. W. Sinclair. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
Thoughts on the Responsibility of Man. By E. Meek. Fcp. 3s. 6d.
A Scripture Catechism. By E. W. 18mo. 2s.
The Book of Psalms, arranged for Family Devotion. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Draper's Bible Stories. Third Series. 32mo. 1s. 6d.
My Three Aunts. By Mrs. Jerram. 16mo. 1s. 6d.
James's Life and Times of Louis XIV., Vols. III. & IV. 8vo. 28s.
Beck's Medical Jurisprudence. Sixth edition. 8vo. 21s.
Raikes's Visit to St. Petersburgh, the City of the Czar. 8vo. 12s.

The Spirit of the East, Journal of Travels through Roumelia. By D. Urquhart. 2 vols. 8vo. 28*s.*
The Call upon the Church. By Rev. W. Nicholson and W. Roberts, Esq. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Not Tradition but Revelation. By P. N. Shuttleworth. Fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Parkinson's Hulsean Lectures, 1837. 8vo. 9*s.*
Potter on Church Government. New Edition. 12mo. 4*s.*
Alexander's (Captain J. E.) Expedition of Discovery into the Interior of Africa. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 21*s.*
Loudon's Suburban Gardener. 8vo. 20*s.*
Botany: Library of Useful Knowledge. 8vo. 4*s.*
Geology as a Science. By John Rooke. 12mo. 6*s.*
Griffith's Lectures on Confirmation. Second edition. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
The Child's Own Bible. Old Testament Series. Royal 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*
New Duty of Man. 8vo. New Edition. 9*s.*
Model Lessons for Infant Schools. Fcap. 3*s.*
Tableau of the Procession at Queen Victoria's Coronation. 14*s.* bds.; 21*s.* on roller.
Major's Latin Grammar. Fourth Edition. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Memoirs of a Prisoner of State. Translated by F. Prandi. 8vo. 10*s.*
The Gradational Spelling-Book. By J. Fellows. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Stevenson's Civil Engineering of North America. 8vo. 12*s.*
Britton's Dictionary of Architecture. Royal 8vo. 56*s.*
Henderson's Arithmetical Architecture of the Solar System. 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Blacklock's Treatise on Sheep. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Archbold's Criminal Law. By Jarvis. New Edition. 12mo. 19*s.*
Nugent's French Directory. Square, New Edition. 7*s.*
Plain Advice to all Persons on going to Law. 18mo. 2*s.*
Bonnycastle's Arithmetic. By Rowbotham. New edition. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Trimmer's Ancient History. New edition. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Beauties of the Isle of Wight. 18mo. 3*s.*
The Oakleigh Shooting Guide. Third Edition. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Democracy in Modern Communities. By M. G. Guizot. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Freeling's London, Liverpool, and Manchester Railway Companion. 18mo. 5*s.*
Robins's Coronation Procession of Queen Victoria. 9*s.*
Scottish Land Tourist's Pocket Guide. Third edition. 32mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Paul on the Ringworm. Imp. 8vo. 6*s.*
Spratt's Obstetric Tables. New edition. 2*l.* 5*s.*
Wallace's Treatise on Venereal. New edition. 8vo. 12*s.*
Wardroper on the Structure, Diseases, and Treatment of the Teeth. 8vo. 3*s.*
Spooner's Panorama of the Queen's Coronation Procession. 6*s.* plain; 12*s.* col.
Currie's Practice of Homœopathy. 8vo. 9*s.*

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Miss Burdon's new work, "The Lost Evidence," is expected to appear about the end of the month.

A New Quarterly Work, entitled "The Isis," is in preparation, to be conducted by Members of the University.

Mrs. Jameson has, we understand, made considerable progress in the printing of her new work, "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles," for which the Public will, no doubt, look with the anticipations they are accustomed to feel for every new production from this charming writer.

A volume of Poems, entitled "Tranquil Hours," from the Pen of a Lady, is near completion.

Mr. Lodge has just published a new edition of his valuable Peerage, including the newly created Peers.

A new Edition of Mrs. Jameson's "Diary of an Ennuyée" is just ready. This popular volume, apart from its other merits, is one of the most interesting Guides we possess for the Continental Tourist.

A Fourth Edition of Sir George Stephens' "Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse," will be published in a few days.

A New Edition of "Mayer's Sportsman's Directory" is in the press.

Mr. Howard, author of "Rattlin the Reefer," "The Old Commodore," &c., is engaged on the "Memoirs of Sir Sidney Smith," to be comprised in 2 vols. 8vo. with plates.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

A steady revival appears to be taking place in our manufactures, though this cannot be fully felt until the return of our accustomed export trade. Last month we had to notice the complete establishment of steam navigation between this country and America, promising the most important results. A kindred event has now to be mentioned within our own shores. On Monday (August 20) a party of proprietors performed the first journey by the railroad from London to Birmingham, thus passing over the line which will connect the most important of our manufacturing districts with the metropolis. It is impossible not to feel that the completion of these grand undertakings must produce effects on our commercial interests, of which it would be difficult at present to form any adequate conception. The Great Western Railway appears also to be progressing prosperously. The harvest, which is now in active operation in many districts, is, on the whole, said to promise well, though some contrary anticipations have been entertained, which have had their effects on the market.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Friday, 24th of August.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 208 and a-quarter.—Three per Cent. Consols, 94 one-eighth.—Three per Cent. reduced, 94 seven-eighths to 95.—Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, 102 and a-quarter.—Exchequer Bills, 72*s*. to 74*s*. prem.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Five per Cent. 36 three-quarters.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 54 and a-quarter to a-half—Dutch, Five per Cent., 102 three-quarters to seven-eighths.—Spanish Active Bonds, 21 and a-quarter to three-eighths

Money Market Report.—Friday Evening, Aug. 24.—Consols are still languid, and the Markets generally, at the Stock Exchange, have been influenced by them. There has been but little business in the foreign securities. Shares are also heavy, but the prices do not show much alteration.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JULY 24, TO AUG. 17, 1838, INCLUSIVE.

July 24.—R. Ball, Olveston, Gloucestershire, shopkeeper.—W. Howard, Leeds, cloth merchant.—J. Sutcliffe, Bowling, Yorkshire, stuff merchant.—D. Davis, Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorganshire, linendraper.—H. Lewis, otherwise H. I. Lewis, Salford, Lancashire, tallow chandler.—B. Robert, jun., Stanningly, Yorkshire, joiner.

July 27.—G. Hanson, Fleet Street, cutler.—W. G. Jones, Greville Street, Holborn, surgeon.—H. P. Hammond, Bishopsgate Street, ropemaker.—J. Almond, Helton-le-Hole, Durham, grocer.—W. Gonnell, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, currier.—J. Steadman, Preston, Lancashire, hatter.

July 31.—J. Ewbank, Crawford Street, Marylebone, draper.—M. Morgan, Bloomsbury Square, widow, lodging-house keeper.—J. Bull, Salcomb, Devonshire, ship builder.—W. Woodrow, Yeovil, Somersetshire, victualler.—W. Butt, jun., Herne Bay, Kent, schoolmaster.

Aug 3.—R. Pierce, Wellington, Shropshire, grocer.—W. Barrett, Haselbury Plucknett, Somersetshire, girt-web manufacturer.—J. Far-ray, T. Calverly, and W. Mayors, Elland, Yorkshire, cordmakers.— R. Gough, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, worsted dealer.

Aug. 7.—J. Cates, jun., Beaumont Street, Marylebone, surgeon.—B. Ware, Tower Street, cheesemonger.—M. Shepherd, Warwick, draper.—F. T. B. Dumelow, Wednesbury, Staffordshire, dealer in coals.—H. Wheatley, Scarborough, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—C. Beasley, Birmingham, draper.—T. Teulon, jun., Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, musicseller.—B. Botham, Halesworth, Suffolk, woollen draper.

Aug. 10.—F. Sherwood, Cornwall Road, Lambeth, builder.—R. Jones, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, poulterer.—J. Pittar, Holywell Street, Milbank, merchant.—W. Bown, Southampton, grocer.—F. M'Shane, Liverpool, cattle dealer.—H. Roberts, Llengifin, Anglesey, draper.—R. and T. Otley, Sheffield, manufacturers of Britannia metal wares.—J. Knight, Southampton, painter.

Aug. 14.—J. Miller, Drury Lane, stationer. —G. Threadgold, Brentwood, Essex, corn dealer.—E. P. Edgley, Tonbridge, Kent, victualler.—J. Green, sen., J. Green, jun., and C. W. Green, Hayle Mills, near Maidstone, Kent, paper manufacturers.—G. Collins, Leominster, Herefordshire, carpenter.—J. P. Hamer, Liverpool, stock and share broker.—A. Birch, Birmingham, grocer.—W. Underhill, Wells, Somersetshire, innkeeper.

Aug. 17.—T. Mayo, Twickenham, victualler. M. R. Isaacs and B. Samo, Strand, diamond merchants.—J. Atkinson, King William Street, City, tarpaulin manufacturer.— W. Barrett, jun., Abingdon, grocer.—R. Walker, Bristol, sculptor.—J. W. Cook, Dover, woollen draper. —B. Walker, Sheffield, cabinet maker.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3' 51" West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1838.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
July					
23	68-42	30,06-29,98	N.W.		Generally cloudy, rain at times.
24	64-41	29,91-29,88	N.	,025	Generally cloudy, a shower of rain in the even.
25	60 42	29,98 Stat.	N.		Cloudy, rain in the afternoon.
26	67-47	29,92-29,78	S.W.		General overcast, rain in the evening.
27	66 50	29,75-29,69	W. b. N.	,125	Generally clear.
28	67-51	29,75 29,66	S.W.		Generally clear.
29	65 50	29,63-29,56	S.W.	,05	Noon clear, otherwise cloudy, rain at times.
*30	65-46	29,71-29,60	S.W.	,075	Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, rain & hail in aft.
31	70-47	29,86-29,76	S.W.	,0625	Generally clear.
Aug.					
1	70-44	29,94 29,91	S.W.		Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the even.
2	67-57	29,80-29,68	S.W.	,3	Cloudy, frequent rain during the aftern. and even.
3	68-57	29,72-29,66	S.W.	,0625	Evening cloudy, otherwise clear.
4	68-60	29,64-29,59	S.W.		General overcast, a shower of rain in the evening.
5	68-53	29,55-29,51	S.W.	,5	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
6	69-56	29,48-29,46	S.W.	,075	Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the morn.
7	67-52	29,71-29,58	S.W.	,025	Generally clear, except the even. when rain fell.
8	67-52	30,07-29,91	W.	,0125	Generally clear.
9	68 45	30,13 30,10	S.W.		Morning clear, otherwise overcast.
10	73-56	29,99-29,98	S.W.		General overcast.
11	75 61	29,99-29,98	S.W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
12	75-58	30,02 Stat.	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
13	73-60	30,04-29,99	W.		Morning overcast, otherwise clear.
14	74 43	30,12-30,09	N.W.		Generally clear.
15	67-50	30,07-30,05	N.		Generally clear. [evening.
16	70-40	30,06-30,00	N.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the
17	67-53	30,10-30,07	N.	,025	Cloudy, a few drops of rain during the evening.
18	71-52	30,14-30,12	S.E.		Generally clear. [evening.
19	74 52	29,96 29,80	S.W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear, rain in the
20	67-48	29,77-29,55	S.W.	,0875	Generally cloudy. [of rain during the day.
21	69-56	29,34-29,33	S.W.	,0125	Morn. cloudy, otherwise clear, frequent showers
22	65-52	29,34-29,20	S.W.	,1	Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy, rain at times.

* Distant thunder in the west on the afternoon of the 30th ultimo.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

N. Defries, of Paddington Street, Middlesex, Engineer, for improvements in gas meters. June 27th, 6 months.

J. Perry, of Leicester, Leicestershire, Wool-comb Maker, for certain improvements in combs for combing wool. June 27th, 6 months.

C. Green, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Gold Plater, for improvements in the manufacture of brass and copper tubing. June 27th, 6 months.

D. Beckham, of No. 22, Sussex Place, Old Kent Road, Surrey, Stereotype Founder, for an improved mode of obtaining castings in gold, silver, and albata. June 27th, 6 months.

J. Robinson, of Huddersfield, Yorkshire, Merchant, for an improved method of producing by dyeing various figures or objects of various colours in woollen, worsted, cotton, silk, and other cloths. June 27th, 6 months.

E. W. Benson, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Manufacturing Chemist, for certain improvements in the manufacture of carbonate of lead. June 27th, 6 months.

R. Badnall, of Cotton Hall, Staffordshire, Gentleman, for a certain improvement in the manufacture of carpets and other similar woven fabrics, which improvement is effected by the introduction of a certain article of commerce not hitherto so employed or used in such manufactures. June 27th, 6 months.

G. Round, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Lock Filer, and S. Whitford, of the same place, Die Sinker, for a new and improved method of manufacturing certain of the parts of gun and pistol locks. June 30th, 6 months.

H. G. Dyar, of Cavendish Square, Gentleman, and J. Hemming, of Edward Street, Cavendish Square, Middlesex, for improvements in the manufacture of carbonate of soda. June 30th, 6 months.

A. W. Johnson, of Upper Stamford Street, in the parish of Saint Mary, Lambeth, Surrey, for certain improvements for preventing the incrustation of steam-boilers, or generators, or evaporating vessels. June 30th, 6 months.

M. Uzielli, of Fenchurch Street, London, Merchant, for improvements in locks or fastenings. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. June 30th, 6 months.

W. Dobbs, of the Penn Road, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, Brass Founder, for certain improvements in the construction of racks and pulleys for window-blinds, and other useful purposes. June 30th, 6 months.

G. Carter, of Lombard Street, London, Gentleman, for improvements in saw mills. July 2nd, 6 months.

J. N. Tayler, of Red Lion Square, Bloomsbury, Middlesex, Captain in her Majesty's Royal Navy, for a certain method, or certain methods of abating or lessening the mischiefs arising from the shock of force of the waves of the ocean, lakes, or rivers, and of reducing them to the comparatively harmless state, known by the term broken water, and thereby preventing the injury done to, and increasing the durability of break-waters, mole-heads, piers, fortifications, light-houses, docks, wharfs, landing-places, embankments, bridges, or ponton-bridges, and also of adding to the security and defence of harbours, roadsteads, anchorages, and other places exposed to the violent action of the waves. July 4th, 6 months.

E. Davy, of Fleet Street, London, Chemist, for improvements in apparatus for making telegraphic communications or signals by means of electric currents, parts of such apparatus being applicable to obtaining, regulating, or measuring electric currents for other purposes. July 4th, 6 months.

F. J. Burnett, of St. Mary-at-Hill, London, Ship Insurance Agent, and H. Francois, Marquis de Bouffet Montauban, Colonel of Cavalry, now residing in Sloane Street, Chelsea, Middlesex, for certain improvements in the manufacture of soap. July 4th, 6 months.

H. Elkington, of Northfield, Worcestershire, Gentleman, for improvements in engines to be worked by steam, air, or other fluids. July 6th, 6 months.

C. A. Jaquin, of Huggin Lane, Wood Street, in the city of London, for improvements in the manufacture of buttons. July 7th, 6 months.

W. Knight, of the city of Chichester, Sussex, Ironmonger, for improvements in machinery for raising and forcing water and other fluids. July 7th, 6 months.

G. Salter, of West Bromwich, Staffordshire, Manufacturer, for improvements in apparatus for weighing. July 9th, 6 months.

C. Schroth, of Leicester Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for an improved method or methods of making or manufacturing the tools or apparatus employed in the process of pressing or embossing the surface of leather or other substances. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. July 9th, 6 months.

W. Palmer, of Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, Manufacturer, for improvements in lamps. July 10th, 6 months.

W. Barnett, of Brighton, Sussex, Iron Founder, for certain improvements in the manufacture of iron. July 10th, 6 months.

J. T. Betts, of Smithfield Bars, in the city of London, Rectifier, for improvements in the process of preparing spirituous liquors in the making of brandy. July 10th, 6 months.

L. C. Callet, late of New York, in the United States of America, but now residing in Manchester, Lancashire, Merchant, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for producing motive power applicable to propelling boats, and other vessels, carriages, machines, and other useful purposes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. July 11th, 6 months.

H. Van Wart, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Merchant, and S. A. Goddard, of the same place, Merchant, for improvements in machinery or apparatus applicable to locomotion on railroads and to steam navigation, parts of which improvements are also applicable to land or stationary engines. July 11th, 6 months.

J. Bethell, of Mecklenburgh Square, in the parish of St. Pancras, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in rendering wood, cork, leather, woven and felted fabrics, ropes and cordage, stone and plasters, or compositions, either more durable, less pervious to water, or less inflammable, as may be required for various useful purposes. July 11th, 6 months.

J. Cutler, of Lady Poole Lane, Sparkbrook, in the parish of Aston, in the borough of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Gentleman, and T. G. Hancock, Mechanist, of Princes Street, in the borough of Birmingham aforesaid, for an improved method of condensing the steam in steam-engines, and supplying their boilers with water thereby formed. July 12th, 6 months.

J. Bennett, of Timley, near Glossop, Derbyshire, Cotton Spinner, for certain improvements in machinery for carding wool, cotton, flax, or other fibrous substances, which are or may be carded, part of which improvements are also applicable to machinery for drawing, doubling, and roving and spinning such fibrous substances, as are or may be subjected to those operations. July 12th, 6 months.

J. Milne, of Edinburgh, Gas Meter Manufacturer, for improvements in apparatus employed in transmitting gas for the purpose of light and heat. July 13th, 6 months.

A. Cochrane, of Arundel Street, Strand, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in umbrellas and parasols. July 13th, 6 months.

T. R. Sewell, of Carrington, Nottinghamshire, Lace Manufacturer, for improvements in manufacturing white lead. July 14th, 6 months.

R. M. Hoe, late of New York, in the United States of America, but now residing at 66, Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for a new or improved instrument or apparatus for ascertaining or determining the latitude or longitude of any place, or the situation of ships or other vessels at sea, and the dip and variation of the magnetic needle, which new or improved instrument he intends to denominate Sherwood's Magnetic Geometer. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. July 18th, 6 months.

H. Ross, of Leicester, Worsted Manufacturer, for improvements in machinery for combing and drawing wool, and certain descriptions of hair. July 18th, 6 months.

H. B. Cowell, of Lower Street, Islington, Middlesex, Ironmonger, for an improved apparatus, answering the purpose of a press, for retaining and keeping leaves or pieces of paper, or of cloth, or of other thin substances, folded or unfolded, in a flattened condition, under gentle pressure. July 18th, 6 months.

J. Robertson, of Great Charlotte Street, Buckingham Gate, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements of architecture, in its forms and combinations, and also in the superficial figures which may be employed; also for an improvement or improvements in the surfaces of buildings. July 18th, 6 months.

R. Treffry, of Manchester, Lancashire, Chemist, for certain improvements in the method of preserving certain animal and vegetable substances from decay, and also in the apparatus for, and mode of impregnating substances to be preserved. July 23rd, 6 months.

G. R. Elkington and O. W. Barratt, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Manufacturers, for improvements in coating and colouring certain metals. July 24th, 6 months.

J. Price, of the parish of Gateshead, Durham, Flint Glass Manufacturer, for certain improvements in constructing and adapting boilers for marine, stationary, and locomotive engines, and in adapting and applying boilers to steam-vessels. July 26th, 6 months.

C. W. Williams, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the means of preparing the vegetable material of peat moss, or bog, so as to render it applicable to several useful purposes, and particularly for fuel. July 26th, 6 months.

J. Gray, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines and apparatus connected therewith, which improvements are particularly applicable to marine engines for propelling boats or vessels, and part or parts of which improvements are also applicable to locomotive or stationary steam-engines and other purposes. July 26th, 6 months.

W. Madeley, of Manchester, Lancashire, Machinist, for certain additions to, and improvements in, machinery used for spinning and forming into cops upon spindles, cotton, and other fibrous materials of the like nature. July 26th, 6 months.

Sir W. Barnett, Knight, Commander of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order of Somerset House, Middlesex, for improvements in preserving wood and other vegetable matters from decay. July 26th, 6 months.

A. Croll, cf Greenwich, Kent, Manufacturing Chemist, for improvements in the manufacture of gas for the purpose of affording light. July 26th, 6 months.

F. E. Fraissinet, of Covent Garden Square, in the city of Westminster, for certain improvements in the machinery for propelling vessels by steam, by which their speed will be much accelerated with a diminished power, and with a diminished action in the water. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. July 26th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—August, 1858.

House of Lords, July 23.—Mr. Bernal and others from the Commons brought up the Loan Society Amendment (Ireland) Bill; the Commissioners Penalties Bill; the Masters in Chancery (Ireland) Bill; the Land Tax Commissioners Bill; the Deans Forest Bill; the Glasgow Waterworks Bill, the amendments to which the House of Commons had agreed to; and the Fisheries (Ireland) Bill, which were severally read a first, and ordered to be read a second time.—The Dublin Police Bill and the Conveyance of Estates Bill went through Committees. The Glass Duties Bill was reported. The Treasurers of Counties (Ireland) Bill was read a third time and passed. The Waterloo Annuities Bill went through Committee.—On the motion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Benefices Plurality Bill was read a third time.—The Archbishop of Canterbury moved the omission of the word "proctors" in the 35th clause, expressing it as his opinion, that the office of proctor should be exempted from the operation of the Bill, which was agreed to. The most rev. prelate proposed an amendment to the 82nd clause, by which the consent of the bishop is rendered necessary before a curate can be dismissed by an incumbent on entering upon a benefice, which was also agreed to; and verbal alterations having been made to the remaining clauses, and the Bill was passed.

July 24.—The Prisons Bill, the Parliamentary Burghs (Scotland) Bill, and several other Bills, were brought up from the Commons and read a first time.—The Royal Exchange Building Bill was read a second time on the motion of the Marquis of Lansdowne, warmly supported by the Duke of Wellington.—The International Copyright Bill was read a third time and passed.—The report of the Sheriffs' Court (Scotland) Bill, after some amendments had been introduced, was received.—The

Juvenile Offenders Bill was reported, and ordered to be read a third time on Monday. The National Loan Fund Bill and the Prisons (West Indies) were read a third and passed; and several other Bills were forwarded a stage.

July 25.—Several Bills, including the Registration of Voters Bill, and the Imprisonment for Debt Bill, returned with amendments, were brought up from the Commons, when those which had already been passed by their Lordships were severally read a first time.—A message was brought up from the Commons by Lord J. Russell, requesting a conference on the subject of the amendments made by that House in their Lordships' amendments on the Irish Poor Law Bill. Managers having been appointed, and the conference held, the Duke of Richmond reported to the House that the managers on the part of the Commons had delivered their reasons for the alterations they had made. The Commons' amendments were ordered to be taken into consideration on Thursday.

July 26.—The Lord Chancellor moved the third reading of the Church Discipline Bill, which, after some discussion, on the motion of the Bishop of Exeter, was ordered to be read a third time that day six months.—The Affirmations Bill was read a second time.—After a division on the Scotch Prisons Bill, when it was reserved from immediate destruction by a majority of 3, the Duke of Richmond consented to refer the measure to a Select Committee, which in effect disposes of it for the present session.—On the motion of Viscount Melbourne, the Commons' amendments to the amendments of the Lords to the Poor Relief (Ireland) Bill, were considered, and severally agreed to, with the exception of an amendment in the schedule, from which the Lords disagreed, and a Committee having drawn up reasons for the disagreement, a conference with the Commons was fixed for Friday.—The Slave Vessels Captured Bill was read a third time and passed; and the other orders having been disposed of, their Lordships adjourned.

Aug. 27.—The royal assent was given by commission to the Glass Duties Bill, the New South Wales Administration of Justice Bill, the Qualification of Members Bill, the Judges Jurisdiction Extension Bill, the Waterloo Fund Bill, the Vagrants Act Amendment Bill, the Slave Treaties Bill, the Deans Forest Bill, the Western Australia Government Continuation Bill, the Chancery Fund Bill, the Dublin Grand Jury Cess Bill, the Linen Manufactories (Ireland) Regulation Bill, the Kingston Harbour Bill, the Festiniog Railway Bill, the Eastern Counties Railway Amendment Bill, the Birmingham and Derby Junction Railway Improvement Bill, the City Improvement Bill, the Glasgow Water Works Bill, the Fishguard Harbour Bill, the Lochswilly and Lochfoyle Drainage Bill, the Blackheath Small Debts Bill, the Ashby-de-la-Zouch Small Debts Bill, the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Bill, Smith's Estate Bill, the Paddington Estates Bill, Grove's Naturalisation Bill, and several private bills.—In a conference with the Commons, their Lordships' managers gave in their reasons for disagreeing to some amendments made by the Commons in the Poor Law (Ireland) Bill. Mr. Bernal afterwards communicated that the Commons did not insist upon their amendments.—Lord Brougham laid on the table a new Copyright Bill, which was read a first time.—Mr. Bernal and others from the Commons brought up the Tithes (Ireland) Bill and the Mails on Railways Bill; the former was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Tuesday next.—Lord Melbourne moved the third reading of the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill, which led to some animated discussion.—After the adoption of some amendments, the Bill was read a third time, and the report of the amendmends ordered for Monday.

July 30.—The County of Clare Treasurers Bill, and several other Bills, were brought up from the Commons, and read a first time.—The Juvenile Offenders Bill was read a third time, on the motion of the Marquis of Lansdowne, after a discussion of great interest, in which Lord Lyndhurst, the Earl of Chichester, and Lord Portman, took part. The motion that the Bill do pass was postponed, in order to afford opportunity for the various amendments which noble lords had announced their intention to propose.—The Recovery of Tenements Bill was read a second time.—Lord Lyndhurst proposed the second reading of the Custody of Infants Bill, which was opposed by Lord Brougham and Lord Wynford, and, on a division, negatived by a majority of 11 to 9.

July 31.—The Royal assent was given, by commission, to the Poor Relief (Ireland) Bill, the Land-tax Redemption Bill, the Land-tax Commissioners Bill, the India Steam Company Bill, and several other Bills.—A Message from the Commons brought up the Liverpool Clergy Endowments Bill and some other Bills, which were read a first time.—The Turnpike Act Continuance Bill, and the Schools (Scotland)

Bill went through committee.—The Royal Exchange Rebuilding Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Irish Tithe Bill read a second time, with an understanding that the discussion would take place on the motion for going into committee. —The Public Records Bill and the Loan Societies (Ireland) Bill were read a second time.—The Hackney Carriages Bill was reported with amendments.—The consideration of the Commons' amendments of the Imprisonment for Debt Bill was postponed till Monday.—Adjourned till Thursday.

Aug. 2.—A conference took place between the managers appointed by the House of Commons and the managers on the part of their Lordships on the Sheriffs' Court (Scotland) Bill.—Several Bills were then advanced in their respective stages.—The Registration of Electors Bill was read a second time. The Recovery of Tenements Bill went through committee. The Insane Persons (England) Bill was read a second time. The Loan Societies (Ireland) Bill, the Fisheries (Ireland) Bill, and the Public Records Bill, went through committee.

Aug. 3.—Lord Melbourne moved that the Tithe (Ireland) Bill should be committed.—Lod Fitzgerald moved and carried the omission of clauses 13 to 25 inclusive, the numbers being 77 to 38.—Lord Fitzgerald then moved the substitution of a clause "allowing the period of six weeks for the appeal." On the suggestion of Lord Melbourne, the period for allowing the appeal was extended to the 1st of October. The clause was then inserted.—Lord Fitzgerald next moved the insertion of a second clause, empowering parties complaining of tithe commutation to apply to the Lord Lieutenant in Council for the appointment of one or two persons to revise it. The clause, slightly amended at the suggestion of the Marquis of Downshire, was agreed to.—The remaining clauses of the Bill, with the preamble and title, having been agreed to, the House resumed, and the report was ordered to be received to-morrow, it being understood that the amendments should be discussed on the third reading.

Aug. 6.—Lord Brougham postponed, for the present session, his Copyright Bill. —The Lord Chancellor moved that the House resolve itself into committee on the Prisons Bill, but an amendment proposed by the Marquis of Salisbury, that the Bill be committed that day three months, was carried by a majority of 33 to 32.—In committee on the Registration of Voters Bill, Lord Lyndhurst succeeded, by a majority of 23 to 16, in an amendment to the effect that "no mortgagee or trustee should have power to vote out of any premises, unless in the receipt of the whole rents and profits of the same." The other clauses of the Bill were agreed to.

Aug. 7.—Their Lordships entered into the consideration of the amendments made by the House of Commons in the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill, and the reasons for dissenting from their Lordships' amendments. A division took place on the qualification clause, and their Lordships adhered to the clause as altered by them, and defeated the Commons' amendment by a majority of 77, the number being 144 against 67.—Lord Lyndhurst then carried the appointment of a committee to manage a conference with the House of Commons.—Lord Melbourne postponed the consideration of the Irish Tithe Bill.

Aug. 8.—The Militia Pay Bill passed through a committee, and was reported to the House without amendments.—The Stamp Dies Bill went through committee without amendments, and was reported.—The Slave Treaty (Tuscany) and the Slave Treaty (Sicily) Bills likewise passed through committee.—On the motion of Lord Plunket, the Fines and Recognisances (Ireland) Bill was read a third time and passed.—Lord Brougham laid on the table a Bill to explain, alter, and amend an Act passed in this present session of Parliament, for the government of Canada.

Aug. 9.—Messengers from the Commons brought up the Exchequer Bills Bill, the Exchequer Bills (Public Works) Bill, the Duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster Bill, the Slave Trade Bill, the Corporate Property (Ireland) Bill, the Duchy of Cornwall Tin Duties Bill, and several other public and private Bills.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer and others from the Commons appeared at the bar, to demand a conference on the subject of the Lords' amendments to the Pluralities of Benefices Bill. The conference was agreed to, and the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Effingham, the Bishop of Hereford, Lord Sondes, Lord Rayleigh, Lord Bexley, and Lord Strafford, were appointed to meet the managers from the Commons.—The "reasons" prepared for disagreeing to some of the amendments of the Commons to the amendments of the Lords, on the "Muncipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill," and for the Lords insisting on certain of their Lordships' amendments to the Bill, were offered to the Commons in a conference.—Lord Brougham moved the second reading of a Bill introduced by him, "for declaring the true intent and meaning of an Act passed in the present session of Parliament, entitled " An Act to make Temporary Provision for the Government of Lower Canada ;" and for indemnifying those who have issued or acted under a certain Ordinance, made under colour of the said Act." After a lengthened debate, the second reading was carried by a majority of 18.—The Irish Tithe Bill, after the introduction of some amendments by the Duke of Wellington, was read a third time and passed.—Viscount Melbourne moved the second reading of the Post Office Bill, which was opposed by the Duke of Richmond on account of the advanced period of the session, which did not leave time for the necessary investigation by a committee up stairs. On a division the Bill was lost by a majority of 32 to 25.

Aug. 10.—The royal assent was given by commission to the Stamp Dies Bill, the Juvenile Offenders Bill, the Slave Trade (Sicily) Bill, the Slave Trade (Tuscany) Bill, the Affirmation Bill, the Recovery of Tenements Bill, the Custody of Insane Persons (England) Bill, the Constables on Public Works Bill, the Hackney Carriages (Metropolis) Bill, the Bank of Ireland Repayment Bill, the Loan Societies (Ireland) Bill, the Fisheries (Ireland) Bill, the Schools (Scotland) Bill, the Liverpool Clergy Endowments Bill, the Liverpool Court of Passage Bill, the Church Rebuilding Amendment Bill, the Duke of Roxburghe's Estate Bill, and Lethbridge's Estate Bill. —The Customs Bill, the Militia Pay Bill, the Militia Ballots Suspension Bill, the Mails on Railways Bill, the Mediterranean Postage Bill, the Joint Stock Bank Bills, the Court of Session (Scotland) Bill, the Trading Companies Bill, and the Copyright Bill, were severally read a third time and passed.—The Ecclesiastical Appointments Bill went through committee.—On the question that their Lordships resolve into committee on the Canada Government Act Declaratory Bill, Lord Melbourne said that he did not deny the illegality of part of Lord Durham's ordinance—that he should not offer opposition to the Bill after what had passed, but that he should propose amendments so as to secure ample indemnity to those who might have acted on the ordinance.—On the question that the Report be received, Lord Melbourne proposed a clause to the effect—" that nothing in said recited Act contained shall be held to prevent the Governor of Canada in Council from passing such laws and ordinances as shall be deemed necessary to preserve the safety of Canada, or for the punishment or detention in custody of parties who have been engaged or shall hereafter be engaged in any conspiracy against her Majesty's Crown and dignity."—The amendment was ultimately withdrawn, and the Report received. The Bill to be read a third time on Monday.—On the motion of Lord Haddington, it was agreed that the clauses struck out of the Sheriffs' Court (Scotland) Bill by the Commons should be restored, and a committee appointed to draw up reasons.—The Prisons (Scotland) Bill was read a third time, and on the question that it do pass, Lord Mansfield divided the House, when there appeared 11 for the Bill and 15 against it. The Bill is therefore lost.—The Registration of Voters (England) Bill was reported.—With reference to the Imprisonment for Debt Bill, the Lord Chancellor proposed to defer the operation of it from the 1st October till the 1st December. This was objected to by Lord Brougham, and the consideration of the Commons' amendments was fixed for Monday.—The Earl of Minto withdrew the Parliamentary Burghs (Scotland) Bill.—The Pensions Bill went through committee.—The Tin Duty (Cornwall) Bill was postponed to Monday.—The Duchy of Cornwall Leasing Bill was read a second time.

Aug. 13.—The Port of London Coals Regulation Bill, the Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Duties Repeal Bill, the Exchequer Bills (Public Works) Bill, the Gaols (Ireland) Bill, the Personal Diligence (Scotland) Bill, and the Registration of Voters Bill, were severally read a third time and passed.—The Canada Indemnity Bill was read a third time and passed.—A conference was held with the Commons on the subject of the Benefices Pluralities Bill.—The Duchy of Cornwall Tin Duties Bill was read a second time.—In considering the amendments made by the Commons on the Imprisonment for Debt Bill, Lord Brougham objected to the 20th clause, by which it was rendered imperative on proprietors of newspapers to insert all official advertisements with respect to the schedules of insolvent debtors at the fixed price of three shillings.—Lord Lyndhurst concurred in the objection of Lord Brougham, and after a short conversation, it was agreed that Lord Brougham should, on the instant, draw up a short Bill to meet the objection of which he complained. The noble and learned lord then took a sheet of paper from the table, and in about five minutes drew up a supplemental Bill on the subject. The Bill was subsequently read a first time, and the noble lord gave notice that he would to-morrow move the suspension of the standing orders, that it might be considered with all possible despatch.

Aug. 14.—The Royal assent was given by commission to the Exchequer Bills Bill, the Exchequer Bills (Public Works) Bill, the Transfer of Aids Bill, the Pension Bill, the Benefices Pluralities Bill, the Disembodied Militia Bill, the Militia Ballot Suspension Bill, the Judges Jurisdiction Extension Bill, the Oaths Validity Bill, the Conveyance of Mails on Railways Bill, the Mediterranean Postage Bill, the Public Records Bill, the Coal Trade Port of London Bill, the Slave Trade Treaties Bill, the Duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster Bill, the Joint Stock Banks Bill, the Fines and Recoveries (Ireland) Bill, the County of Clare Treasurers' Bill, and the Patent Sugar Duties Bill.—The Private Bill Deposit Bill went through a Committee.—The Valuation of Land (Ireland) Bill was read a third time and passed.—The third reading of the Trading Companies Bill was moved by the Lord Chancellor, and Lord Brougham moved as an amendment that it be read a third time "this day three months." The amendment was carried, and the Bill was consequently lost, by a majority of 12 to 10.—The Duchy of Cornwall Tin Duties Bill went through committee, was reported, and ordered to be read a third time on Wednesday.

Aug. 15.—The Royal Assent was given, by commission, to the Church Building Act Amendment Bill, the Church Dignitaries Appointment Suspension Bill, and the Tithes Composition Bill.—Mr. Bernal and others from the Commons brought up the Valuation of Lands (Ireland) Bill, and several other Bills, the amendments on which were agreed to. The Imprisonment for Debt Bill, and the Sheriffs' Court Scotland Bill were also brought up by Mr. Bernal, who stated that the House of Commons did not insist upon their amendments to either of these Bills.—A conference took place with the Commons relative to the amendments made by their Lordships on the Court of Session Scotand Bill. On the return of the conference, the Earl of Shaftesbury stated that the Commons had agreed to all the amendments but one, and on the motion of the noble earl, their Lordships declined insisting upon that amendment.—A conference also took place with the Commons relative to the amendments made by their Lordships on the Registration of Electors Bill. The Earl of Shaftesbury, on the return of the conference, stated that they had agreed to some of the amendments, and disagreed to others.—Viscount Melbourne said, that as the House of Commons could not agree to their Lordships' amendments on the boundary clause, they had struck out the whole clause. He therefore should move that the House should not insist upon the amendment objected to by the House of Commons. The House then divided, when there appeared—For the clauses as amended, 88; against them, 58; majority in favour of the clauses as amended by their Lordships, 30.—The third reading of the Tin Duties (Cornwall) Bill was carried by a majority of one—the numbers being 27 and 26.

Aug. 16.—This being the day appointed for the prorogation, at the hour of twelve the doors were thrown open to those who had obtained tickets of admission, and in a short time the strangers' gallery was graced with the presence of ladies, elegantly attired in morning dresses.—Not more than a dozen Peeresses were present on the benches, the upper benches being occupied by ladies admitted in the same manner as in the strangers' gallery.—The Lord Chancellor presented the Fourth Report of the Poor Law Commissioners of England and Wales.—At half-past one o'clock the Foreign Ambassadors took their places, and by two the Peeresses arrived in quick succession. Among the Peers who at this time entered the House, were the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Norfolk, Viscount Melbourne, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Lord Glenelg.—At half-past two o'clock the firing of guns and flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of her Majesty, who shortly afterwards entered the House, preceded by the heralds and great officers of state, and attended by the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, and the other Ladies of the Household.—The Queen, having taken her seat on the throne, desired their Lordships to be seated; an intimation immediately obeyed. Sir Augustus Clifford, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, was then directed to summon the Commons. Shortly after, the Speaker, with a large body of Members, appeared at the bar, accompanied by Sir Augustus Clifford.—The Speaker then addressed the Queen in a speech detailing the proceedings of the session.—The following Bills received the Royal Assent, in the accustomed form and words, viz. the Consolidated Fund Bill, the Canada Government Indemnity Bill, the Duchy of Cornwall (Tin Duties) Bill, the Private Bill Deposits Bill, the Valuation of Lands (Ireland) Bill, the Personal Diligence (Scotland) Bill, the County Treasurers (Ireland) Bill, the Imprisonment for Debt Bill, the Customs Bill, the Sheriff's Court (Scotland) Bill, and St. Saviour's, Southwark, Grammar School Bill.—The Lord

Chancellor, kneeling on his right knee, then presented to Her Majesty a manuscript copy of the Royal Speech.—Her Majesty, in her usual distinct and emphatic manner, then read as follows:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The state of public business enables me to close this protracted and laborious session.

"I have to lament that the civil war in Spain forms an exception to the general tranquillity. I continue to receive from all Foreign Powers the strongest assurances of their desire to maintain with me the most amicable relations.

"The disturbances and insurrections which had unfortunately broken out in Upper and Lower Canada have been promptly suppressed, and I entertain a confident hope that firm and judicious measures will empower you to restore a constitutional form of government, which unhappy events have compelled you for a time to suspend.

"I rejoice at the improvement which has been made in my colonial possessions towards the entire abolition of negro apprenticeship.

"I have observed with much satisfaction the attention which you have bestowed upon the amendment of the domestic institutions of the country. I trust that the mitigation of the law of Imprisonment for Debt will prove at once favourable to the liberty of my subjects, and safe for commercial credit; and that the Established Church will derive increased strength and efficiency from the restriction of the granting of benefices in plurality.

"I have felt great pleasure in giving my assent to the Bill for the relief of the destitute poor in Ireland. I cherish the expectation that its provisions have been so cautiously framed, and will be so prudently executed, that whilst they contribute to relieve distress, they will tend to preserve order and to encourage habits of industry and exertion.

"I trust, likewise, that the Act which you have passed relating to the Compositions for Tithe in Ireland will increase the security of that property, and promote internal peace.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"I cannot sufficiently thank you for your despatch and liberality in providing for the expenses of my household and the maintenance of the honour and dignity of the Crown.

"I offer you my warmest acknowledgments for the addition which you have made to the income of my beloved mother.

"I thank you for the supplies which you have voted for the ordinary public service, as well as for the readiness with which you have provided means to meet the extraordinary expenses rendered necessary by the state of my Canadian possessions.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The many useful measures which you have been able to consider, while the settlement of the Civil List and the state of the Canadas demanded so much of your attention, are a satisfactory proof of your zeal for the public good. You are so well acquainted with the duties which now devolve upon you in your respective counties, that it is unnecessary to remind you of them. In the discharge of them you may securely rely upon my firm support, and it only remains to express an humble hope that Divine Providence may watch over us all, and prosper our united efforts for the welfare of our country.

The Lord Chancellor announced that the Parliament stood prorogued till Thursday, 11th October.—Immediately afterwards her Majesty and her attendants quitted the House, all the Peers and Peeresses standing, and returned to the palace in the same order as before.

House of Commons.—July 23.—The Prisons Bill, having first received an amendment, to the effect that, whenever there are fifty Roman Catholics in any prison, an ecclesiastic of their own persuasion shall be provided for their religious instruction and consolation, was read a third time and passed.—On the motion of Lord John Russell, the House went into Committee on the Tithes (Ireland) Bill.—Lord J. Russell proposed to strike out the first clause, and to substitute instead thereof a clause to the effect that the right of all persons to tithes or to arrears of tithes which had already accrued, or which might hereafter accrue, shall cease and determine, &c.—A long discussion followed, and eventually the motion was carried bya majority of 21.

—Some debate and two divisions took place on subsequent clauses, but the Bill did not undergo any important alteration, and the House having resumed, the third reading was ordered for Thursday.—The Liverpool Clergy Endowment Bill was read a second time. The Schools (Scotland) Bill—after the rejection of an amendment of Mr. Gillon that it be read a second time that day six months—was read a third time and passed.—Some other Bills having been advanced a stage, the House adjourned.

July 24.—Several Bills were advanced in their respective stages without discussion.—In the Committee on the Lighthouse (Gibraltar) Bill, Mr. Hume moved the omission of the clause which imposes a tax of one shilling on all vessels passing Gibraltar. The amendment was negatived by a majority of 92 to 22. The other clauses were agreed to without opposition.—Lord John Russell then moved the order of the day for the consideration of the Lords' amendments to the Irish Poor Law Bill.—The Speaker intimated that some amendments introduced by the House of Lords militated against the general rule of that House, which did not allow of alteration in its enactments imposing rates and charges of any kind upon the people. This rule had, however, in several instances been relaxed.—Lord John Russell thought the present measure was one which required some relaxation of the general rule, and the House seemed to concur in his lordship's opinion.—The Lords' amendments were then gone through *seriatim* and agreed to, with a few inconsiderable modifications.—On the motion that the Registration of Elections Bill be read a third time, the Attorney General proposed a clause, to the effect that the seven miles of distance should be computed by the nearest public way by land or water, which was agreed to by a majority of 50 to 18, and the Bill was read a third time.—The Ecclesiastical Appointments Suspension Bill passed through a committee.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved that the Post Office Bill be committed. This was opposed by Colonel Sibthorp, who moved that the Bill be committed that day three months. After some discussion a division took place, when there appeared for the original motion, 81; for the amendment, 56.—The Bill then passed through Committee, without any important amendment, and the report was ordered to be received on Thursday.—The Imprisonment for Debt Bill was read a third time.

July 25.—The Turnpike Acts Continuance Bill, the Turnpike Acts Continuance (Ireland) Bill, the Arms and Gunpowder (Ireland) Bill, and the Administration of Justice (New South Wales) Bill, were severally read a third time and passed.—The report on the Gibraltar Lighthouse Bill was brought up and received.—The Entails (Scotland) Bill was read a second time.—The Commons' disagreements to the Lords' amendments of the Poor Relief (Ireland) Bill were, in a conference, forwarded to the Lords.—Sir E. Codrington moved that a select committee be appointed to take into consideration the case of the naval officers as compared with the other branches of the public service.—Mr. Wood opposed the motion, and Captain Pechell supported it.—In the course of the discussion, Mr. Hume took occasion to advert to the favouritism which prevails in both services; and in proof of his position, alluded to the recent promotion of the son of Sir Thomas Troubridge, one of the Whig Lords of the Admiralty. This remark drew down upon the hon. member severe animadversion from all sides of the House. The motion was ultimately negatived without a division.

July 26.—Lord J. Russell moved the third reading of the Tithes (Ireland) Bill. —Mr. Dillon Browne, with a view to its total defeat, moved by way of amendment, that the third reading should be postponed to that day six months. Lord Ebrington and Mr. M. J. O'Connell supported the Bill, and Mr. Ward spoke in favour of the amendment.—On a division there appeared—For the third reading, 148; for the amendment, 30; majority for the third reading, 118.—Mr. Hume then moved the omission of clause 38, which goes to divide the money, which was negatived by 96 to 39. The Bill then passed.—The Mails on Railways Bill was read a third time and passed.—Some other Bills were forwarded a stage, and the House adjourned.

July 27.—The House was occupied during nearly the whole of the evening with the miscellaneous estimates not previously voted. The only discussion of interest arose upon the grant of 10,000*l.* for the Polish refugees. Lord Sandon urged the Government to increase the grant to 15,000*l.* Mr. Rice at first refused to accede to this suggestion, but every one speaking in favour of it, Mr. Rice said that Government would take the subject into consideration.—The Post Office Bill was reported, and ordered to be read a third time on Monday. The Mediterranean Postage Bill, and the Entails (Scotland) Bill, went through committee.—Lord Howick brought in a Bill for the due keeping of sundry accounts under the control of the Secretary at War; and Mr. Rice brought in a Bill to amend the law relative to legal proceedings by Joint Stock Banks against their own members, and by members against the companies. The Bills were read a first time.

July 28.—The County Clare Treasurer Bill was read a third time and passed.—Messengers from the Lords brought up the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill, with the Lords' amendments.—The Prisons (West Indies) Bill was read a second time.- The Entails (Scotland) Bill was read a third time and passed.—The House then went into committee on the China Courts Bill, which was eventually withdrawn.

July 30.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in Committee of the whole House on the Civil List Act, recapitulated the chief heads of the report of the Committee on Pensions, intimated the wish of Government to carry the recommendations of that Committee into effect, and moved that "provision be made enabling her Majesty to provide out of the Consolidated Fund for pensions granted previously to her Majesty's accession."—The motion was agreed to.—The House then went into Committee of Supply.—On the vote being proposed for Ordnance services occasioned by the insurrection in Lower Canada, Sir E. Sugden commented on the course pursued by Government towards that colony.—After some remarks from Lord John Russell and other hon. members, the vote passed.—The Customs Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Joint Stock Banks Bill, the Forms of Pleadings Bill, and several others, were advanced in their respective stages.

July 31.—The Liverpool Clergy Endowments Bill was read a third time and passed. The Slave Trade Treaties (Sicily and Tuscany) Bills were read a second time, as was the Militia Ballot Suspension Bill.—Lord John Russell moved that the House should agree to the Lords' amendments to the Benefices Pluralities Bill.—The motion was deferred until Monday.—The report of the Committee of the whole House on the Civil List Acts was brought up; a resolution was agreed to, "that provision be made out of the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, to defray the charge of such pensions as prior to the accession of her Majesty were charged upon the Consolidated Fund under the authority of Act 2nd and 3rd of William IV., cap. 116, upon the Civil List, and upon the four and a half per cent. duties," and a Bill founded thereon ordered to be brought in by Mr. Rice and Lord J. Russell.—The Joint Stock Banks Bill went through Committee. The Ecclesiastical Appointment Suspension Bill was read a third time and passed. The Shannon Navigation Bill was withdrawn. The Grocers' Spirit Licenses (Ireland) Bill was read a second time.

Aug. 1.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer obtained leave to bring in, and afterwards brought in a Bill "to continue" the Bank of Ireland Act for one year. After the Militia Suspension Bill and some other orders had been disposed of, the Lord's amendments to the Dublin Police Bill having been agreed to, &c., the House adjourned.

Aug. 2.—The Lord Advocate brought up reasons for dissenting from some of the Lords' amendments to the Sheriffs' Courts (Scotland) Bill; they were forwarded to the Lords.—The report of the Private Bill Deposits Bill was received; the Affirmations Bill, the Militia Pay Bill, the Stamp Duties Bill, the Valuation of Lands (Ireland) Bill, were severally read the second time; the Slave Trade Treaties (Sicily and Tuscany) Bills, the Joint Stock Banks Bill, and the Transfer of Funds (War Office) Bill, &c., were read the third time and passed; the Bank of Ireland Repayment (Suspension) Bill was read the second time.—Lord John Russell then moved the order of the day for the consideration of the Lords' amendments to the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill.—The question that the House do consider the Lords' amendments was then put and agreed to.—An amendment was proposed by Mr. Ball, and agreed to without a division, to the effect that persons seeking to be placed upon the roll as freemen should establish their claim before a person appointed by the Lord Lieutenant for that purpose.—An amendment by Lord John Russell, giving to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland the power of altering at his discretion the boundaries of boroughs, was carried by a majority of 8.—On the 10*l.* qualification clause, as restored by the Lords, Lord John Russell moved that an allowance of one-fourth per cent. should be made to the occupier in lieu of charges for repairs, insurance, and other expenses. On a division, the numbers were—ayes, 169; noes, 154—majority, 15.—The words "all other local cesses" were struck out, on the motion of the Irish Attorney-General, by a majority of 18. The Lords' Amendment, striking out the provision for the payment of municipal rates at bankers, was then negatived by a majority of 20, on the motion of Mr. Ball.—On the motion of Mr. O'Connell, the amendment requiring an oath on the admission to municipal office was disagreed to.—In the amendment providing for the compensation of officers who would suffer loss from the passing of the Bill, an alteration was made to the effect that the Lords of the Treasury should fix the amount of compensation as under the English Bill.—The further consideration of the Lords' amendments was then postponed till to-morrow.

Aug. 3.—On the order of the day being read for the Committee on the Pensions Bill, the several clauses of the Bill were agreed to, the House resumed, and the report was ordered to be brought up on Monday.—On the motion of Lord John Russell for resuming the consideration of the Lords' amendments to the Irish Municipal Bill, Mr. Ball "objected to that part of the amendments by which charitable trusts were to continue to be vested in the present corporations during their lives, or until Parliament should otherwise determine," and moved that the Committee disagree from that amendment. Lord Morpeth proposed to alter the clause thus :—" No persons, except members of the united church, shall be appointed by the Lord Chancellor trustees for trusts connected with the united church." This amendment was agreed to. The other clauses, up to 161, inclusive, were agreed to; after which "several new clauses were proposed by Lord Morpeth, for the purpose of giving power to certain towns, not included in the Act, to apply the provisions of the Act of the 9th of George IV.," which were immediately agreed to. After some further discussion, a committee was appointed to draw up reasons for dissenting from the Lords' amendments, which were ordered to be stated in a conference with the Lords. —The Affirmation Bill, which extends the exemption from taking an oath to all those who had ever been at any period of their lives Quakers or Moravians, was passed through a committee.—The Oaths Validity Bill went through a stage.—The Irish Spirit Licenses Bill was committed, and the committee to sit again on Monday. —Mr. Rice obtained leave to bring in a Bill to repeal the Four-and-a-half per Cent. Duties.

Aug. 6.—The Pensions Bill was read a third time.—The Duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster Bill was read a second time.—The Duchy of Cornwall's Possessions Bill was withdrawn for the present session by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—On consideration of the Lords' amendments in the Benefices Pluralities Bill, the restoration of clause 3rd, struck out by their Lordships, was moved by Mr. Aglionby, and negatived by a majority of 54 to 28.—The Lords' amendment, substituting 300*l.* per annum for 150*l.* as the limit of pluralities, was negatived, and the original limitation reinstated.—The other amendments were then agreed to.—The Duchy of Cornwall Tin Duties Bill was read a second time.—Several amendments were then made in the Lords' amendments of the Hackney Carriages (Metropolis) Bill, and the Bill was ordered to be returned to their Lordships.—The Spirit Licenses (Ireland) Bill passed through committee without amendment.

Aug. 7.—Lord Morpeth brought in a Bill to restrain the alienation of corporate property in Ireland, which was read a first time.—Mr. Shaw brought in a Bill to provide compensation for certain officers of the corporation of Dublin, which was read a first time.—The Exchequer Bills (Public Works) Bill, and the Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Duties Bill passed through Committee.—The Lords' amendments to the Royal Exchange Rebuilding Bill were agreed to.—The Slave Trade Treaties Bill, and the Duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster Bill, went through Committee.—The Cornwall Tin Duties Bill also passed through Committee.

Aug. 8.—On going into the orders of the day, Mr. D. W. Harvey moved for the discharge of the Committee on St. Saviour's (Southwark) School Bill sitting on Thursday, which was agreed to.—The reports of the Consolidated Fund Bill, (with the appropriation clause,) the Exchequer Bills Bill, the Exchequer Bills Public Works Bill, the Four-and-a-Half per Centum Duties Bill, the Slave Trade Treaties Bill, the County Treasurers Ireland Bill, Coal Trade (London, &c.) Bill, Church Building Acts Amendment Bill, and the Spirit Licenses (Ireland) Bill, were severally agreed to, and the Bill ordered to be read the third time on Thursday.—The report of the Duchy of Cornwall Tin Duties Bill was brought in and agreed to.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that it was intended the duties should cease from and after the 10th of October.—The Duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Corporation Property (Ireland) Alienation Prevention Bill went through Committee.

Aug. 9.—Mr. F. Shaw brought in a Bill for the better registration of the voters of the University of Dublin, which was read the first and second time, but only with the view of having it printed and circulated.—The several Bills still before the House were then forwarded a stage :—the Consolidated Fund ("Appropriation")

Bill, the Exchequer Bills Bill, the County Treasurers (Ireland) Bill, the Church Building Acts Amendment Bill, the Coal Trade (London, &c.) Bill (which is similar to the one that failed on account of some amendments in the Lords,) and the Cornwall Tin Duties Bill, were read the third time, and passed.—The consideration of the Lords' amendments to the Public Records Bill was deferred till to-morrow.—The Lords amendments to the Court of Session (Scotland) Bill were agreed to.—The Lords afterwards requested a conference on the subject of the "Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill." This took place. On the return of the Committee for managing it on the part of the Commons, Lord John Russell stated what had taken place, and handed in the "reasons" that had been delivered on the part of their Lordships, adding that some of the amendments and rejections were such, their Lordships persisting in adhering to them, that he could not propose to the House to adopt them. He moved that the reasons be taken into consideration "that day three months"—a motion for which Mr. O'Connell "begged leave most respectfully to thank her Majesty's ministers.—The motion was carried without a division, and the "Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill" is consequently lost for the present session.

Aug. 10.—The Dublin University Right of Voting Bill was read a second time. The Private Bill Deposits Bill and the Spirit Licenses (Ireland) Bill were read a third time and passed. The Lords' amendments to the Public Records Bill were agreed to.—Messengers from the Lords announced that their Lordships had agreed to the amendments of the Commons on the Schools (Scotland) Bill, and returned the Irish Tithe Bill with amendments.

Aug. 13.—The Cirencester Hundred Court Bill was postponed till next session.—At a conference with the Lords, the amendments made by the Commons on the Benefices Pluralities Bill were agreed to, with the exception of some in clause A.—The Canada Indemnity Bill was brought down from the Lords, and read a first and second time.

Aug. 14.—On the motion of Lord J. Russell, the Lords' amendments to the Ecclesiastical Appointments Suspension Bill were agreed to.—At a conference with the Lords, the Imprisonment for Debt Bill was agreed to with some amendments.—The Canada Indemnity Bill went into Committee, and having passed through that stage without amendments, was reported immediately, and ordered for a third reading tomorrow.—The Lords' amendments on the Registration of Elector's Bill were then considered and agreed to, with the exception of that which relates to the voting of trustees, and which was dissented from by a majority of 43 to 25.—An amendment on the Imprisonment for Debt Bill, fixing the commencement of its operation on the 1st of October, was agreed to.

Aug. 15.—The St. Saviour's Grammar School Bill was read a third and passed.—On the motion of the Attorney General, the Lords' amendments to the Personal Diligence (Scotland) Bill were agreed to.—On the question that the Canada Indemnity Bill be read the third time, Mr. Leader inquired what were the intentions of the Government respecting the twenty-three individuals, fifteen of whom had been sent to Bermuda, and eight of whom had been condemned to death.—Lord J. Russell said that he must decline giving any answer.—Mr. Finch moved, as an amendment, that the Bill be read a third time that day three months.—After some debate, followed by entreaty not to press the amendment, it was withdrawn, and the Bill read the third time and passed.—On the motion of the Attorney General, the further consideration of the Lords' amendments on the Registration of Electors Bill was postponed till that day three months.

Aug. 16.—The Speaker took the chair at 20 minutes past one o'clock.—Sir R. Inglis congratulated the right hon. gentleman in the chair, and the House generally, on the termination of a session of almost unexampled duration, toil, and fatigue. He found that the House had now sat 173 days, during which no less than 1,134 hours had been occupied with public business.—Sir F. Burdett had been very desirous that some measure for the improvement of the Poor Law Amendment Act might have been passed before the termination of their sittings, but that not having been done, he trusted the country gentlemen would give their attention to the subject during the ensuing vacation, in order to see what could be done to remedy the evils so loudly complained of.

At 20 minutes past 2 o'clock the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod summoned the House to attend her Majesty in the House of Lords. The House accordingly went, and after some time returned, when the Speaker, sitting at the table, having read her Majesty's Speech, the members separated.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

OCTOBER, 1838.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum; or, the Trees and Shrubs of Britain, Pictorially and Botanically Delineated, &c. &c.; with their Propagation, Culture, Management, &c. By J. C. LOUDON.

All Mr. Loudon's books are useful and excellent. In this work are exhibited all the varieties of shrubs and trees in the kingdom, which are illustrated in upwards of 2,500 wood-cuts. To the landed proprietor, and to all, in short, who desire an acquaintance with vegetation, this book will be a valuable assistant. Every information connected with the subject is given in detail, and the volumes may therefore be considered as a perfect mine for reference, and as a most valuable addition to natural history.

The practical instructions about soils, planting, transplanting, multiplying, &c., are admirably clear and intelligible, and, no doubt, will be found equally correct and useful by those who adopt them. By the aid of this book, and a little study and practice, any gentleman may learn to give the greatest beauty to his grounds, be they a spacious park, or merely a shrubbery and plantation of two or three acres. The proper diffusion of the kind of knowledge imparted by Mr. Loudon will immeasurably improve the general aspect of the beautiful country we live in. What we more especially want are a variety of tall evergreen trees, and an increased planting, in all directions, of the Oriental plane, one of the richest, most picturesque, and poetical of trees. The plane-tree we have at present is the ill-shaped, graceless, American species, which has never got *acclimaté*. Mr. Loudon asserts that the plane of Western Asia will, on the contrary, grow as well in England as in its native climate. We will bless his name, and enregister it among the benefactors of his country, if he be the means of making its propagation general.

Among the many useful things in the volumes there is the market price at which the different species of trees and shrubs can be purchased. Among the amusing portions is a deal of poetical, traditional, and legendary matter, wherein, if we mistake not, we recognise the hand of one who was, or who might have made herself, one of the best female writers of these times.

In every respect the "ARBORETUM ET FRUTICETUM BRITANNICUM" is an admirable work, and one that we can most earnestly recommend.

Aristomenes. A Grecian Tale.

Aristomenes, it will be recollected, figures in early Grecian history as a general in the first Messenian war, which commenced B.C. 743, and lasted nineteen years. This victorious commander was the first to rouse his countrymen to a sense of their degradation; and by his skill and enterprise they were enabled to throw off the yoke of the Spartans, under which they had so long laboured. With these materials, and some trifling additions, an entertaining and instructive tale has been produced. Of Greece, in general, at this early period, the author says—

> "The abolition of monarchy in Greece, soon after the Trojan war, was, singular as it must appear, a means of promoting the intellectual power of the people, though attended by many temporary evils. To trace the formation of natural or individual character is a difficult task; yet it is quite evident that Greece owes all its glory to a sudden change in the form of its government at an early period of its history. When the authority of kings was used to promote licentiousness, and to retard the progress of virtue—when kings themselves followed the dictates of ambition and avarice, trampling upon the liberties of the subject,—the patrician and plebeian rose together to shake off the yoke of oppression. A vicious monarchical government thus fell lifeless in every Grecian state, except Sparta, before the independent and illustrious virtue of the people. The evils immediately following were great; but as they were only produced by the excitement resulting from a sudden change, a more healthy state of public feeling quickly succeeded, and developed itself in acts of valour and magnanimity which established the national sovereignty in arms, arts, and literature."

Although classical tales are proverbially difficult to write, and very hard to read, Aristomenes will stand a good chance of popularity. The style is simple, straightforward, and nervous. The author trips now and then in his costume and classicalities, but, on the whole, the story is in keeping, and the ancient Greek tone well preserved. We should deem him a person likely to do much better things. He has a fine vein of moral feeling. Some of his occasional reflections on the hopes and destinies of men are true and beautiful, and beautifully expressed. We would recommend him to choose his subjects nearer home and our own times, for people are as apt to exclaim now, as in the days of that *very French* Horace,

> "Qui nous delivra des Grecs et des Romains?"

Cogitations of a Vagabond, by Authority of the King's Commission, during the Occupation of Paris and subsequently. Collected by the Author of "Frank Orby."

Under this rather strange title the author discourses upon the military operations in France from the return of Napoleon Buonaparte from Elba to the re-establishment of the Bourbons, dotting his serious theme, as he goes along, with all kinds of quirks and quiddities.

> "Travellers," he says, "have been often described, and their objects applauded or sneered at, according to the fancy or tastes of readers. It would appear that these interesting vagabonds in the progress of time change their character; the old species disappear, and new seedlings start from the soil. Sterne describes the travellers of his day, as divided into the idle, the inquisitive, the lying, the proud, the splenetic, and the sentimental; of these, only the first two at present exist. Lying, now-a-days, is quite *hors de combat; no person will take the trouble of inventing what can be so easily proved to be untrue.* The proud and splenetic seldom give vent to their bile

in travelling, because nobody cares for them. As to sentimental travellers, I do not believe that such an animal ever existed, and that Larry Sterne's pretensions to that distinction were all fudge, or mere affectation. . . . The varieties of travellers now-a-days are as great as those of geraniums, strawberries, or apples. A few specimens of misanthropy, and its antithesis; geologists, with endless numbers of all other *ologists*, antiquarians, classical tourists, and a whole budget of sketchers, who have prowled into every dark avenue of the continental towns to paint a ricketty garret, stuck on to the walls of a cathedral, or a dirty old woman in a picturesque night-cap, dabbling in a wash-tub. There are the utilitarians, the men of statistics, speculators in railways and steamboats; others who go abroad for the purpose of gambling, and a species of traveller which Yorick never dreamt of in his philosophy —a man running over a given quantity of foreign land and water, to qualify him for admission to a club. Then there is the whole tribe of bookmakers, male and female, who have not left a spot in Europe untouched, have gradually migrated to Asia and America, and, unless there be discovered in this age of invention some method of getting to the moon or planets, there will be nothing left for travellers to write about."

This is all very well in its way, but if we can only look for novelty from such an invention, we may look long enough. But it is our belief that novelty is to be found everywhere by those who know how to look for it. The very ground chosen by the author has been trodden over and over again in all sorts of ways; yet he has contrived to give an air of novelty to many things in it. His travelling days were stirring times, and as such will ever be remembered with enthusiasm—will ever form the subject of debate and controversy, and serve to paint a moral and adorn a tale. In the present work there is much to interest the general reader, interspersed as it is with numerous anecdotes, and no person, we should think, will regret the time bestowed upon its perusal. There is, as usual in such flying moralists, a too confidential tone pervading the remarks, though they are often given in an off-hand, sensible manner, that is creditable to the author. A few brief extracts must suffice. Speaking of the Hôtel des Invalides as an asylum for wounded and disabled seamen, similar to our own Chelsea Hospital, he says—

"I have often thought, that had I been placed in similar circumstances, and had merited a pension, how much more I should have preferred having my shilling a day to do what I like with, and go where I pleased, to be locked up in a palace, and regularly fed, and put to bed, like an animal in a menagerie; in place of repeating a twenty-times-told tale to the same circle of acquaintance, or listening to theirs, to wander about in search of relations, or long-lost friends, settled in trade or business, and to their attentive ears give the history of a chequered life, and fight my battles o'er again."

However admirable and imposing to the imagination are Les Invalides, Chelsea, Greenwich, the inmates of those palaces for the poor servants of the country are far from enjoying the average amount of human happiness, and we believe that our author has hit upon some of the causes of this. But the real great cause, as indicated by a recent writer, is, that the pensioners have *nothing to hope or fear*, want occupation, are alone in a crowd, friendless among multitudes, desolate in the midst of worldly comfort.

Some of our author's reflections on the Russian troops are excellent, and, to our own knowledge, correct. We shall mention, however, that we have seen some Russian regiments—not of the guards, but line—that were above the standard height of *most* European nations. As for the crack regiments of the guards, horse as well as foot, they are giants—the tallest men we ever saw under arms, but *not* the best made. All are slow—very slow, yet not slovenly, but rather over-precise in their manœuvres. After alluding to the grand review got up by the Emperor Alexander in the plains of Champagne in 1815, when it was remarked that a British or French army would have danced round the Muscovites during the formations, the author goes on to say—

> "The Russians have some good qualities as soldiers; they are easily fed and lodged, are patient of hardships, and *immovable* under the *heaviest fire.* They are not, however, well calculated (the infantry I mean) for aggressive movements. The tallest and best made men are generally selected for the guard and cavalry: the general run of the infantry *is far below the standard of other European nations.* . . . They are clothed in thick warm coats, suited to their climate, but very heavy; and their arms and accoutrements are of the same kind, useful but ponderous. They are, in a measure, physically unfit for very rapid movements, and the soldiers are, besides, wanting *in individual intelligence*, so that, once broken or put into confusion, it is next to impossible to bring them into shape again. The Russian armies also labour under two heavy disadvantages—their medical staff and appliances are very defective, and the commissariat absolutely *nil.* Frugal as they are, a Russian army would have absolutely starved in Spain. The military resources and power of Russia have of late been the subjects of much discussion in this country, and, as usual, where information is difficult to be obtained, reports and statements are liable to great exaggeration. The progress of that people depends more on their intrigues, and the apathy of the other nations of Europe, than in anything they possess as a military power. More than another age will elapse before she can compete in the field with the nations of Europe, principally from the causes I have stated above. In confirmation, I would point out, that nearly all the actions in which the Russians have gained, or nearly gained, success, have been those in which there was the least occasion for manœuvres; Trebbia, Prussish Eylau, Borodino, Malo Jaroslavitz, were all fought in defensive positions. Leipsic was an offensive action, but it scarcely differed from the others, inasmuch as there were no movements required; it was a fight in a cock-pit. Russia could not have taken an active part in the invasion of France, if English money had not put her armies into motion, both in the campaigns of 1814 and 1815. When left to herself, after the experience gained in these wars, what a poor figure she cut in her attack on Turkey! She lost the first campaign, with one hundred thousand men, and would never have passed the Balkan, opposed by any other enemy than the degenerate Turks. Even now, we see this so called mighty empire held at bay by a handful of brave mountaineers of by Circassia."

Our author saw Sir Walter Scott in the gallery of the Louvre during the infliction of "the great moral lesson;" that is, the packing up and restoring to their owners in Italy all the glorious pictures and statues which the French republicans and Buonaparte had taken *par le droit du plus fort;* and this meeting with Sir Walter leads to a mention of an amusing mistranslation from the ballad of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, quoted in one of the novels.

> "Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
> They were twa bonnie lasses,
> They bigged themsels a bonny wee house,
> And stickit it o'er wi' rashes."

Which the Frenchman rendered—"Bessy Bell et Mary Gray étaient deux jolies filles; elles se battirent une petite chaumiere, *et en chassèrent les importuns.*" The *rashes* were a stumbling-block, but he came to a conclusion that they were rash, troublesome lovers; and that *stickit* meant thumping.

Our vagabond is very hard upon French faces and busts, but he does justice to the legs of the Parisians. Upon this subject he is also very philosophical.

> "The legs are, however, in general very good. This I have heard attributed to the badness of the *pavé* in Paris, which obliging the dear creatures to walk always tiptoe, strengthens the muscles of the calves of the legs, and makes the ankles fine and well formed. This most people who have walked the streets in the French metropolis can vouch for, as the ladies are not at all chary about showing their legs.

I walked once through a very dirty street; there was a well-dressed female in front of me. Her drapery was tucked up not far from the order of the garter, and although the street was nearly floating in mud, there was not one speck on either of the white stockings that were delighting my vision. They have since constructed *trottoirs* (footways) along the sides of the principal streets, which will allow people to walk on the soles of their feet. I hope they will not deteriorate the ladies' legs."

We shall not widely depart from the spirit of our vagabond's arrangement, if from ladies' legs we proceed to Prince Talleyrand.

"It was the peculiar talent of Prince Talleyrand to catch a view of these before the rest of the world, and he might have been, with great reason, called a political prophet. He not only saw what was likely to happen, but had the tact to profit by the events when they took place. It has been somewhat exaggerated to say that he had the talent to steer clear of all the changes of the revolution. He certainly cleverly adapted himself to the successive changes that took place latterly, but there was a period when all his abilities would not have saved him had he remained in France. He very wisely took French leave of absence for a considerable period, and, to help him to pass the time, married another's man's wife, about whom so many ridiculous stories have been told. Notwithstanding his various connexions with republicans, and their forms of government, there was not a higher aristocrat in Europe than the Prince of Benevento, of which nearly his last words were a strong proof. When the king visited him in his last illness, he said it was the greatest honour *his* house had ever received."

Our vagabond is very much of a gentleman, and one given to reflection. All that he says about the state and prospects of France is well worthy of attention. And here we should observe, that he has been in the habit of visiting the capital and some of the provinces frequently since the time of the military occupation. His last visit seems to have been quite recent, and he draws what appears to us a correct comparison between the condition of the country in 1815 and its present condition. On the whole, this parallel is very encouraging. There is much to do, and there are some grand obstacles to remove; but the French are evidently in the right way, and another quarter of a century of peace and good understanding with their neighbours will work wonders.

Most of our readers must have heard of the asphalte, or bitumen pavement. Here is what our author says on the subject.

"They have lately laid down a pavement or road in the neighbourhood of *les Champs Elysées*, consisting of blocks laid on sand, and the interstices filled up with *asphalte* or bitumen. This has been found to answer very well, and a good road is such an entire novelty, that it has put all the Parisians in a fancy for this natural production. Twenty companies have been formed for working *asphalte*, and all the papers contain advertisements to that effect. It will be rather curious, if the usage becomes general, that we should be so long before taking advantage of a practice of such great antiquity. Pliny mentions that the walls of Babylon were cemented with this fluid. It has always been the custom in the Balearic Islands to construct the houses first, and then pour in a bituminous fluid, called guiche, which in a few days becomes as hard as stone. If this bituminous fancy continues, it ought to be of benefit to the land-owners in Trinidad, where there are lakes of some extent of this substance."

In the next extract the observations of a military man on railroads, as means of war, are entitled to notice. It has always appeared to us that railroads must be rather valuable as means of preventing war by rapidity of communication and an increased friendly intercourse, than as means of active hostility.

"The railroads next struck the fancy of our Gallic neighbours, and they have entered into the projects with the greatest enthusiasm. Their heated fancies could not be satisfied with one line to commence with, they must have a *grand réseau* to cover all the territory of France. It serves to show the military bias of the French, that one of the principal, and indeed the first, advantage of railways pointed out by the speakers on both sides, would be the rapidity with which armies could be despatched to the frontier. This, however, is somewhat problematical. A hired emissary might, in the night, stop the march of troops by very simple means. It would appear that the powers of steam, applied to warfare, are rather limited; there can be no fighting steam-vessels, unless they are made shot proof, and railways on the continent would always be liable to destruction, either by spies in the country, or incursions of light troops. A pickaxe, or a few ounces of gunpowder, would impede all locomotion in a very short time. The French had better then set about putting their high roads into good order, and if this bituminous cement answers, they will have internal means of communication which they never possessed before. They are beginning to be aware of the value of putting one part of the country in contact with another, and are 'now looking up' their old canals to make them available. When they have done all this, they will turn to general commerce, and take more liberal views of that subject. There are many men who understand the principles of reciprocity in trade, but the mass is still full of prejudices. They can neither believe that our abolition of the slave-trade is effected on principles of philanthropy, or that we have not some secret object in reserve for our particular benefit. They are ultra on the idea of encouraging their manufactures *coute qui coute*;—the whole of the projected railroads could be laid down with iron from England at one third of the expense; but no, they must bolster up the iron trade at home, although, from physical reasons, it is quite impossible it should be ever able to compete with ours. We have lowered the duties on their wines, and the only thing they have done in return is to admit into the northern ports British coal (they could not do without.) A bottle of porter costs two francs in Paris, and a bottle of French brandy in England seven shillings; being, in both cases, five times the intrinsic value of the things, and this is called protecting home manufactures. It protects humbug."

We have been wonderfully tickled by the following little anecdote. Never was anything more French than this Frenchman's answer. The convenience of the footpaths in London being pointed out to a Frenchman, he said, "*Oui, c'est assez joli; mais pour moi j'aime la totalité de la rue.*"

We will take our leave of this little volume, which merits far more attention than it is likely to meet, with another interesting passage about internal communication.

"Even now (1838) there is no improvement. In a recent discussion in the Chamber of Deputies, one of the ministers stated that the great high-road between Chalons and St. Menehould was nearly impassable, and to confirm it, another member stated, that if a carriage was upset on this route there would be no danger of breaking the window-blinds, the mud was so soft and fluid. It was also acknowledged at the same time that the road from Bordeaux to Bayonne, across the great *Landes*, had been impassable these last fourteen years. Such being the deplorable state of the roads, it is little wonder that the French should seize with avidity all the railroad projects offered to them, and, with their naturally sanguine feelings, imagine their country all intersected with works of this kind, of which they see an epitome in the newly-made railway to St. Germain and Versailles. But they are, as I have said, at once at issue with the government as to the mode of effecting their object. In this respect the ruling powers in France are very different from our own. With us, government will have nothing to do with anything unless it pays them, or, in the official phrase, yields revenue; while the government of our neighbours wish to interfere everywhere. In this affair, however, of the railroads, there is a slight approximation, as the government chose for its own share the most profitable line, that from Paris to Brussels, with a branch to Calais,—probably the only one that will ever pay. They have been defeated in their object, but had they succeeded, it would have been very hazardous to have formed any conjecture with regard to the time it would have been completed in. I have shown that thirty years were required to build a stone arch, within a mile of Paris; it may from thence be probably calculated how long it would take to run a railway for two hundred miles."

The Shajrat ul Atrak, or Genealogical Tree of the Turks and Tatars. Translated and Abridged by COLONEL MILES.

A valuable contribution to Eastern history—a guide which Gibbon would have delighted to have had when engaged in the composition of some of the grandest and most perfect chapters of his wondrous work. The Shajrat ul Atrak appears to have been copied from the compilation of Turkish or Mogul history made by order of Alugh Beg Mirza. Colonel Miles's translation seems to be done with unusual care and elegance. The way in which he preserves the oriental style and character is really admirable. We are occasionally puzzled by his odd way of spelling the names of eastern places and people; and cannot help wishing that some fixed and unvarying standard, like that recommended by the high authority of Mr. Lane, could be adopted.

The traditional portion of this oriental history is not the least interesting part of it. It appears to be chiefly a fanciful variation of the narrative in our Old Testament.

> "It is related," says the annalist, "that Cain for a long time, not knowing what to do with the body of Abel, carried it about with him, till one day he arrived at a place where two ravens were fighting; and one being killed, the living one hid him beneath the earth—and this taught Cain to bury his brother Abel. Until this period, Adam did not know what death was; but when he became aware of its nature, he wept bitterly, and in his grief composed certain verses in the Syriac language, and the learned have translated them into the Arabic verses—'Death will change and destroy cities, and those governing them, and disfigure the face of the earth. It will change everything possessing colour or nourishment, and even the divine countenance of man is nought but corruption. Great is my grief for my son Abel—he is slain and laid in his narrow grave.' Iblis (*Satan*) after this persuaded Cain that fire was angry with him because he did not prostrate himself before it: that if he did, fire would be satisfied, and his sacrifice would burn. These words threw Cain into doubt and perplexity, and he at length offered his adorations to fire. *Murder and fire-worship are, therefore, derived from Cain.* And whoever commits these crimes hereafter, one register of them will be entered against Cain, and one against the perpetrator, and at the last day they shall receive their appropriate punishment."

In the narrative of merely mortal affairs, the author of the "Shajrat ul Atrak" is simple and clear, not without an occasional touch of grandeur. Armies of half millions each sweep across the stage in all the pomp of the Orient, and every conqueror pretends to be an instrument of Fate, and every vanquished king exclaims—"It is the will of God!"

The following passage about the introduction of bank-notes, or paper-money, by the Tatar conquerors of Persia in the fourteenth century, is curious.

> "In the year of the Hejira 693, the use of *jade* or stamped paper-money was introduced into Persia, but subsequently abolished. It is related in the histories of those times, that stamped paper to serve as current money was first introduced in commercial transactions in Persia by the advice of Ab-ud-deen Muzzuffur: these notes were long slips of paper, stamped on both sides with the arms or seal of the prince, and on both sides also were written the profession of faith, and the names of two witnesses, and between them the names of the king of kings. But by the introduction of these *jades*, the resort of merchants to Persia was interrupted, and the buying and selling of all merchandise stopped; and so the Emeers assembled and represented these things to the king of kings, and he ordered his *jades* to be abolished."

In China the Tatars had introduced the use of paper-money as early, at least, as A.D. 1240. In multiplying bank-notes out of all proportion, our Mr. Pitt only imitated that illustrious potentate Jin-Tsong, of the dynasty of Kin, emperor of China, and kinsman of the Sun and Moon.

Thus there is nothing new under the sun—nothing new even in Pitt's strange system of finance, always excepting his taxing the blessed light of heaven! The forgery of a bank-note in China was visited with death as with us, and as the Chinese notes were as easily imitated as our own, the Old Bailey of Pekin could make out as respectable a list of executions as the Old Bailey of London—*in the good old times!*

An Abridged Account of the Misfortunes of the Dauphin, followed by some Documents in support of the Facts related by the Prince; with a Supplement. Translated from the French by the HON. and REV. C. G. PERCIVAL, Rector of Calverton, Bucks.

When we reflect on the measureless credulity of the world, or of a very large part of it, we are perfectly astonished at the small number of impostors that are in it. Surely these rogues are over-modest, or they lack courage, and a proper acquaintance with their profession. If recently, upon the demise of the great Thom, any well-informed juggler had taken upon himself to do the resurrection part of his business, and given himself out for Thom risen from the dead, after a complete digestion of the musket bullet or bullets, we have no doubt whatever that he would have found some dupes. The slightest personal resemblance would have been enough to serve that purpose, or to establish an identity; for it is not unreasonable to expect that somesm all changes must be produced in a man's person by death and burial.

There are probably few of our readers that have not heard of sham dauphins, or vagabonds pretending to be the son and heir of the unfortunate Louis XVI. These fellows have been everywhere! Not long ago there were three of them at once in London. The boldest of them used to parade his rags and tatters in Leicester Square; and the last time we saw his *soi-disant* royal highness, he had no shoes or stockings to his feet. We might say of dauphins as Coleridge once said of ghosts—that he had seen too many of them to believe in their real existence. The French government, at different times, has taken the trouble of exposing some half dozen of these miserable Perkin Warbecks, sending them afterwards to prison or the bagnio; but it has never been able to put a stop to the speculation. The most remarkable of these adventurers was the prisoner of Milan in 1821, who is described by Silvio Pellico, and of whom some further account may be found in a curious little work, published some two years ago, under the title of "The Book of Table Talk." This pretender (whose pretensions led him to an Austrian state prison) was a man of most elegant manners, highly educated, and strikingly like the Bourbon family. His story was consistent, and indeed perfectly convincing, to all persons of a lively imagination, who could forget that the death of the real dauphin in the Temple was a fact as well proved as that of his father being beheaded in the *Place Louis XV.* But, indeed, there is not one of the dauphin-stories we have heard of, but is incomparably better than the one now set forth by this honourable and reverend English gentleman, whose reasoning upon the subject is, if possible, more lame than the story itself. The honourable and reverend gentleman disavows all political motives and designs whatever, and protests that he has not the most distant intention of overthrowing the present dynasty of France. *Certes*, that very weak and helpless sovereign, Louis Philippe, ought to be very much obliged to him! And yet, upon looking into the matter, we find that the honourable and reverend gentleman is rather restrained by the want of a proper feeling for legitimacy in this country, than by any fixed principles of his own. England, he says, has for many years done her utmost to discountenance the cause of legitimacy in every part of the world!—which can only mean that she has not given the light of her countenance to the very doubtful claims of Don Carlos and Don Pedro—and therefore she is not likely to take up arms for the purpose of placing his *protegé* on the French throne. Thus Louis Philippe's gratitude is rather due to the English nation or government than to Mr. Percival personally.

There are many stories of imposture which have at least the merit of being romantic and amusing, after the fashion of the lady novels of the last generation, wherein heirs and heiresses were lost and found in the most complicated manner possible, and stray heroes and heroines were recognised not only by their affectionate families, but also *in law*, by their having a strawberry mark behind the ear, or a cherry upon the arm. But there is little amusement of the kind in the big book before us, which contains 714 royal octavo pages, 577 of which are occupied by dry " Documents and Reflections." " None of your reflections, Mrs. Quickly, if you love me; they only give me the spleen. Tell me your history at once. I love stories, but hate reasoning." The honourable and reverend gentleman's reasoning is what we have described it—the documents prove as little as his reasoning, and are insupportably tedious. If this adventurer is to come off with *eclât*, it is not this book that will brighten his face.

A part of the story is wild and improbable enough; but it is jointed, and put together without art, and the incidents savour of the Newgate Calendar. We will give a few passages bared of the reflections and reasonings. His Royal Highness the Dauphin and Duke of Normandy speaks. He is in the Temple, up in the third story, closely watched day and night by the municipal guard.

> " Consequently, as it was impossible to get me out of the tower, they resolved to conceal me in it, to make my persecutors believe that I had escaped. The idea was a bold one: nevertheless it was the only means of facilitating the escape which they had planned. Nothing was more practicable than to make me disappear for the moment. No one escorted those who carried down to the first floor the things of which I had made use. My friends were therefore convinced that they would be able to take me up higher without any risk of being discovered. In fact, though my sister was confined in the third story, she had at that time neither sentinel nor municipal officers for her guard. This expedient afforded almost certain prospects of success. Accordingly, one day my protectors gave me a dose of opium, which I took for medicine, and I was soon half asleep. In this state, I saw a child, which they substituted for me, in my bed, and I was laid in the basket, in which this child had been concealed, under my bed. I perceived, as if in a dream, that the child was only a wooden figure, the face of which was made to resemble mine. This substitution was effected at the moment when the guard was changed; the one who succeeded was contented with just looking at the child to certify my presence, and it was enough for him to have seen a sleeping figure, whose face was like mine; my habitual silence contributed farther to strengthen the error of my new argus. In the mean time, I had lost all consciousness, and when my senses returned I found myself shut up in a large room, which was quite strange to me; it was the fourth story of the tower. This room was crowded with all kinds of old furniture, among which a space had been prepared for me, which communicated with a closet in the turret, where my food had been placed. All other approach was barricadoed. Before concealing me there, one of my friends, whom I shall name in the course of this history, had informed me in what manner I should be saved, on condition that I should bear all imaginable sufferings without complaining; adding, that a single imprudent step would bring destruction on me and on my benefactors; and he insisted, above all, that when I was concealed I should ask for nothing, and should continue to act the part of a really deaf and dumb child.
>
> " When I awoke I recollected the injunctions of my friend, and I firmly resolved to die rather than disobey them. I ate, I slept, and I waited for my friends with patience. I saw my first deliverer, from time to time, at night, when he brought me what was necessary for me. The figure was discovered the same night; but the government thought fit to conceal my escape, which they believed to have been com-

pleted. My friends, on their part, the better to deceive the sanguinary tyrants, had sent off a child under my name, in the direction, I believe, of Strasbourg. They had even countenanced the opinion, and given information to the government, that it was I who had been sent in that direction. The government, in order entirely to conceal the truth, put in the place of the figure a child of my age, who was really deaf and dumb, and doubled the ordinary guard, endeavouring thus to make it be believed that I was still there. This increase of precaution prevented my friends from completing the execution of their plan in the manner they had intended. I remained, therefore, in this vile hole, as if buried alive.

"At this time I was about nine years and a half old, and, already accustomed to hardships by my long sufferings, I cared little for the cold that I endured, for it was in the winter that I was imprisoned in the fourth story. My friends had managed to procure the keys of it, to prepare beforehand what was necessary for my abode there. No one could suspect that I was there. This room was never opened. If any one had entered it, they could not have seen me, and the friend who visited me could only reach me by going on all fours. If he was prevented coming, I waited patiently in my concealment.

"Frequently I had to wait for several days the arrival of the beneficent beings who provided me with food. No doubt my readers would wish me to make known the names of these noble individuals, these magnanimous protectors. I cannot do it in this narrative."

* * * * * *

"The revolutionary government, on account of its political position, had judged it expedient not to let the real state of things transpire; consequently they had substituted a deaf and dumb child in the place of the wooden figure. Nothwithstanding this artifice, as there were many persons who were well acquainted with the real dauphin, orders were given not to admit any of those who knew him, to prevent all possibility of the secret being betrayed. To verify the existence of the pretended dauphin, such persons only were sent as were in the secret, or such as were unacquainted with me. I know not how it happened that in spite of all these precautions it was whispered about that the real dauphin was no longer in the tower. The agitator was alarmed, and it was decided that the deaf and dumb child should die. For this purpose deleterious ingredients were mixed with his food which made him ill, and in order to avert the suspicion of poison, M. Dessault was called in, not to cure him, but to counterfeit humanity. M. Dessault visited the child, and soon perceived that some kind of poison had been given him: he ordered an antidote to be prepared by his friend, the apothecary Choppart, telling him at the same time that the child he was attending was not the son of Louis XVI., whom he had formerly known. M. Dessault's disclosure was repeated: the murderers of my family, seeing that the life of the dumb child was prolonged in spite of their attempts to poison him, substituted for him a ricketty child from one of the hospitals in Paris. This measure also quieted the apprehensions they had entertained that by some accident the deaf and dumb child might be discovered to be really such; and in order to secure themselves against any farther betrayal of the secret, they poisoned Dessault and Choppart. The last child substituted was attended by physicians who, never having seen either the real dauphin or the sick child, naturally believed that it was I whom they were attending."

It would be too long to relate how he is got out of the tower of the Temple by means of—whom may the reader suppose?—why, Barras and Madame Josephine Beauharnais!—soon after Madame Napoleon Buonaparte! It should appear that everybody mentioned as being privy to these adventures is long since dead, with the exception of one Madame de Rambaud, who is very old, and *may be* in her dotage, notwithstanding the letter quoted at page 272. According to the strange account of his royal highness, he fell into the hands of a German lady, who taught him her own language, in order the better to conceal who he was—and it should appear he has learnt German so effectually as to forget his French, notwithstanding his living many years in France! But in spite of his German he was discovered and carried back to prison. He was again liberated by means of Josephine, who seems to have had a perfectly miraculous *open-sesamé* faculty. He was then sent to Venice, from Venice to Trieste, and from Trieste to Rome, where he was patronised by Pope

Pius VI., which is about as true as that his cause was espoused by King George III. Soon the republican army of France deprived him of his protector the pope; whereupon he secretly buried his treasure, (he does not tell us where he got it,) fled in the middle of the night, and sailed for England. He was taken at sea, carried back to France, and thrown again into prison, where he lay some five years, till 1803, when Josephine again broke his chains, and set him at liberty by means of the minister Fouché. *Vive Fouché! vogue la galère!* But this is the most wonderful escape of all! Very soon after he was taken again near Strasbourg, and thrown into the fortress of that town, where he was bit by a rat and fed upon bread and water. In the spring of 1809, when he was twenty-four years old, he was again liberated by Josephine, who employed secret agents for that purpose. This gentle lady would not have left him to linger so long in the dungeon of Strasbourg, if it had not been for Buonaparte's promising to make her son Eugène his heir to the thrones of France and Italy. But when she learned Napoleon's design to divorce her, and marry Maria Louisa of Austria, Josephine had determined to release this real dauphin, in order that he might thwart her unkind husband. At this part of the narrative our dauphin tells us that nature has imprinted on his left thigh the resemblance of a dove flying downwards with outspread wings, and that this miraculous mark is quite enough to prove his identity with the male child of Louis XVI. After his liberation from Strasbourg he travelled in Germany till he was knocked down with the butt-end of a musket, and carried off by French gens-d'armes. But he soon gave them the slip, got to Berlin, and, in order to earn his bread, set up as a watchmaker—a curious trade for one who had no opportunity of learning any mechanical art. He lived *en ménage* with a Madame Sonnenfeld, to whom he confided the secret of his royal birth. In 1812 he removed from Berlin to Spandau, where he was living when the town was bombarded by the Prussians and Russians. The four suburbs of Spandau were destroyed, the town was set on fire, but the fire (so goes the narrative) stopped as if by a miracle at the house which he inhabited. "I use the word *miracle*," says our dauphin, "because the buildings belonging to my dwelling, and which were adjacent to the house and under the same roof, were consumed to the very foundations; *my room alone* was spared, and sustained not the slightest damage." In 1816 he sent a messenger to tell the Duchess of Angoulême that he, her dear brother, was alive, and making watches. The duchess took no notice of his message; the messenger got into prison. In 1818 he lost his *ménagère*, Madame Sonnenfeld, upon which he married a Miss Jenny Einers, who in the month of August, 1819, bore him a young prince, whose birth he announced to the Duchess of Angoulême. In 1820 he says he received a consolatory letter from the Duc de Berri, *who was assassinated ten days after writing it.* Soon after he was arrested in Prussia upon a charge of *circulating false coin.* Upon his trial he asserted that he belonged to the august family of the Bourbons, upon which the court called him "an impudent liar." After lying some time in the common jail, he was acquitted of the main charges brought against him; "but *the irreproachable son of the martyr king*" was not liberated till 1828, and at this period he had "to submit to the humiliation of being pardoned, upon condition that he should quit Brandenburgh, and remain at a distance from Berlin." By this time all his money was gone, and more children had come. He packed up some articles of watchmaking, and some bedding for his children, and went to live at Crossen. Hence he wrote, or caused others to write, in *his royal name*, to the King of Prussia, to Charles X., to the Duchess of Angoulême. Soon after, his agent, the worthy Mr. Pezold, fell suddenly sick and died, exclaiming, "My God, they have poisoned me!" In 1831, when Charles X. was driven from his throne, our dauphin wrote him a letter of forgiveness; and about the same time he heard that the Prussian government were going to throw him into prison as an impostor. His royal highness crossed the frontier, drank a bottle of beer with his driver in the valley of Blaüen, went on to Dresden, then to Nuremburgh, where some Polish fugitives mistook him for a Russian spy, and where the police put him into prison. Surely was there never such a jail-bird! He is no sooner out of one prison than he gets into another! At last, after many Turpin-like adventures, he reached France, where he "demanded *only* his hereditary property, his rights of citizenship, a country, and a tomb." But he found Louis Philippe as incredulous as his predecessors, and the French swore that he was no Frenchman, but only a crazy Prussian watchmaker. In a very short time he was again in prison, and as the French court established on good evidence that he was a foreigner, they turned him out of the country in virtue of their alien law. It should appear that from France he came over to England, where, in the number of mad political refugees and *chévaliers d'industrie*, he found some ready enough to swear allegiance to him.

This is a sorry joke, and one which we should scarcely have noticed, had it not been for the high position occupied in society by the honourable and reverend editor and translator of the present book.

The Guide to Trade. The Printer.

A capital little work. A shilling's worth of information most valuable to all who are in any way connected with any of the branches of the mighty press. And who is there at this day but is or may be included in matters, great or small, within the magic and still spreading circle? That some such easy treatise was wanting is evident from the fact that half even of our professional authors have been curiously ignorant about types, press-work, and all matters connected with that mechanical art which multiplies the production of their brain. Any compositor in London will tell you that not one author in ten can properly correct a proof-sheet, or make any calculation as to the quantity of printing their MS. (technically called *copy*) will make when set up in any given type. And yet it is easier to learn these things than conjuring. This little book will give them the necessary information, and a deal of useful knowledge besides.

The mechanical parts of the subject are made very clear by the introduction of wood-cuts. A portion of the matter appeared some three or four years ago in the Penny Magazine, but the additions and improvements are numerous. The introduction, consisting of twenty pages, is entirely new, and an admirable little essay, with something of an autobiographical air and feeling about it. It is worthy of being bound up with Benjamin Franklin's delicious account of his own life and adventures in a printing-office. To any youth contemplating the taking up of the trade and mystery of a printer this book will be highly useful. It is, indeed, a rare shilling's-worth.

Hand Book. Switzerland, Savoy, and Piedmont.

Like the other works of the kind by the same author this is an admirable guide-book, most useful to the tourist, and excellent in all respects, containing a fund of amusement as well as of information. We have a few masterpieces of this kind limited to narrow districts, but for a wide range of foreign country we have little hesitation in saying that Mr. Murray's Hand Book or Guide Books are the best that have been produced. We trust that we offend not against *les convenances* in naming the author, the son of Mr. Murray of Albemarle Street—of glorious John, the prince of booksellers, who will be King John to the last.

We can speak confidently as to the accuracy of the details, having gone over the ground, or nearly every part of it, step by step, in our younger days, when we thought it no hardship to trudge on foot from dawn to dewy eve with a knapsack on our shoulders, and a good alpenstock in our hand.

The author's acquaintance with the science of geology has been of the greatest use to him in this grand tour among the Alps. His style is clear, light, and lively. Some of his anecdotes are told with a rare grace and point. The book may be read with delight, even by those whose travels are all made by the home fireside. We most cordially recommend it to the attention of all.

The Philosophy of Language, containing Practical Rules for acquiring a knowledge of English Grammar, with Remarks on the Principles of Syntax and Composition. By WILLIAM CRAMP, Author of "Junius Discovered."

This is an ingenious, and, in some respects, a learned treatise, written clearly and without pedantry—that besetting sin of grammarians and philologists. The author, perhaps, is not always right, but he is invariably useful, as helping to set people a-thinking on the fundamental principles of language.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

The Young Lady's Equestrian Manual.—A very beautiful and excellent little book, in which, as it appears to us, everything necessary is contained relative to this delightful and health-giving exercise. It is, indeed, a valuable epitome, and, we doubt not, will be much prized and sought after by all ladies that desire to acquire the art in which their young queen excels. It is beautifully got up, and is embellished with numerous excellent and most graceful little cuts. It is appropriately dedicated to the queen.

Hoary Head, and the Valleys Below. By JACOB ABBOTT, author of the "Young Christian," &c.—A series of moral and religious tales for children, well adapted for juvenile minds.

Edinburgh Cabinet Novels.—The Medicaster.—This is the first of a series of *original* novels in a very cheap form. The tale is completed in this volume, which, though not one-third of the ordinary size, yet contains as much letter-press. Of the tale itself much might be said in its praise. It is well and carefully written, highly interesting, and far superior to many similar productions that cost more money.

The Village Magazine. A Journal of Literature, Science, Fine Arts, and General Knowledge, with Illustrations. To be continued Monthly.—Sincerely do we hope that this unpretending, instructive miscellany may find its way to every village hearth in the kingdom. It contains much useful information of an entertaining kind, and in some respects it may serve as a guide to the tourist through a beautiful part of England.

Plain Instructions for the Attainment of an Improved, Complete, and Practical System of Short Hand, whereby the words of any Speaker may, by practice, be taken down verbatim, and read afterwards with the facility *and certainty of ordinary Print.*—This is saying a good deal for itself, but the title-page is very fairly borne out. It is the best book on the subject we have seen, and a decided improvement upon many of the *slow* systems extant. To all who desire perfection in this difficult art, we recommend the purchase of Mr. Foster's treatise.

Memoirs of the celebrated Eugene Aram, who was executed for the Murder of Daniel Clarke in 1759; with some Account of his Family and other Particulars, collected, for the most part, above Thirty Years ago. By NORRISSON SCATCHERD, Esq., Author of the "History of Morley," &c.—The life of this extraordinary man has long been the subject of controversy with reference to his guilt or innocence. The author of this curious little book has taken uncommon pains in the elucidation of the mysterious subject, and his views are given with remarkable earnestness. The subject has lately been revived in the public mind by the silly discussion of the philosophers at Newcastle on Eugene Aram's skull. Mr. Scatcherd seems to say that the real skull was lost sight of in London many years ago.

Analytical Considerations on the Art of Singing, containing an Account of the various Styles of Singing prevalent in the principal Countries of Europe, classed under the heads of Sacred, Popular, and Theatrical. By ANDREW COSTA, Professor of Music, and Honorary Member of the Philharmonic Society of Cracow.—The well-earned reputation of this distinguished artiste is a sufficient guarantee of the worth of this work, and must assuredly promote its success. The whole art of singing is laid down, as far as words can do it, in a clear and truly scientific manner, with many useful and important hints for the improvement and preservation of the voice.

A Brief History of Christ's Hospital, from its Foundation by King Edward VI. Sixth Edition. With Six Illustrations and a List of the Governors. By J. L. WILSON.—The fact of this little work having attained its sixth edition is a fair criterion of its merit and usefulness. It contains the whole, true, and particular account of this most excellent establishment. We have been delighted by looking over the list of the many high-minded and accomplished men who have owed their education to the Blue Coat School.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Reid, (Lieut.-Col.) on the Law of Storms. Royal 8vo. 21*s.*
The Hand Book for Switzerland, Savoy, &c. Post 8vo. 10*s.*
Lloyd's Letters from the West Indies. 12mo. 6*s.*
Strictures on some Parts of the Oxford Tracts, a Charge. By the Rev. J. H. Browne. 8vo. 6*s.*
Close's Typical Sermons. 12mo. 5*s.*
Hannay's Concordance. 18mo. 6*s.*
A Pleasure Tour to Ireland. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Hieroglyphics on the Coffin of Mycerinus. Folio. 15*s.*
An Essay on Food. By W. Grisenthwaite. Fcap. 4*s.*
Cogitations of a Vagabond. By the Author of "Frank Orby." Post 8vo. 8*s.*
Graham on Indigestion. Fourth Edition, with Additions. 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*
Edinburgh Academy Rudiments of the Latin. Fifth edition. 12mo. 2*s.*
Noehden's German Grammar. Eighth edition. 12mo. 8*s.*
Celestial Scenery. By Dr. Dick. Second edition. 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Hack's Winter Evenings. New edition. 12mo. 6*s.*
Upcher's Stories from the Commandments. 16mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Russell on Developement in Infant Schools. Second edition. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Archbold's Act for Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt. 12mo. 5*s.*

Mogg's Map of the London and Birmingham Railway. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Wickens on the Laws of Debtor and Creditor. 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
A Guide through Ireland. By J. Fraser. 12mo. 12*s.*
Sullivan's Orthographical Exercises. Second edition. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Carey on the Evidences and Corruptions of Christianity. 8vo. 8*s.*
The Mother's Book. By Mrs. Child. New edition. Royal 32mo. 2*s.*
The Frugal Housewife. By Mrs. Child. New edition. Royal 32mo. 2*s.*
Gambert's Manual of French Pronunciation. 12mo. 2*s.*
Travels in Austria, Russia, and Turkey. By C. B. Elliott. 2 vols. 8vo. 30*s.*
Nye's Short Hand Dictionary. 18mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy. Second edition. Post 8vo. 6*s.*
Williams's Missionary Narrative. Fifth edition. Post 8vo. 8*s.*
Pictorial Edition of the Book of Common Prayer. Super royal 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Henry's Pleasantness of a Religious Life. 32mo. 1*s.*
Von Essen on the Responsibility of the Christian Ministry. 8vo. 1*s.*
The Church, the Bishop, or Corah, Which? 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Kingdom Sermons. Second Series. By J. Pring. 8vo. 12*s.*
Reflections of the Ball Room. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Simeon on the Holy Spirit. 32mo. 1*s.*
Simeon on the Liturgy. 32mo. 1*s.*
A Collection of Prayers. By W. Thoms. Fifth edition. 12mo. 3*s.*
Land Sharks and Sea Gulls. By Captain Glascock. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Edinburgh Cabinet Novels. Part II. "The Mortgagee." 12mo. 2*s.*
Milton's Poetical Works. Walker's New Edition. 24mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
Memoirs of the Life of Richard Birdsall. New Edition. 32mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Rogers's Poems. Fcap. 5*s.*
Aids to Memory. By Mrs. Jukes. With Preface by Professor Vaughan. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
The New Excitement, 1839. 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Father Clement. Ninth Edition. Fcap. 4*s.* 6*d.*
Library for the Young. Vol. I. "The Field, the Garden, and the Woodland." 16mo. 4*s.*
Wogan on the Proper Lessons. New Edition. 16*s.*
Microscopic Illustrations. By Goring and Pritchard. New Edition. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Tyson's Philosophical System of Short Hand. 12mo. 2*s.*
Foster's Practical System of Short Hand. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Barrow's Popular Dictionary. New Edition. 12mo. 4*s.*
De Porquet's Cours de Littérature. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Bialloblotzky's Extracts relative to German Literature. 12mo. 6*s.*
Haddon's Farmer's Account Book. New Edition. 6*s.* 6*d.*
Three Hundred Ordination Questions. New Edition. 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Martin Doyle's Kitchen Garden. New Edition. 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Lovelass on Wills. Twelfth Edition. By A. Barron. 8vo. 16*s.*
Mason on Episcopacy. With Introduction, &c. by the Rev. J. Blackburn. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Aristomenes. 2 vols. 8vo. 21*s.*
Granville's Spas of Germany. Second Edition. 1 vol. 8vo 18*s.*
Lush's Act for Abolition of Arrest. 12mo. 5*s.*
Wells's Act for Abolishing Imprisonment for Debt. Second Edition. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Bentham's Works. Part V. Edited by Dr. Bowring. Royal 8vo. 2*s.*
Scatcherd's Memoirs of Eugene Aram. Second edition. 12mo. 1*s.*
Ellis's Tariff, 1838-9. 12mo. 5*s.*
Walker's Original. New edition. 8vo. 8*s.*
Retzch's Fancies and Truths. 4to. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Bourne's Railway. No. I. 21*s.*
Colburn's Modern Novelists. Vol. XIV., "Sayings and Doings. Second Series." Fcap. 6*s.*
De Porquet's French Spelling Book. New edition. 2*s.* 6*d.*
De Porquet's Introduction to Parisian Phraseology. New edition. 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Theobald's Imprisonment for Debt Act. 12mo. 5*s.*
Bertinchamp's French Student. 12mo. 3*s.*
Parley's Visit to London during the Coronation. Square. 3*s.* plain, 4*s.* coloured.
Gems of Anecdote. 32mo. 2*s.*
Gems of Wit and Humour. 32mo. 2*s.*

Smith's Compendium of Mercantile Law. Second Edition. 8vo. 21*s.*
Tarver's Conversational French Exercises. Third edition. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Waugh's Science of the Cerebro-Spinal Phenomena. Fcap. 6*s.*
Essays on the Apocalypse. By R. B. Sanderson. Fcap. 4*s.*
The Christian Naturalist. By Rev. E. Budge. 12mo. 3*s.*
Hancock's Hear the Church. Fcap. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Letters on the Writings of the Fathers. By Misopapisticus. Crown 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*
Fallow's Order of Baptism. 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Barr's Recollections of a Minister. Post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Sermons, and Outlines of Sermons. By Eminent Ministers. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
The Naturalist's Library. Vol. XXII. Fcap. 6*s.*
Rowland on Neuralgia. 8vo. 6*s.*
Wayland's Elements of Political Economy. 18mo. 2*s.*
Scheming, a Tale. By Mrs. Godwin. 18mo. 2*s.*

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mrs. Jameson's new work, "WINTER STUDIES AND SUMMER RAMBLES," may be expected about the middle of the month.

A new work from the pen of a Lady, entitled, "ADA," a tale, is in progress.

Mrs. Edward Thomas's new volume of Poems, entitled, "TRANQUIL HOURS," is now ready.

Captain Byng Hall has nearly ready a new work, entitled, "SCENES IN ENGLAND," in one volume, post octavo.

Miss Burdon's new work, "THE LOST EVIDENCE," is on the eve of completion.

The following "Annuals" are announced for publication in October: "The Landscape," "Heath's Picturesque," "The Keepsake," "The Book of Beauty," "Gems of Beauty," "Portraits of the Children of the Nobility," and "Beauty's Costume."

"Truths from the West Indies," by Captain Hodgson, will be published in a few days.

Reminiscences of South America, from Two and a Half Years' Residence in Venezuela, by John Hawkshaw, F.G.S., Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

The Original Works of Thomas Hobbes, of Malmsbury; now first collected and edited, with a Life of the Author, and a View of his Philosophy, by Sir William Molesworth, Bart., M.P.

Operations carried on at Gizeh, in 1837; also an Account of a Voyage into Upper Egypt. Illustrated with Drawings and numerous Wood-cuts. By Colonel Howard Vyse. In imperial octavo.

The Pyramids of Gizeh, from actual Survey and Admeasurement. Illustrated with Notes and References to the several Plans. By J. E. Perring, Esq., Civil Engineer. With Sketches taken on the Spot by E. I. Andrews, Esq. In columbier folio. The first part, containing the Great Pyramid, is nearly ready.

The Hieroglyphics on the Coffin of Mycerinus, found in the third Pyramid of Gizeh. With Letterpress description. In imperial folio.

The Elements of Physiology. By Thomas Johnstone Aitkin, M.D., Lecturer on Physiology and Materia Medica, F.R.C.S., Edinburgh, &c. &c., with thirty-seven Wood-Cuts, in one volume, 12mo.

A Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Extinct and Dormant Baronetcies of England. By John Burke, Esq. and J. B. Burke, Esq. of the Middle Temple. In one volume, medium 8vo.

A System of Natural Philosophy; with Questions for the Examination of Scholars. By John L. Comstock, M.D.; with additions by George Lees, M.A. Lecturer on Natural Philosophy, &c. Edinburgh.

A History of British Birds, Indigenous and Migratory. By William Macgillivray, M.A., F.R.S.E., &c.

The Philosophy of Natural History. By William Smellie, F.R.S.L. & E. With an Introduction. By John Ware, M.D.

The Elements of Physics. By Thomas Webster, M.A. Trinity College, Cambridge.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Considerable activity prevails in the cotton market. The harvest has been happily secured during the late favourable weather. There can be no doubt but that the facilities afforded by the establishment of steam navigation between this country and America will be productive of the most important consequences to both countries. On each occasion, we understand, there have been more passengers for the steam-ships than could be conveyed. The effect also of our railroads is beginning to be felt.

The alterations in the mail communications between London and the West Riding of Yorkshire, which are about to take place in consequence of the whole line of railway between London and Manchester being opened, will, it is understood, be made on the quarter-day, the 5th of October, when the morning mail bags for Rochdale, Halifax, Bradford, and Leeds, will leave London at nine or ten o'clock in the morning *viâ* Manchester, and will be forwarded by the Manchester and York mail, which leaves Manchester at eight o'clock in the evening of that day, so that the morning letters and papers from London, which are despatched on the forenoon of one day, will arrive in Leeds at two o'clock in the morning of the following day. Already the London morning papers, by an arrangement with the railway proprietors, arrive in Leeds, by the Manchester mail, about sixteen hours after their publication in London.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Tuesday, 25th of September.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 208 to 9.—Three per Cent. Consols, 93 seven-eighths to 4.—Three per Cent. reduced, 94 seven-eighths to 95.—Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, 102 and a-quarter.—Exchequer Bills, 69s. to 71s. prem.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Five per Cent. 34 and a-half to 5.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 54 to one-eighth.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 102 to 3.—Spanish Active Bonds, with May coupons, 18 one-eighth to three-eighths.

Money Market Report.—Tuesday Evening, Sept. 25.—By the advices from Hamburgh the price of gold is 437 per mark, which, at the English Mint price of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* the ounce for standard gold, gives an exchange of 13.11, and the exchange at Hamburgh on London at short being 13 8¾, it follows that gold is 1.04 per cent. dearer at Hamburgh than in London.

The premium on gold at Paris is 8½ per mille, which, at the English Mint price of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* the ounce for standard gold, gives an exchange of 25 36½, and the exchange at Paris on London at short being 25 42½, it follows that gold is 0.24 per cent. lower at Paris than in London.

The course of exchange at New York on London is 109¼ per cent., and the par of exchange between England and America being 109 23-40 per cent., it follows that the exchange is 0·22 per cent. against England.

The Stock Exchange was but thinly attended to-day, and the business was more than usually unimportant. The funds remain with scarcely a variation. Consols for money were 93⅞ to 4, and for account 94 to ⅛. Bank Stock, 208 to 9; India Stock, 264 to 5. Exchequer bills, 69*s.* to 71*s.* premium.

A slight advance took place a short time before the close of business in Dutch stocks, the 5 per Cents. leaving off at 102¾ to 3, the 2½ per Cents., 54 to ⅛. In other foreign securities but very little was doing. Spanish were still further depressed, the Active, with the May coupons, closing at 18¼ to ⅜; Portuguese 5 per cents., 34½ to 5; the 3 per cents., 22½ to 3. Brazilian were 83½ to 4; Mexican, 22¾ to 3¼; Columbian, 24¾ to 5¼.

Railway shares were not in such brisk demand, and the former quotations of several were not maintained. Great Western receded to 16 to 17; Southampton (New) to 22½ to 3½ premium; London and Birmingham were 85 to 7; Manchester and Birmingham, ¾ to 1¼ premium; Southampton, (Old,) 2½ to 1½; Brighton, 1⅞ to ⅜; Blackwall, 1½ to ¼ discount.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM AUG. 21, TO SEPT. 21, 1838, INCLUSIVE.

Aug. 21.—T. Driver and J. Moore, city, shipowners.—J. W. Barrett, jun., Abingdon, Berkshire, grocer.—J. Rodgers, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Lancashire, coach builder.—M. Kew, Torrisholme, Lancashire, victualler.—P. Beaumont, Willington, Northumberland, builder.—J. Haigh, Meltham, Yorkshire, dyer.—W. Butt, jun., Herne Bay, Kent, schoolmaster.

Aug. 24.—L. Audemars, Dean Street, Westminster, watch case manufacturer.—G. B. Harding, Cannon Street, city, paper hanger.—J. D. Stevens, Two Waters, Hertfordshire, paper maker.—G. Bettison, Margate, librarian.—D. Raybould, Westbromwich, Staffordshire, builder.—C. Taylor, Manchester, gas engineer.—J. Hogg, Mathon, Worcestershire, victualler.—A. Hacker, Canterbury, builder.—N. Gray, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, common brewer.

Aug. 28.—M. V. Bergh, Leman Street, Goodman's Fields, merchant.—J. W. Thomson, Sion Nursery, Croydon, nurseryman.—G. Orbell, Romford, Essex, horse dealer.—H. Orbell, Romford, Essex, inn keeper.—T. Pike, Rotherhithe Street, Surrey, coal merchant.—B. Conigrave, St. John Street Road, Clerkenwell, and J. Conigrave, Trinity Square, Southwark, cabinet makers.—G. F. Crossley, Liverpool, common brewer.—J. Greenhough, Manchester, cabinet maker.—W. Coombe, Great Torrington, Devonshire, builder.—J. Lowe, Manchester, cotton spinner.—T. Wallace, Pontypool, Monmouthshire, grocer.—J. Cockroft, Hebden Bridge, Halifax, Yorkshire, leather dresser.—E. Hargreaves, Manchester, ironmonger.

Aug. 31.—R. Stopford, Audenshaw, Lancashire, hat manufacturer.—S. Bettison, Margate, Kent, librarian.

Sept. 4.—D. Francis, Goswell Street Road, surgeon.—J. Luce, Bristol, woollen draper.—J. R. Greer, Bristol, merchant.—F. L. Schwind, Liverpool, merchant.—W. Brown, Sheffield, victualler.—J. Hiley, Caistor, Lincolnshire.

Sept. 7.—C. George, Paddington Street, St. Marylebone, builder.—G. Clarkson, Sheerness, victualler.—J. Corns, jun., Smallbrook Street, Warwickshire, cabinet maker.

Sept. 11.—J. Saunders, jun., Paternoster Row, bookseller. — C. Price, Clerkenwell Green, lamp manufacturer.—C. H. Duboc, Princes Street, Spitalfields, silk dyer.—J. Hutchinson, East Retford, Nottinghamshire, wine and spirit dealer.—J. Beall, Truro, Cornwall, mine agent.—B. Mitchell, York, builder.—W. Gadsby, jun., Manchester, joiner.—W. Houghton, Kirkham, Lancashire, tow spinner.—R. Briggs, Ulverstone, Lancashire, cotton spinner.—T. Jennings, jun., Canterbury, slate merchant.

Sept. 14.—C. Walker, King's Place, Commercial Road, linen draper.—J. B. Falkner, Liverpool, share broker.—T. Brunt, Bank-top, Cheshire, traveller. —T. Bailey, Keighley, Yorkshire, worsted spinner.—J. Ogle, Liverpool, auctioneer.—W. Cook, Lincoln, innkeeper.—W. Rodgers, Sheffield, Yorkshire, licensed victualler.

Sept. 18.—H. E. Mosely, Forest Gate, West Ham, Essex, licensed victualler.—B. Parker, Botolph Lane, wholesale grocer.—J. Gun, Old Road, Limehouse, cowkeeper.—T. Harding, Portsmouth, scrivener.—E. Docker, Birmingham, coffin maker.—J. and J. Shaw, Halifax, Yorkshire, dyers.—R. Nickolls and J. Groves, Stamford, Lincolnshire, linen and woollen drapers.—W. Rothery, Wortley, Yorkshire, clothier.—W. Ellwood, Wigton, Cumberland, butcher.

Sept. 21.—E. L. Aarons, oil-merchant, St. James's Place, Aldgate.—J. Brown, builder, Melcombe Regis.—J. Faulding, Worcester, victualler.—J. Soper and C. Watts, Brighton, ironmongers.

NEW PATENTS.

W. Wood, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Merchant, for an improved method of making bands and tackling, to be used in drawing, turning, or carrying machinery. July 26th, 6 months.

G. H. Palmer, of New Cross, Surrey, Civil Engineer, and C. B. Paterson, of Hoxton, Middlesex, Engineer, for certain improvements in the mode of preparing, constructing, and adapting certain parts of gas meters. July 28th, 6 months.

A. Paul, of Doughty Street, Saint Pancras, Middlesex, Surgeon, A. B. and M.B., for an improved hydraulic pump, douche, or jet d'eau, applicable to all the purposes of lavement in medical operations. July 30th, 6 months.

R. Hendly, of Belgrave Street, St. Pancras, Middlesex, Doctor of Medicine, for a metallic concrete capable of being, by means of fire, cast into a variety of forms, and applied to a variety of purposes for which iron, lead, zinc, copper, and other substances have been heretofore used. July 30th, 6 months.

S. Hall, of Basford, Nottinghamshire, Civil Engineer, for improvements in steam-engines, heating or evaporating fluids or gases, and generating steam or vapour. July 30th, 6 months.

J. Rayner, and J. W. Rayner, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Civil Engineer, and H. S. Rayner, of Ripley, Derbyshire, Civil Engineer, for their improvements in machinery for roving, spinning, and twisting cotton, flax, silk, wool, and other fibrous materials. July 31st, 6 months.

E. Heard, of Bateman's Buildings, Soho Square, Middlesex, Manufacturing Chemist, for certain improvements in oxydising lead, and converting the same into pigments, or white and red lead, and manufacturing part of the products arising from these processes into soda. August 1st, 6 months.

George Marquis of Tweeddale, for an improved method of making tiles for draining, soles, house tiles, flat roofing tiles, and bricks. August 1st, 6 months. To extend to the colonies only.

E. Whell, of Walsall, Staffordshire, Tallow Chandler, for an improvement or improvements in the manufacture of candles. August 1st, 6 months.

J. Dennett, of New Village, in the Isle of Wight, Hampshire, Engineer and Surveyor, for improvements in war rockets, and the methods and apparatus for applying the powers of rockets, for the purpose of obtaining communication with vessels which are stranded, or in other situations of danger; also an improved instrument and method for accurately pointing mortars for throwing shells, which may likewise be used for firing shots from mortars, for the purpose of obtaining communication with ships. August 2nd, 6 months.

S. S. Hall, of the Circus, Minories, in the city of London, for improvements in preserving certain vegetable substances from decay. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. August 3rd, 6 months.

T. Lund, of Cornhill, in the city of London, for improvements in extracting corks from wine and other bottles with steadiness, facility, and safety. August 3rd, 6 months.

C. Bourjot, of Coleman Street, in the city of London, Merchant, for improvements in the manufacture of iron. August 3rd, 6 months.

R. W. Siever, of Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in looms for weaving, and in the mode or method of producing figured goods or fabrics. August 6th, 6 months.

P. A. le Comte De Fontainemoreau, of Charles Street, City Road, Middlesex, for certain improvements in wool combing. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. August 6th, 6 months.

R. Rodda, of the parish of St. Austle, Cornwall, Assay Master, for certain improvements in furnaces, fireplaces, and stoves for the consumption of smoke and the saving of fuel, and in the mode of applying them to the generation of steam, the smelting of metals, and other works. August 7th, 6 months.

E. de Beuret, (commonly called Viscount de Beuret,) of 28, Moorgate Street, in the city of London, for certain improvements in the construction of rail-roads and tram-roads to facilitate the ascent and descent of hills and inclined planes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. August 10th, 2 months.

M. Heath, of Furnival's Inn, in the City of London, Gentleman, for improvements in preparing tobacco, and in making snuff. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. August 10th, 6 months.

T. Corbett, of Plymouth, Devonshire, Gardener, for certain improvements in heating hot-houses and other buildings. August 10th, 6 months.

D. Cheetham, Junior, of Staley Bridge, Chester, Spinner, for certain improvements in the means of consuming smoke, and thereby economising fuel and heat in steam-engines, or other furnaces or fireplaces. August 14th, 6 months.

C. W. Williams, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the process or the mode of purifying or preparing turpentine, rosin, pitch, tar, and other bituminous matters, whereby he increases their power of giving out light and heat, either when distilled or burnt as fuel. August 14th, 6 months.

W. H. Porter, of Russia Row, Milk Street, Cheapside, London, Warehouseman, for improvements in anchors. August 15th, 6 months.

R. R. Reinagle, of No. 13, George Street, London University, Royal Academician, and the Chevalier G. R. D'Harcourt, of No. 6, King William Street, in the

City of London, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the means of propelling canal-boats, steamers, and other vessels. August 15th, 6 months.

G. R. D'Harcourt, of King William Street, in the city of London, Civil Engineer, for improvements in the manufacture of paper. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. August 15th, 6 months.

C. Fox, of No. 28, Gloucester Place, Camden Town, Middlesex, Engineer, for an improved arrangement of rails for the purpose of causing a rail-road engine carriage or train to pass from one line of rails to another. August 15th, 2 months.

M. W. Johnson, of Buckingham Place, Middlesex, Sculptor and Stone Mason, for improvements in the construction of coffins. August 15th, 6 months.

W. W. Potts, of Burslem, Staffordshire, China and Earthenware Manufacturer, for certain improvements in machines applicable to the printing or producing patterns in one or more colours, or metallic preparations to be transferred to earthenware, porcelain, china, glass, metal, wood, cloth, paper, papier machie, bone, slate, marble, and other suitable substances. August 21st, 6 months.

S. Stocker, of the City of Bristol, Machinist, for improvements in chimneys for dwelling-houses, and in apparatus for scraping, sweeping, or cleaning chimneys, and in the manufacture of such apparatus, and of the materials of which such chimneys are formed. August 21st, 6 months.

R. Bradley, W. Barrows, and J. Hall, of Bloomfield Iron Works, in the parish of Tifton, Staffordshire, Iron Masters and Co-partners, for an improved method cr means of making iron. August 21st, 6 months.

J. L. Clement, of Rochfort, France, but now of Jauney's Hotel, Leicester Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements for ascertaining and indicating the rate of vessels passing through the water. August 21st, 6 months.

N. Troughton, of Broad Street, in the City of London, Gentleman, for improvements in the process of obtaining copper from copper ores. August 21st, 6 months.

P. A. Le Comte de Fontainemoreau, of Charles Street, City Road, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain new and improved metallic alloys to be used in various cases as substitutes for zinc, cast-iron, copper, and other metals. August 23rd, 6 months.

G. Dickinson, of Wood Street, Cheapside, in the City of London, Paper Manufacturer, for an improvement or improvements upon steam-engines. August 23rd, 6 months.

A. Dunn, of Stamford Hill, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the manufacture of soap. August 24th, 6 months.

J. C. Haddan, of Basing Place, Waterloo Road, Surrey, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the construction of carriages to be used on railways, and of the method of forming the same into trains. August 25th, 6 months.

H. Knill, of Eldon Place, Bermondsey, for improvements in cleaning the bottoms of docks, rivers, and other waters. August 30th, 6 months.

J. Grafton, of Cambridge, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of retorts, and other machinery for making gas from coal and other substances. August 30th, 6 months.

J. Davies, of Nelson Square, Surrey, Gentleman, for a composition for protecting wood from flame. August 30th, 6 months.

W. Dolier, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Lecturer on Education, for a certain durable surface or tablet for the purpose of receiving writings, drawings, or impressions of engravings, or other devices capable of being printed, which surface may be applied for roads or pavements, and part of which invention may also be used as the means of strengthening or beautifying glass. August 30th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of 66, Chancery Lane, Patent Agency, for certain improvements in looms for producing metallic fissures, and also improvements in such fissures applicable to the making of buttons, epaulettes, tassels, and other purposes, for which gold and silver lace, or braiding, is commonly employed, and to the making of imitations of jewellery and other fancy articles. August 30th, 6 months.

L. Heyworth, of Yewtree, near Liverpool, Merchant, for a new method of employing steam power directly to the periphery of the movement wheel, for the purposes of locomotion both on land and water, and for propelling machinery. August 30th, 6 months.

J. E. Huxley, of Great Marlborough Street, J. E. Huxley, junior, of the same

place, and J. Oliver, of Dean Street, Soho, Stove Makers, for improvements in certain descriptions of Stoves. August 31st, 6 months.

W. J. Curtis, of Stamford Street, Blackfriars' Road, Civil Engineer, for certain improved machinery and apparatus for facilitating travelling and transport on railways, parts of which are also applicable to other purposes. August 31st, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1838.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Aug.					
23	64-51	29,64-29,37	S.W.	,075	Gen. clear, rain in morn. & aft., with dist. thund.
24	65-40	29,97-29,85	W.	,05	Generally clear, a shower of rain in the evening.
25	61-39	29,98-29,94	N.W.	,0375	Generally cloudy, frequent rain during the day.
26	70-46	30,01-29,98	W.	,05	Generally clear.
27	77-57	30,04-30,01	W.		Generally clear.
28	75 58	30,00-29,81	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
29	64-57	30,01-29,70	N.W.		Generally clear.
30	67-41	30,08-30,07	W.		Generally clear.
31	70-44	30,08-30,05	S.W.		Generally clear.
Sept.					
1	69-47	30,02 Stat.	S.W.		Generally clear.
2	68-48	30,15-30,07	N.W.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
3	69-49	30,15-30,08	S.W.		Generally clear.
4	68-38	29,94-29,76	S.W.		Generally clear.
5	70-54	29,61-29,44	S.W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
6	64-55	29,28-29,27	S.W.	,125	Cloudy, frequent showers of rain during the day.
7	65-56	29,35-29,31	S.	,175	Gen. cloudy, dist. thund. acc. with rain in the aft.
8	60-50	29,85-29,52	N.	,075	General overcast.
9	60-38	30,10-30,05	W.		Generally clear.
10	61-35½	30,37-30,26	N.		Generally clear.
11	64-34	30,44-30,40	S.		Generally clear.
12	63-34	30,32-30,30	W.		Generally clear.
13	66-45	29,41-29,21	S.W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
14	63-44	30,08-30,06	S.W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
15	64-48	30,02-30,00	S. & N.		Generally cloudy.
16	69-44	29,99-29,97	N.E.		Generally clear.
17	66-47	30,02 Stat.	N.E.		Afternoon cloudy, otherwise clear.
18	65-47	30,00-29,96	N.E.		General overcast.
19	59-51	29,89-29,81	N.E.		Cloudy, rain in the morning.
20	65-53	29,77 Stat.	S.W.		Generally clear.
21	59-34	29,81-29,77	W.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
22	62-32	29,83 29,82	N.E.		Generally clear.

• A brilliant meteor passed just below Casseopeia's chair on the evening of the 27th ultimo.

AURORA BOREALIS.—On the evening of the 16th instant, from seven to half-past ten, we had an aurora borealis, rather differing in its character from that which is usually visible here.

Our attention was first directed to a curved belt of white light, which extended from Atair in Aquila, through Vega in Lyra, to Corona Borealis; after moving very gradually about three degrees towards the south, which occupied rather more than ten minutes of time, the intensity of light had considerably diminished, and here it disappeared in less than a quarter of an hour. At this moment but little light was visible in the north; shortly before nine, however, it became very light, and from this hour to half-past the coruscations, which were almost incessant in the north and north-west, were of a pure white—shortly after ten the coruscations had ceased, and the aurora was slightly tinged with red, and many clouds had risen.

Edmonton. **CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.**

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

As in consequence of the Recess we have no Parliamentary Intelligence to record, we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity thus afforded, to place before our readers some of the most generally interesting communications furnished by the Assembly of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which has just concluded its Eighth Meeting, held at Newcastle.

On Monday, August 20, Sir John Herschel took the chair, and stated some preliminary arrangements which had been decided on for the general convenience, and some papers were read on astronomical subjects.

In the geological section a paper was read on the Newcastle Coal Field, by Mr. John Buddle, from which, being a subject of great interest, especially in the metropolis, we shall make the following extracts.

This coal-field occupies a tract in the counties of Northumberland and Durham, of about seven hundred square miles, the limits of which were accurately marked on a geological map of the district. Within this tract all the strata that compose the coal series may be traced continuously. The lowest bed in the series, that, namely, which lies next the millstone grit, is the Brockwell seam. There is, indeed, another seam of coal, called the eight-inch seam, at a perpendicular depth of 97½ fathoms below the Brockwell seam, but separated from it by the entire mass of the millstone grit, and the upper bed of carboniferous limestone, and not, therefore, properly belonging to the series now under consideration. An account of this and the associated strata, the author reserved for another communication, as he wished to confine attention to the strata above the millstone grit. The surface of the country is finely diversified with hill and dale, presenting nowhere any elevation deserving the name of mountain, or any depression which can be called a ravine or glen. The hills decline gradually into the valleys, except on the east and south-east of the district, where the magnesian limestone fronts the west and north-west in steep escarpments, and at one place in the interior, where Sacriston Heugh forms an escarpment fronting the east. The valleys through which the Tyne, the Wear, the Derwent, and other rivers flow, have such an aggregate breadth, that on their excavation an enormous mass of the most valuable coal seams in the district have been destroyed. The valley of the Tyne from Hexham to Tynemouth, that of the Wear from Wilton Castle to Sunderland, make a complete section of all the seams lying above the millstone grit, as they cut through the several outcrops in their relative order of superposition. The vale of the Derwent also cuts through the entire series, with the exception of the highest, or Hebburn Fell seam. This complete exposure of the contents of the coal-field is a compensation for the enormous waste before referred to; it has also caused the mineral wealth of this region to attract attention at an early period; and, in the infant state of mining, offered many advantages in the facility of working seams by horizontal adits, and effecting a cheap and easy drainage. Nay, even in the present improved state of this art, the valleys enable the miner to drain extensive collieries with ease, and facilitate the draining, by steam power, of the deeper mines. A range of hills of alluvial formation, consisting of sand and gravel, commences at Newburn, on the north side of the Tyne, and passes north and south, with some slight interruptions, by Stella, Beda Hills, Pelton Fell, and across the Wear at Durham. The most curious part of the ridge is at the Beda Hills, near Lintzford, on the Derwent. The thickness and breadth of the ridge are irregular; it does not extend so deep as any of the seams of coal, but has been very troublesome, in many instances where shafts were sunk in its line of direction. There are other detached masses of sand and gravel in various parts of the district. On the east and south-east side of the district, the coal strata plunge under the magnesian limestone series; but the depth to which they extend is unknown, and may be so for ever, as we are cut off, by the barrier of the German Ocean, from carrying our inquiries so far as to determine the eastern edge of the great trough or basin in which these strata have been deposited. There is, however, every probability that the Newcastle coal-field is really such a basin; for we find at South Shields the beds of coal rising towards the sea, and coal is raised at various places from under the magnesian limestone. A great many seams of coal are found in this coal tract, but they differ much in different places; and seldom more than five of workable thickness co-exist; and often not more than one or two occur in the same locality.

For example, in Monkwearmouth colliery there are thirty-one seams sunk through, in a depth of 264 fathoms, containing forty-seven feet of coal, inclusive of the interstratified foreign matters, but one seam only is worth working. The thickness of the seams varies from one inch to six feet. Also in Blackworth colliery, 283 beds have been bored through, in a depth of 206 fathoms, comprising forty-five beds of coal, which, with foreign interstratified substances, have an aggregate thickness of sixty feet; but of these only two or three are workable. These beds cannot, however, be regarded as continuous over the entire coal-field, as many of them can be traced to other seams, by whose splitting or division they have been formed. There are also some seams which have not been deposited in one locality as they have in others, distances of a mile or two often showing remarkable changes in the number and quality of the seams. The coal, generally speaking, is bituminous, but here also there is much variety. The strata consist of the usual alternations of argillaceous and sandy beds. The former, when soft, are called metal—when hard, metal stone. The sandstone beds are called Post. Argillaceous ironstone occurs interstratified with the metal stone. These various beds differ much in respect of texture, colour, &c., and it is difficult to identify them in remote localities. The best-defined sandstones near Newcastle are the grindstone, the seventy-fathom, and the main-post. The first supplies the Newcastle grindstones, which have been so long celebrated, and is extensively used for building: the two last lie below the grindstone, a great mass of argillaceous strata intervening. The main-post is the most continuous of all the strata in the district, and always accompanies the High Main coal seam; the other sandstone strata are not continuous over the district. The magnesian limestone in the east of the tract overlies a large body of coal strata; but it is in an unconformable position, as is proved by many sinkings. The mouth of the Tyne may be regarded as the northern limit of the magnesian limestone, small detached portions only being found north of the river, in the promontory of Tynemouth, and again at Cullercoats. Here also the inferior new red sandstone is exposed to view. The strata of the coal-field are generally covered by a strong clay soil, particularly in the higher grounds; but in some places, a thick diluvium prevails, as from Byker to North Shields, where the band varies in breath from one to two miles, and from a few feet to thirty fathoms in thickness. It consists of clay, sand, and gravel; the latter being generally underneath, upon the regular rock. Fragments of sandstone, mountain limestone, ironstone, basalt, greenstone, and granite, are found in the diluvium, more or less rounded by attrition. They have plainly been derived from older rocks lying westwards. The clay of this diluvium is finely laminated; and frequently between the laminæ there are arenaceous partings, in which crystals of selenite are found. Peat bogs occur in some places; alluvial deposits prevail in many of the valleys; and in the larger ones, peculiar lacustrine deposits, locally called washes, are frequent. One of these occurs near North Shields, but its extent is not well ascertained. It has denudated and destroyed the coal seams to an unknown depth, as they terminate on its western, and reappear on its eastern side. It has thus formed a great gap in the strata. A similar wash occurs in Ouseburn, and extends under the Tyne, and seems to be continued for some distance to the north-west, traces of it occurring at Jesmont colliery. Another extends from Chester-le-Street, thence to the bed of the Tyne, at Elswick colliery: its depth seems to be between thirty and sixty fathoms. The substances of which these washes are composed, are detritus from the neighbouring hills—clay, waterside sand, and gravel. In some places, where workings were carried on below this lacustrine deposit, an opening in the roof let down a current of sharp sand, in a completely unconsolidated state. Some of these deposits in the valley of the Tyne have been plainly formed in lakes, through which the river once flowed, but by the bursting of whose barriers a new channel was formed.

Prof. Phillips called the attention of the Section to the importance of the paper just read, and on the fact, now placed beyond a doubt, that the true coal strata extended beneath the magnesian limestone series. He stated that some of the best coal taken to London was found beneath that deposit. He also remarked that the other coal-fields, both of England and Scotland, showed a perfect accordance with the Newcastle field in respect of the amount and thickness of the beds, the average total thickness of the coal seams being about 50 feet, including the interstratified matters, while the whole number of beds—283 to 260 fathoms—showed an average thickness of about 5 feet. He expressed surprise how any one could doubt the slow and long-continued deposit of the coal measures, when he saw exhibited before him such a vast mass of sand, clay, ironstone, and other substances, regularly stratified, and intermixed, in many places, with abundant remains of shells.—Prof. Sedgwick also expressed surprise that the extension of the coal strata under the magnesian limestone was ever doubted.

In the Mechanical Section Mr. Hall communicated a paper on the kindred subject of economising fuel.

The author insisted on the necessity of having the backs of the fireplaces vertical, and the apertures of the chimneys as contracted as possible; and he described the results of his experiments. One principle to be universally attended to in close fireplaces is, that the burning fuel be surrounded by a substance retentive of heat, and capable of radiating it back upon the fire itself. This is attained by covering the fire itself with a species of fire-brick, and only allowing a very small aperture for the escape of the heat thus forced off at the highest degree attainable, then to be economised by close confinement and regulation. The economy of heat, when attained, consists in conducting the hot air through long and horizontal flues, so as to counteract as much as possible its tendency to ascend, which tendency is exactly proportional to the temperature. The author illustrated the preceding paper by details of the arrangements which he had adopted, and alluded especially to the researches of Rumford on this subject.

Mr. Sopwith gives a "Description of an improved method of constructing large Secretaires and Writing Tables."

The great loss of time to persons engaged in extensive official business in consequence of the difficulty of arranging numerous sets of papers, and of obtaining access to them when so arranged, induced the author to take this opportunity of describing a table invented by himself, and which had been extremely serviceable to him. The principle is, that by opening a single lock, the whole of the drawers, closets, and partitions are opened. These are so disposed, also, as to admit of everything being reached without the person stirring from his seat. They are all entirely closed again by a single spring lock. It would be impossible to convey a proper idea of this ingenious invention without sectional plans and elevations; but the president, and many present, expressed their admiration of the arrangements, and of the convenience which such a table must be to every person engaged in an extensive correspondence, or having many sets of papers on various subjects. One contrivance is peculiarly worth mentioning. Within this case Mr. Sopwith hangs up his various keys. On any key being removed, a small counterbalance weight, or bolt, drops down, and remains down until the key is replaced. This bolt effectually prevents the closing of the case. If, then, the person should forget to replace the key which has been removed, he is immediately reminded of it, by being unable to close the case. The principle and contrivances are applicable to many various arrangements of drawers and partitions.

At the general meeting Professor Whewell delivered an admirable address, which we regret we have not space to insert.

At the next sitting the first paper read was a continuation of Mr. Buddle's account of the Newcastle coalfield. He stated, that the great length of the paper, and the limited time of the Section, would oblige him to give an extremely short abstract. He then adverted to the foreign substances interstratified with the coal: these are shale, galena, fire clay, calcareous spar, iron pyrites, quartz, sand, and ironstone. The earthy strata among the coal are called bands. Numerous bands occur; but the most remarkable seems to be the Eworth band, which at first is a mere parting, but at last, in its range N.E., swells out into a thickness of eighteen fathoms. The most common foreign substance is perhaps pyrites, which occurs in disseminated cubes, and also in thin veins. Calcareous spar is found on the facings of the seams, between the constituent laminæ. Balks, nips, and hitches, the various kinds of roof, accidental circumstances affecting the quality of the coal, were then noticed, and some singular groups of trees in an upright and inclined position described. The author then pointed out, by means of numerous sections, the various coal seams;—of these there are five, the High Main seam, the Two Yard coal, the Belcham coal, the High Quarter coal, and the Hutton seam on the Wear. The High Main seam is by far the most important. In Sheriff's Hill the seams are aggregately richer than in any other place, though there are several places where they are richer individually. The area occupied by the most perfectly developed part of the High Main seam is about eight or nine square miles. The four other seams were briefly noticed, and the changes which take place upon them, in their course, by the intermixture of foreign substances, whereby they are so far deteriorated and reduced in thickness, as to be no longer worth working.—The next subject treated of was the Whin Dikes of the district; of these there are not many, and only three or four of them are large. The first is the Coaly Hill dike, which has been long known, and quarried in various places. Its course is irregular and serpentine; and it appears to have been injected among the strata in a liquid state after the coal was formed, and to have followed in its course the line of least resistance. Some of the dikes have been observed at a great depth cutting through the coal seams, and others range below all the coal strata. Their effects on the contiguous strata are to convert the coal into cinder; and one instance was mentioned, where the coal on one side of a dike was carbonised, while on the other no such change had been produced; from which it was inferred that the coal on the one side was formed before the dike, while that on the other was of later origin.—The faults or slips were next described. By far the most remarkable of them is the great Ninety Fathom dike, which appears upon the sea-shore at Cullercoats, and ranges at first west, then south-west, and again to the west. At Whitby, this fault depresses the coal to the depth of 510 feet; farther west the depression is still greater, the strata being 1,200 feet lower upon the northern than upon the southern side. The smallest vertical shaft seems to be 450 feet. A great many minor faults open into this great axis or line of fracture; and so numerous and vast are the dislocations and fractures which it has everywhere produced, that a great quantity of valuable coal has been rendered quite unfit for working. From various phenomena which are observed along the line of this fault, Mr. Buddle is of opinion, that it was formed while the strata were in a soft and yielding state, and before they had acquired that solid and rigid form, which would rather cause them to snap asunder by a great pressure downwards, than yield in the manner they have done.

Mr. Buddle's paper was illustrated in every part by a profusion of accurate and highly-finished drawings, plans, and sections.

Dr. Buckland adverted to the great value of Mr. Buddle's paper. This coal-field was unquestionably the most important in the country, since the metropolis itself, and near half the country, might be said to depend almost entirely on it. He thought that we could not over-estimate the importance to succeeding ages, of having a complete and accurate record thus made of all the bed of coal and the various workings—in fact, of a perfect plan of this great subterranean region, such as Mr. Buddle had given; since it would serve as a guide in after generations for every mining enterprise, and might be the means of saving, not only much property, but even the lives of multitudes, who, without such knowledge, might venture amid all the uncertainty and danger of concealed lakes and labyrinths. He hoped soon to see this important paper published in the valuable Transactions of the Natural History Society of Newcastle.—Professor Sedgwick fully concurred in what had fallen from Dr. Buckland.

The following letter from Lord Tankerville, describing a peculiar kind of wild cattle, preserved in his lordship's park at Chillingham, was introduced in a report on the subject by Mr. Hindmarsh, of Alnwick.

"Sir, "Grosvenor Square, 8th June, 1838.

"Some time since I promised to put down upon paper whatever I knew as to the origin, or thought most deserving of notice in respect to the habits and peculiarities of the wild cattle at Chillingham. I now proceed to redeem my promise, begging pardon for the delay. In the first place, I must premise that our information as to their origin is very scanty; all that we know and believe in respect to it rests in great measure on conjecture, supported, however, by certain facts and reasonings, which lead us to believe in their ancient origin, not so much from any direct evidence, as from the improbability of any hypothesis ascribing to them a more *recent* date. I remember an old gardener of the name of Moscrop, who died about thirty years ago, at the age of perhaps eighty, who used to tell of what his father had told him as happening to him, when a boy, relative to these wild cattle; which were then spoken of as wild cattle, and with the same sort of curiosity as exists with regard to them at the present day. In my father and grandfather's time we know that the same obscurity as to their origin prevailed; and if we suppose (as was no doubt the case) that there were old persons in their time capable of carrying back their recollections to the conversation still antecedent to them, this enables us at once to look back to a very considerable period, during which no greater knowledge existed as to their origin than at the present period. It is fair, however, to say, that I know of no document in which they are mentioned at any past period. Any reasoning, however, that might be built on their not being so noticed, would equally apply to the want of evidence of that which would be more easily remembered or recollected—the fact of their recent introduction. The probability is, that they were the ancient breed of the island, inclosed long since within the boundary of the park. Sir Walter Scott rather particularly supposes that they are the descendants of those which inhabited the Great Caledonian Forest, extending from the Tweed to Glasgow, at the two extremities of which, namely, Chillingham and Hamilton, they are found. His lines in the ballad 'Cadyow Castle' describe them pretty accurately at the present day:—

> 'Mightiest of all the beasts of chace
> That roam o'er woody Caledon,
> Crushing the forest in his race,
> The mountain bull comes thundering on:
> Fierce on the hunter's quivered band
> He rolls his eye of swarthy glow,
> Spurns with black hoof and horns the sand,
> And tosses high his mane of snow.'

"I must observe, however, that those of Hamilton, if ever they were of the same breed, have much degenerated.

"The park of Chillingham is a very ancient one. By a copy of the endowment of the vicarage, extracted from the records at Durham, and referring to a period certainly as early as the reign of King John, about which time, viz. 1220, the church of Chillingham was built, the vicar of Chillingham was, by an agreement with Robert de Muschamp, to be allowed as much timber as he wanted for repairs, of the best oak out of the Great Wood of Chillingham, the remains of which were extant in the time of my grandfather. The more ancient part of the castle also appears to have been built in the next reign, that of Henry III., since which it has been held, without interruption, by the family of Grey. At what period, or by what process, the park became inclosed, it is impossible to say; but it was closely bounded by the domains of the Percies on the one side, and by the Hibburnes on the other, the latter of whom had been seated there since the time of King John; and as the chief branch of the Greys always made Chillingham their principal residence, until it passed into the hands of Lord Ossulston, by his marriage with the daughter and heiress of Ford Lord Grey, it is reasonable to suppose that, in order to secure their cattle, wild and tame, they had recourse to an inclosure probably at an early period. It is said there are some other places in which a similar breed is found: Lyme Park, in Cheshire; Hamilton, as I before mentioned; and Chartley Park (Lord Ferrers). The first I have not seen, but they are described as of a different colour, and different in every respect. Those at Hamilton, or rather Chatelherault, I have seen, and they in no degree resemble those at Chillingham. They have no beauty, no marks of high breeding, no wild habits, being kept, when I saw them, in a sort of paddock; and I could hear no history or tradition about them, which entitled them to be called wild cattle. Those at Chartley Park, on the contrary, closely resemble ours in every particular; in their colour, except some small difference in the colour of their ears—their size—general appearance: and, as well as I could collect, in their habits. This was a very ancient park, belonging formerly to Devereux, Earl of Essex, who built the bridge on the Trent, to communicate with his chace at Channock, and Beaudesert, then belonging to him; and the belief is, that these cattle had been there from time immemorial. With respect to their habits, it is probable that you will learn more from Cole, who has now been park-keeper at Chillingham for many years, than from any information I can give. I can mention, however, some particulars. They have, in the first place, pre-eminently, all the characteristics of wild animals, with some peculiarities that are sometimes very curious and amusing. They hide their young, feed in the night, basking or sleeping during the day; they are fierce when pressed, but, generally speaking, very timorous, moving off on the appearance of any one, even at a great distance. Yet this varies very much in different seasons of the year, according to the manner in which they are approached. In summer, I have been for several weeks at a time without getting a sight of them,—they, on the slightest appearance of any one, retiring into a wood, which serves them as a sanctuary. On the other hand, in winter, when coming down for food into the inner park, and being in contact with the people, they will let you almost come among them, particularly if on horseback. But then they have also a thousand peculiarities. They will be feeding sometimes quietly, when if any one appear suddenly near them—particularly coming down the wind, they will be struck with a sudden panic, and gallop off, running one after another, and never stopping till they get into their sanctuary. It is observable of them as of red deer, that they have a peculiar faculty of taking advantage of the irregularities of the ground, so that, on being disturbed, they may traverse the whole park, and yet you hardly get a sight of them. Their usual mode of retreat is to get up slowly, set off in a walk, then a trot, and seldom begin to gallop till they have put the ground between you and them in the manner that I have described. In form, they are beautifully shaped, short legs, straight back, horns of a very fine texture, thin skin, so that some of the bulls appear of a cream colour; and they have a peculiar cry, more like that of a wild beast than that of ordinary cattle. With all the marks of high breeding, they have also some of its defects. They are bad breeders, and are much subject to the *rush*, a complaint common to animals bred in and in, which is unquestionably the case with these as long as we have any account of them. When they come down into the lower part of the park, which they do at stated hours, they move like a regiment of cavalry, in single files, the bulls leading the van, as in retreat it is the bulls that bring up the rear. Lord Ossulston was witness to a curious way in which they took possession, as it were, of some new pasture recently laid open to them. It was in the evening about sunset. They began by lining the front of a small wood, which seemed quite alive with them, when all of a sudden they made a dash forward altogether in a line, and charging close by him across the plain, they then spread out, and after a little time began feeding. Of their tenacity of life the following is an instance. An old bull being to be killed, one of the keepers had proceeded to separate him from the rest of the herd, which were feeding in the outer park. This the bull resenting, and having been frustrated in several attempts to join them by the keeper's interposing, (the latter doing it incautiously,) the bull made a rush at him and got him down; he then tossed him three several times, and afterwards knelt down upon him, and broke several of his ribs. There being no other person present but a boy, the only assistance that could be given him was, by letting loose a deer-hound belonging to Lord Ossulston, who immediately attacked the bull, and by biting his heels drew him off the man, and eventually saved his life. The bull, however, never left the keeper, but kept continually watching and returning to him, giving him a toss from time to time. In this state of things, and while the dog with singular sagacity and courage was holding the bull at bay, a messenger came up to the castle, when all the gentlemen came out with their rifles, and commenced a fire upon the bull, principally by a steady good marksman from behind a fence at the distance of twenty-five yards; but it was not till six or seven balls had actually entered the head of the animal, (one of them passing in at the eye,) that he at last fell. During the whole time he never flinched nor changed his ground, merely shaking his head as he received the several shots. Many more stories might be told of hair-breadth escapes, accidents of sundry kinds, and an endless variety of peculiar habits observable in these animals, as more or less in all animals existing in a wild state: but I think I have recapitulated nearly all that my memory suggests to me as most deserving of notice; and will only add, that if you continue in the intention of preparing a paper to be read before the approaching Scientific Association at Newcastle, on this subject, you are welcome to append this letter to it, as containing all the information I am able to give. I have the pleasure, &c.,

TANKERVILLE."

"To L. Hindmarsh, Esq."

In addition to this letter, Mr. Hindmarsh communicated some information, collected from Mr. Cole, the keeper, and from his own observation. There are about eighty in the herd, comprising twenty-five bulls, forty cows, and fifteen steers, of various ages. The eyes, eyelashes, and tips of the horns alone are black, the muzzle is brown, and the inside of the ears red or brown, and all the rest of the animal white. Even the bulls have no manes, but a little coarse hair on their neck. They fight for supremacy, until a few of the most powerful subdue the others, and the mastery is no longer disputed. When two bulls are separated by accident, they fight when they meet, although friendly before, and do so till they become friends again. The cows commence breeding at three years old; the calves suckle nine months; they conceal their calves for a week or ten days after they are born, suckling them two or three times a day. The late Mr. Bailey, of Chillingham, found a calf; two or three days old, very poor and weak. On stroking it, it retired a few paces, and then bolted at him with all its force; he stepped out of its way, and it fell down, when the whole flock came to its rescue, and forced him to retreat, being a strong fact in support of the opinion of their natural wildness. They do not often die from disease, but they are seldom allowed to live more than eight or nine years, at which period "they begin to go back." When slaughtered, they weigh from thirty-eight to forty-two stones. One was caught and kept, and became as tame as the domestic ox, and thrived as well as any short-horned steer could do, and in its prime was computed to weigh sixty-five stones. They are shy in summer, but tame in winter, and will eat hay from a fold, although they will not taste turnips. When one of the herd becomes weak or feeble, the rest set upon it, and gore it to death. At the end of the last century, similar cattle existed at Burton Constable, Yorkshire, and at Dunleary in Dumfries-shire, but these are now extinct. From the absence of all recent notice of these animals, there appears to be little doubt but they are genuine descendants of the wild cattle of the ancient Caledonian forests. The author then quoted a passage from Boetius, which, allowing for a little colouring, described these animals very well, except in the non-existence of a mane. The cattle at Dunleary had black ears, but in all other points resemble those of Chillingham; and this may be accounted for by a statement of Bewick, that about forty years ago some of the animals had black ears at Chillingham, and were shot by the keeper. On the whole, the author was inclined to think these animals the survivors of the Caledonian cattle which undoubtedly extended through the northern provinces of England; and that, under the protection of the owners of Chillingham, they had escaped the general destruction dependent on the advancement of civilisation, &c. in the country.

In the Geographical Section, Sir George Back, having taken the chair, said, that most of the papers on geographical subjects which had been read, had chiefly referred to voyages in the northern regions; and though all had not been there accomplished that might be wished, yet enough had been done to attract the admiration and stimulate the attention of other nations to similar enterprises. He regretted, however, to say, that the same remark would not apply towards the South Pole; an immense space there remains unexplored, which he now briefly mentioned in order to introduce the following account:—

"On the Recent Expeditions to the Antarctic Seas," by Captain Washington, R.N.

This paper was illustrated by a South Circumpolar Chart on a large scale, showing the tracks of all former navigators to these seas, from Dirk Gherritz in 1599, to M. D'Urville, in 1838, including those of Tasman, in 1642; Cook, in 1773; Bellinshausen, in 1820; Weddell, in 1822; Biscoe, in 1831: and exhibiting a vast basin, nearly equal in extent to the Atlantic Ocean, unexplored by any ship, British or Foreign. The writer pointed out that the ice in these regions was far from stationary; that Bellingshausen had sailed through a large space within the parallel of sixty degrees, where Biscoe found ice that he could not penetrate. That where D'Urville had lately found barriers of field-ice, Weddell, in 1823, had advanced without difficulty to the latitude of seventy-four and a quarter degrees, or within sixteen degrees of the pole; and that it was evident from the accounts of all former navigators, that there was no physical obstacle to reaching a high south latitude, or, at any rate, of ascertaining those spots which theory pointed out as the positions where, with any degree of probability, the southern magnetic poles will be found. The paper also mentioned the expedition to the South Seas which has just left this country, fitted out by several merchants, but chiefly under the direction of that spirited individual, Mr. Enderby, whose orders were to proceed in search of southern land, and to endeavour to attain as high a south latitude as practicable; and concluded with an earnest appeal to the British Association, that the glorious work of discovery, begun by our distinguished countryman Cook, might not be left incomplete; that all Europe looked to this country to solve the problem of Terrestrial Magnetism in the southern hemisphere; and that all civilised nations would unanimously point to that individual who has already planted the "red cross of England" on one of the northern magnetic poles, as the officer best fitted to be the leader of an expedition sent out for such a purpose. "Under a deep and abiding conviction," said the author, "that our country's future glory is identified with the encouragement of British enterprise, and that she would lose her high national character by ceding to another this opportunity of completing the work first traced out by Cook, I could not refrain from recording my sentiments, and conclude with the ardent hope that through the exertions of the British Association our wishes may be realised, and that ere long the southern cross may shine over an expedition sailing to the Polar seas; that cross sung by Dante and Camoens of old, which has served as a banner in a far more sacred cause; that cross, which, by its positions, points out the hour of night to the Indian wandering over the pathless desert of Atacama, or the mariner ploughing the trackless ocean; that cross which brightly shone over Diaz, and Columbus, and Vasco de Gama; and that cross which I earnestly trust will once again shine over 'the meteor flag of England,' proudly waving over Antarctic land, discovered by the zeal and intrepidity of British seamen."

Sir George Back said—The account you have just heard combines so much of the main points of the most striking events of past enterprises,—that little more seems left for me to say, than to acquiesce, which I most cordially do, in the concluding hope expressed by the writer. We have heard, from the testimony of former navigators, that there is no physical impossibility to prevent an approach towards the southern pole; and though M. D'Urville, with the *Astrolabe* and *Zélée*, has been compelled to return to the Bay of Conception, after a navigation of fifty-two days among ice; yet, had his crew been in good health, and had his means allowed him to have remained out longer, it is not improbable that some of those extraordinary movements of the ice—which he had himself so lately experienced—might have occurred, and have opened a passage to enable him to put in execution his cherished plan. That it was not so, might have been regretted, had we not an officer,—and why should he not mention his name?—Captain James Ross—who was both ready and willing, and in every way qualified, to command in so patriotic an enterprise. He, too, would accomplish those great objects which science has in view, the establishing of the curves of magnetic dip, intensity, and variation; yet these would form but a part of the advantages which we might expect to derive from a voyage which would seem to be the birthright and the duty of a nation so essentially maritime as Great Britain. I have, therefore, (said the chairman,) only to add my sincere wish that the expression of feeling manifested by this meeting may have its weight in recommending, in the proper quarter, the speedy equipment of an antarctic expedition.—Mr. Murchison said, that he gladly embraced the opportunity of expressing his cordial concurrence in the object of the paper which had just been read; and he felt certain, that if the British Association would recommend this subject with all the weight which from their station they were entitled to do, the great object of Antarctic discovery would be no longer delayed.

In the Mechanical Section, the President, Mr. Babbage, observed that the next subject which would be brought before the Section, was on the modes of traversing the ocean by means of vessels propelled by steam: and he hoped that whatever difference of opinion might be found to exist, he should not have to witness a departure from the tone and temper which had characterised their previous discussions. If any opinions had been expressed which subsequent experience had shown to be erroneous, the acknowledgment of that error was a triumph to knowledge.

" On Steam Navigation and a self-recording Steam Journal," by Dr. Lardner.

Dr. Lardner said—No one could be more deeply impressed with the importance of the observations which had just fallen from the president than he was; and there was not any member of the Association more willing to admit the error into which he had fallen than he should be found to be. It was, however, a matter of no real importance how far any opinion which he might have formerly expressed on extended steam navigation was right or wrong, except so far as it had been made a personal question. The subject was first broached at the Bristol Meeting of the British Association, when a discussion arose upon it, and he then remarked, that it was a great experiment which had not yet been attended with any satisfactory result. Unquestionably he did express a discouraging or unfavourable opinion as far as regarded the probability of ever maintaining an unbroken intercourse by means of steam navigation between Great Britain and New York. But he had been charged with declaring that the transit by steam navigation between Great Britain and New York was a physical impossibility. He never had given expression to such a statement, or to anything equivalent to it; and, as a proof, he read a passage from the article on Steam Navigation which appeared in the " Edinburgh Review " soon after the Bristol meeting, and which expressed the opinions he then held. He must, however, now acknowledge that the success of the " Great Western " steam-ship had shaken the opinions he then entertained, and should the same success continue throughout the various seasons of the year, he would be the first to come forward and acknowledge himself in error. Dr. Lardner then proceeded to the proper subject before the Section, namely, the duty of marine engines, for ascertaining which a sum of money had been last year granted by the Association. He had been in communication with many steam navigation companies, and found that it would be a hopeless task to attempt to get the men on board the vessels to register with accuracy all the various facts required to be registered. He had consequently considered how this might be done by machinery, and the result was the construction of the instrument before them, and which he termed a steam journal. By this he proposed to register every five minutes the following varying phenomena, on which the efficiency and performance of steam-engines depend:—the pressure of the steam between the slides and the steam valve—the pressure in the boiler—the vacuum and the quantity of water in the boilers—the saltness of the water in the boilers—the velocity of the paddle-wheels—the draft of the vessel—the trim of the vessel—the rate of the vessel—the course of the vessel—the apparent force of the wind—the apparent direction of the wind. All these, excepting the course of the vessel, it is intended to register by self-acting mechanism. The methods by which this was proposed to be effected he then explained by reference to detailed drawings.

"On Steam Navigation," by Mr. J. Russell.

The object of this communication was to endeavour to point out the means which might be attempted, with the greatest probability of success, for improving steam navigation. It was of importance to consider whether they should look to some new and as yet untried method, or to improved combinations of the means already in common use. The latter was the better course; and these improvements might be in the vessel itself, in the machinery, or in the nature and application of the fuel. Mr. Russell then adverted to the fallacy of maintaining, as some persons did, that the form of the vessel was alone to be considered, while others held the directly contrary opinion, that an increase of power alone was to be considered. Mr. Russell, however, thought that, in the present state of steam navigation, the opinions of the former were most to be attended to. With reference to these questions, two great experiments had, he said, been made. Two fifty-horse-power engines had been taken out of a vessel, and two sixty-horse-power engines put in their place. When the propelling power was two fifties, the velocity of the vessel was ten miles and three-quarters per hour. When it was two sixties, the velocity with which the vessel moved was ten miles and six-tenths per hour. Here then was an increase of power, a greater expenditure of fuel, and the increase of the velocity was only three-tenths of a mile. Another experiment was made on two vessels, one of 450 tons and the other of 500 tons burthen. The larger vessel was propelled by two engines of 300 horse power, and the smaller one by two of 150 horse power. The larger vessel, with the double power, proceeded at the rate of nine miles and a-half an hour, whilst the smaller one moved at the rate of nine miles and a quarter an hour. This instance he thought extremely satisfactory; the smaller vessel had the proper form that a vessel should have, and the larger one had not. He was therefore of opinion, that the form of the vessel was the direction in which we should look for improvement. Indeed he thought it probable that ere long we should have vessels of double the length, for a given breadth, that they at present generally are. The objection to an increased length, from the danger of what is called "breaking the back," might be in a great measure removed by a proper system of diagonal framing. Another important consideration is, that the linear dimensions of a vessel being doubled, the capacity is increased eight-fold, but the increase in the resistance need not be more than twofold.

A paper was read, on "Methods of Filtering Water," by J. T. Hawkins.

In this paper the author detailed the various essentials for a durable and simple filter for obtaining pure water. The charcoal must be perfectly well burnt, and kept from exposure to the atmosphere; a test of good charcoal is, that when pulverised it sinks rapidly in water. The charcoal must be supported on an indestructible material, as a plate of burnt clay perforated with holes. The filter may consist of a common gardenpot, or similar vessel with holes at the bottom. The lower part may be filled with round pebbles, then some smaller pebbles, then some coarse sand, and finally a stratum of pounded charcoal, of about three or four inches in thickness. It is a great mistake to put any material, as sand, above the charcoal, with the view of arresting the grosser particles of impurity, as the sand will quickly stop up and be impervious to water. A filter thus prepared will render water perfectly clear and sweet for many years.

The Rev. F. W. Hope read a paper " On Noxious Insects occurring in the year 1838, more particularly the *Tipula tritici* of Kirby."

The author commenced his observations on the *apple blight*. In this year apple trees have chiefly suffered from the attacks of two insects; one is a beetle (*Anthonomus pomomus*,) which attacks the blossoms in bud, and prevents the fruit from what is called " setting." It is well known to entomologists, and the author hopes shortly to give its history to the world with illustrations. The second is the *Aphis*, or plant-louse, which is this year exceedingly abundant. The apple, the hop, and the wheat, have suffered from it. The author would not describe these insects, as they are so well known, but made the following observations:—When vegetation in spring has made considerable advances, and the weather becomes wet and uncongenial, then Aphides appear in greatest abundance. He attributes the great abundance of Aphides this year to the cold. He was anxious to ascertain if Aphides are more abundant in some soils than others, and solicited information on this point. In 1829 the Aphides were succeeded by the Coccinelidæ: is this usual? The Aphides on the wheat this year are more abundant on the spring than the autumn sown wheat, and (near Cheltenham) more numerous on bearded wheat. *Tipula tritici* is observed to be abundant in some districts. The pupa and chysalides are not so numerous as in former years, but the caterpillars are very abundant; and the wheat appears more damaged by Aphides than Tipulæ. The author then alluded to the kind of information wanted in these inquiries, with regard to soil, atmosphere, cultivation, and varieties of wheat, which might be supplied by the agriculturist; and regretted that there was not an Agricultural Section in the Association. He then hoped botanists would supply information:—1. On the species and varieties of wheat grown in this country; 2. Diseases of wheat arising from parasitic fungi and other causes; 3. The provincial and local names of the kinds of wheat. In conclusion, he suggested that a committee of the British Association, consisting of botanists, entomologists, and agriculturists, should be formed, in order to investigate the diseases incident to wheat, and other kinds of agricultural produce.

Prof. Graham observed, that this subject was of great commercial as well as scientific interest. The increase of destructive insects this year had been very great. What was the reason? It could not be the cold winter that produced them on wheat, for the spring-sown wheat had been most affected. We wanted a collection of facts on this subject, in order to deduce something like general principles. He had seen a large collection of drawings formed by Sir Joseph Banks, from the inimitable pencil of Francis Bauer, representing the various insects that destroy or injure plants. He thought this Association could not do better than assist in publishing these drawings, which would greatly promote our knowledge of this subject.—Dr. Greville remarked, that many Aphides which were abundant last year were scarce this, and *vice versâ*.—Sir C. Monk had observed the attacks of certain insects to be periodical, and detailed some facts in illustration.—A member observed, that the rate of growth of a plant affected its liability to the attacks of insects. If they grew fast, the insects could no longer remain on the growing point of the plant, and thus were prevented doing much injury.—Mr. Richard Taylor confirmed this opinion.—The Rev. Mr. Hope thought the weather made little difference in the appearance of these insects. Where vegetation makes sudden strides, the Aphis is frequently abundant. But if, at the same time, the plant was healthy, the Aphis did not prosper.

Dr. Richardson then exhibited four species of Pouch Rats, and he was aware of the existence of two more. They were usually looked upon as the same species.

Dr. Bowring communicated some observations on Plague and Quarantine, made during his residence in the East.

Dr. Bowring apologised for coming before the Section, he not being a medical man; but having travelled in the East for the purpose of observation in reference to our commercial relations, his attention had been naturally directed to the subjects of plague and quarantine—subjects the importance of which could hardly be overrated, many millions being annually lost to this country from quarantine regulations. The results of his observation had produced a strong conviction of the non-contagion of plague; and he thought it right, therefore, to lay before this Section a few remarks on the subject. He alluded to the very secondary character of the facts on which the prevalent opinions were founded. Some were so absurd as not to be worthy of the slightest attention: such as plague being introduced at Leghorn, by the unrolling of a mummy that had been buried for two thousand years,—at Constantinople by the wing of a bird having touched a kite which a boy was flying from a house-top,—from a cat having been seen to jump into a basket in which were some clothes, from which the disease was subsequently caught. Dr. Bowring said, that physicians residing in the East were rapidly changing their opinions on the subject, but they were prevented in many instances from freely expressing them by the interested Boards of Health, who neither liked to part with their extensive power, (even of life and death,) nor with their salaries. Clot Bey was a decided anti-contagionist, and that after an experience of eight or ten thousand cases.—Dr. Bowring mentioned many cases where facts were distorted, or invented to account for cases of plague from contagion; and in one remarkable instance, where the misrepresentations were exposed, it was denied that the case was plague at all, because they could not maintain their assertion of contact having taken place. The Mussulmans are by their religion non-contagionists, and Dr. B. hoped they might never become otherwise, as the aggravation of the calamity would be tenfold if they did. The opinion as to the contagious nature of the disease prevailed principally amongst the Levantines and Franks; but every other superstition was as readily believed by them. He had collected the most solemnly attested evidence of the appearance of Peris and Genii, and of the intermarriages of the former with mortals; he had collected more strongly-attested *facts* on these subjects, than on the contagious nature of plague. Dr. Bowring asserted that, from innumerable instances, quarantine appeared to give no security, and was of opinion that these establishments were mere political engines, of great power and convenience in a despotic country. In the lazarettos the whole correspondence of the East was read. The Russians had a most perfect system of quarantine, yet the plague got into Odessa. In 1831 quarantine and lazaretto establishments were introduced into Egypt under the superintendence of the Consuls, yet the plague got into Egypt. In Jaffa it broke out in the house of the Russian Consul spontaneously, and in Jerusalem in a convent, with which there could have been no communication. In the lazarettos a little disease was made a great deal of; in one instance a greater number died from dysentery than from plague. Lazarettos, he contended, rather increased than diminished the evil. If a strict separation could insure safety, the Pacha's harem would escape; yet in 1835, seven died there of plague. It appeared at one time in Old Cairo, and not in New, and *vice versâ*, although there was constant communication; the same was true as to Cairo and Alexandria. The disease never penetrated Nubia, though constantly on the borders, and frequent intercourse taking place. In Cairo, on one occasion, four hundred or five hundred houses, whose inhabitants had all perished, were subsequently opened, the linen and clothes in them sold in the market-place, without any cases of plague resulting. Clot Bey had again and again inoculated himself without producing the disease. Dr. Boulard wore the clothes of a patient, who died of the disease, for twenty-four hours, without catching it. The following information was communicated to Dr. Bowring, by a physician of long experience, in answer to a series of direct queries, viz. that it is indigenous in Egypt, never entirely absent, never imported, that it *frequently* occurs spontaneously, that cordons afford no security, that contact very frequently did not produce it, and that the most cautious frequently suffered from it, that free ventilation was effective in checking the disease; that it was not produced by linen which had been exposed to the infection, and that when a number of person exposed to its influence removed from the spot, the mortality became much diminished. Dr. Bowring concluded by expressing his own strong conviction on the subject; but he had no object but to promote the discovery of truth, which could only be done by patient and serious inquiry, and by evidence of a primary character.

At the close of the meeting it was arranged that the Association should assemble next year at Birmingham, in the month of August.

THE
METROPOLITAN.

NOVEMBER, 1838.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Notes on Naples and its Environs; and on the Road to it from Rome. By a Traveller.

This is in many respects an uncommon book on a common subject—one much fuller of meaning and real feeling than any work of the kind we have met with, in English, this many a day. Some of the notes—if not the best, *delle buone*—appeared several months ago in our Magazine, and we felt the pages of the "Metropolitan" enriched and honoured by their insertion. Of the author personally *we* know nothing; but we *do* happen to know, step by step, the routes and places which he describes with so much spirit, having lived and wandered for years in the most interesting parts of the Italian Peninsula, which are decidedly Rome, the Campagna, Naples, and the magical regions around it: and if it be any satisfaction for him to know that an old olive and macaroni eater can bear testimony to the vividness of his pictures and the correctness of his general remarks, we can honestly and heartily give him that satisfaction. We indeed consider his descriptions of scenery and all material objects as not only lively and beautiful, but wonderfully correct; his remarks on art original, spirited, and valuable, his strictures on manners and governments *generally*, liberal and just;—but if he had lived as long at Naples as we have done, we feel assured that he would have spoken far more favourably of the people, and far less favourably of the scirocco wind, "*quella vampa del forno del diavolo*," which, in an odd spirit of contradiction, he seems more than half disposed to praise as a pleasant breeze.

We were born and bred good Protestants—taught, like Roderic Random, to hate and revile the pope and the devil; and when we first saw a pair of scarlet stockings we looked for hoofs at their extremities. We would not, even now, after happy digestion of many a good dinner from *Monaco, Arciprete, Monsignore e Cardinale*, commend or recommend any such nightmare of a government as the pontifical; nay, we could still, with Alfieri, wish the great fisherman, St. Peter's representative, were back to his nets, and that the light were not stopped by cardinals, but still we cannot help thinking that if our traveller had tarried longer at Rome, if he had investigated the subject more closely, if he had only given a glance into Chateauvieux's *Lettres ecrites d'Italie* (an admirable and impartial work!) he would have found something to praise even in the civil and earthly doings of the poor old popes—particularly in the matters of draining and improving the Pomptine marshes, and purifying the air of Rome—subjects upon which he speaksat some length, and, for the most part, with great good sense. He will allow the pontiffs no merit in these particulars, whereas, in truth, they had a great deal as compared, not with one or two energetic republics, but with the sovereigns of their times. No kings, no emperors, spent so much on such national objects: none of them had the money to spend. Part of that continuous stream of wealth which devotion—or, say superstition—carried to the Vatican, was let off to give salubrity and population to the Campagna, to the very marshes, and but for the popes' exchequer and engineers, Rome would have been uninhabitable through malaria centuries ago. The tribute of Christendom was not all consumed in nepotism and corruption, pictures, statues, gilding, church-building, fiddling, and fire-works. Of late years the popes have spent little enough in improving and draining, *because* they have been drained themselves—for the very simple reason that they have little enough to spend in anything. We had scraped together a little more chaff, but prefer returning to our author's good corn.

As scenery, the Pomptine marshes, or that portion of them visible from the high road between Rome and Naples, were never more admirably or correctly described. The majority of travellers' descriptions of that much misunderstood district are about as *like* as the fens of Lincolnshire are like the Sussex downs. The *Maremma,* that part of the plain which lies by the sea-board, and which, with a few interruptions, extends not merely through the States of the Church, but along the whole Italian coast, from the riviera of Genoa to the rock of Scylla, and from Scylla to Taranto, comes nearer the common notion of the *Paludes Pomptinæ.*

" Sentier non segna quelle lande incolte,
E lo sguardo nei loro spazi si perde;
Genti non hanno, e sol mugghian per molte,
Mandre quando la terra si rinverde:
Aspre macchie vi son, foreste folte
Per gli anni altere, e per l' eterno verde,
E l' alto muro delle antiche piante
Di spavento comprende il viandante."

* * * *

Acqua stagnante in paludosi fossi,
Erba nocente, che secura cresce,
Compressa fan la pigra aria di grossi
Vapori, d'onde virtu venefica esce."

* * * *

LA PIA.

This is a good description by a good Italian poet, but we are not quite sure that our traveller has not hit off a better one in plain English prose.

His descriptions of Terracina, Mola di Gaeta, Cicero's Formian Villa, Gaeta, &c., are enchanting—but they have already appeared in our pages. Capua leads him to some amusing talk about old Hannibal's campaigns in Italy and the Caudine Forks—which latter we are inclined to believe *with* Swinburne, and *against* Keppel Craven, were situated between Montesarchio and Arpaja, and *not* between Airola and Sant' Agata de' Goti.

But it is when our traveller gets to *Napoli bella, Napoli saporita, Napoli pozz' essere accisa!* and becomes dazzled with its beauties, stunned by its noise and confusion, puzzled and *nonplus*-ed by its manifold contradictions, that he puts out his full powers of description, reflection, fun, and pathos. Whole chapters of the notes, hereabout and anent, are delicious in the extreme. As *habitués* we, however, notice one or two remarkable omissions. In describing the Mole, how could he overlook the Cantastoria, its chiefest glory? Is that great man, who was *not* an improvisatore, but worth all the improvisatori from the Sebeto to the Alps, silent and storyless? *E morto ed ito in Paradiso? Speriamo che no!*

Sorrento, (it is curious that our traveller never once mentions Tasso in connexion with his beautiful birth-place,) the Piano, Ischia, Amalfi, Salerno, Pompeii, Pozzuoli, Cuma, Baiæ, Pæstum, each and all, furnish matter for delightful notes and *original* remarks. It is rare, indeed, to find so much that is new upon things so old, and which, ever since the peace, have been hackneyed by such a *turba nojosa* of twaddling ladies and obese, half-educated, prejudiced gentlemen, like R—— W——n, Esq., who takes a journey, and makes a book once every nine months, and then calls us poor critics all kinds of hard names, and swears that there is no taste, no virtue left in the land—because his books do not sell.

"*Non ti curar di lor' ma guarda e passa.*" Our traveller was quite right in deciding that the fault lay in them, and not in the glorious subjects which are inexhaustible and ever interesting when treated by "*color' chi sanno,*"—when dwelt upon by informed and tasteful minds. He has frequently the happy art of conveying a great deal of meaning in the fewest words possible, and of making similes which are quite startling from their effect and truthfulness. In describing Parmegiano's glorious portrait of Columbus in the Neapolitan collection, he says—"the colouring gushes upon the eye like organ notes upon the ear." (By the way, in this same Museo Borbonico he seizes a likeness between two great beings which never struck us on the spot, though it certainly ought to have done so—"In the fine feature of Titus, there is all that we most love and venerate of perfect goodness and benevolence. The gigantic, ancient bust of this magnanimous prince struck us, before we knew whose it was, from its great likeness to GOETHE, which says enough for its noble and venerable expression.")

He compares the country between the Posidian Promontory and Cape Minerva, and the plains of Pæstum, so lovely, but so dangerous at certain seasons from *malaria*, to "a beauty with foul breath." The wrecks of the old Roman aqueduct, which show themselves here and there, across the plain of the Garigliano, are said to be "like a *ricochet* shot on a lake,"—a bold and strange figure, but one which would have occurred only to a man of genius. The readers of the "Metropolitan" will have formed a notion of our traveller's general, sharp, and emphatic style, from that portion of his notes which has appeared in our pages. We must, however, in justice to his choice little volume, find room for one short extract.

"CAPRI, THE GROTTA AZZURRA, AND SEA.

"The well-known Blue Cave of Capri we were tempted to see. * * * Lying down in your boat, and a small boat it must be, you shoot upon the swell of the waves—so we did at least—through the low-browed rocky portal, where the tideless sea, and the tempests of a thousand years, have beaten into the enormous stone. And within, it is the sweetest, and fairest, and fairy-est grot in the world, the fairer from its contrast with the rough precipices at its entrance. If Capri be like a huge Polypheme, lying in colossal bulk along the deep, the blue depths of its grotto, as we passed into it, suggested the idea of an eye in the gaunt Titan's skull. A sparry roof, worked by the living waters, spreads like a pavilion its low wide arches on every hand, and cells, and shelves, and adamantine halls, bluer than the blue heaven you have left, and they will never see, are above you, and beneath, and far within, and all around; silent too as sleep, except for the infant echoes of the rippling water, and the light drip at intervals of the suspended oar. The waves, which are the cavern's pavement, are like the turquoise stone, as delicate but more luminous, and transparent as light, as they undulate around in their soft hues, suffusing the sunken rock and submarine wall, and the arched roof above, fretted with its stalactites. A colour, as of violet, is in the air, and in the vault's more distant depths there is a purple like the starry night. Nay, the very fish among the broken rocks below your keel seem blue as the bird's wing. This *grotta azzurra* is a ball for a sea-god, where Tethys might repose her limbs in sultry noon, or the translated Glaucus, enamoured of his Nereid, make his home. The horizontal space of this cave may be that of a cathedral.

"It requires to be stated that this magical colouring is produced—so it obviously appears to me at least—by the sun's rays interpenetrating the sea, and entering the grot, reflected and refracted through the water, for the aperture extends far down into the side of the rock. The light seemed little diminished, and the colours not at all impaired, when the part of the edifice above the water was filled by the boat. They told us this grotto was a recent discovery. It may be; but Addison described one marvellously like it a hundred and forty years ago; and if this be new, I wonder what has been done with the old one. At all events it is as good as new. Nature is never old, and so pray go and see it.

"But, as you go, do not forget, while you coast the shoreless rocks of Capri in your way, to lean over the gunwale of your boat, and look into the sea, for the submarine vegetation of these climes is a thing worth looking at. Trees and groves, nay, woods,—and such they really appear through the element—and herbage rich as on the shore, are distinguishable at all depths, clothing the rocks beneath the water. Green banks, with sea flowers on their stalks, bowers of blossoming weeds, aquatic alleys, green and clear, are discovered, one after the other, as you proceed. It is a sort of subaqueous panorama. The trees, tremulous to the waters, not to the winds, take also a prismatic light and colour as they are stirred, moved thus by the waves which feed them, for fed they are, not by the dews, but by the salt sea, which is their atmosphere. But this atmosphere is transparent as the skies; so transparent indeed, that the whole scene seems, through its lucent varnish, a pure and perfect chrysolite, and to have the vividness of life with the durability of some crystalline petrifaction. You may fancy yourself, as you float above it, to be moving like a bird through the air of another universe, or over some enchanted garden, fair as the bowers of Adonis, and as bright, but bright for ever. The readers of Shelley—and who that knows what poetry means is not?—will remember his perpetual mention of water flowers and marine plants, that look sweet in his divine verse as in their own element—a circumstance which his domicile on the shores of Italy will explain. Passing pleasant it would be, I think, to dabble away whole days here, like a water-spaniel, during the burning heat, exploring the caves and cliffs of the wild island, and bathing among the deep waves,—now your wine and then the water, in the only way to make that unholy alliance legitimate. But that will do another time. A sail of two hours saw us at Sorrento again."

We greatly regret that some parts of this delightful book are disfigured by cramped affectations of style. In this respect, though less pedantic, the author occasionally reminds us of Kelsall's "Classical Excursion from Rome to Arpino," a queer, crabbed book, which yet contains matter well worth looking into. Another defect of our traveller is, his so turning and cadencing some of his sentences, as to make us believe, every now and then, that he is going to sing, or speak in verse. There is also an awkwardness in many of his genitives or possessives, which cannot be too soon mended. It reminds one of the penny-whistle school. Our praise has not been stinted, and we trust that our traveller will take our blame in good part. We shall be delighted to meet with him again.

Historical Sketch of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Reformation in Poland, and of the Influence which the Scriptural Doctrines have exercised on that Country in Literary, Moral, and Political respects. By COUNT VALERIAN KRASINSKI. 2 vols.

Unhappy Poland, which is now unequally divided between the church of Rome and the Greek church, had once a chance of becoming a Protestant country. It is exceedingly interesting to an Englishman to trace the origin of the attempted reformation.

Anne, the first wife of our unfortunate Richard II., was a Bohemian princess, who so endeared herself to the English people, that she was always styled "the good Queen Anne." Upon her early death at Richmond in 1394, many persons of her household who had accompanied her from Bohemia, returned to their native land, and contributed to spread there the opinions of our reformer Wicliff, who had commenced his labours as early as 1360. Shortly after the return of these personages, Hieronymus of Prague, the friend and fellow martyr of Huss, repaired to the University of Oxford, and made himself conversant with the writings of Wicliff; and going back to Bohemia, he spread the doctrines of the anti-Roman Englishman, and assisted Huss, who translated nearly all of Wicliff's writings, which were the first means of spreading the seeds of reformation amongst the Bohemians. The Hussites soon became far more considerable and formidable than ever were the Wicliffites or Lollards in England, for they were favoured by many natural and political circumstances wanting to the early reformers in this country. Poland was at that time intimately connected with Bohemia: the languages of both countries were then nearly the same; and the Polish youths generally resorted for their education to Prague, the Bohemian capital. Huss was held in great estimation by the students and by many eminent noblemen of their nation, and his friend Hieronymus spent some time in Poland, whither he was called, in 1410, to organise the University of Cracow. All these circumstances united in communicating to Poland the opinions which had sprung up in England and Bohemia, and insured to them a rapid and wide diffusion. When the relentless persecution of the Romanists fell upon the Slavonians of Bohemia, one of the first martyrs was a Pole, and when the life of Huss was threatened by the Council of Constance, many Polish nobles interfered boldly but unsuccessfully in his behalf. In 1439 five Polish preachers of the doctrines of Wicliff and Huss were publicly burnt alive by the bishop of Posnania; but this *auto-da-fé* did not prevent Andreas Galka, a master of arts of the University of Cracow, from expounding the works of Wicliff and denouncing the "Imperial Popes" as anti-Christs. In 1440, the Polish Hussites formed an armed confederacy, proclaimed the abolition of tithes, demanded that the enormous estates of the clergy should be appropriated to objects of general utility, and denounced the practice of confession, censures, and excommunications; but they were defeated by the Catholics in a strong position they had taken up near the capital. When Luther took the field, the seed which Huss had sown in Poland was not all dead. The Poles in considerable numbers embraced his doctrines almost as soon as he had proclaimed them at Wittenberg. A few years later, when Cranmer was employed by the Protector Somerset in Protestantising the English Church, he invited over to his assistance the learned John Laski or Alasco, a Pole of noble birth. and the bosom friend of Erasmus and Peter Martyr. Laski arrived at Lambeth in 1548, and resided six months with the English primate. After a visit to the continent he returned to England in 1550, and was nominated by Edward VI. superintendent of the foreign Protestant congregation established in London. Upon the death of Edward he fled to Germany, for he had taken a proper measure of the fierce intolerance of Queen Mary. After many adventures he returned to his native country, where, during his absence, the Protestant church had greatly declined, more through dissensions among its professors than through any active persecution on the part of the government. He laboured to effect the union of the Protestant confessions, but this work was not effected till after his death; and even then the churches remained weak and in disrepute with the great majority of the Poles, who continued to be attached to the Roman or to the Greek church.

About 1570, however, the Polish Protestants obtained what was for the time a large measure of toleration. At this epoch the Protestant churches numbered amongst their followers some of the noblest families in Poland, and occupied a position almost equal to that of their antagonists in political respects; but the progress among them of an anti-Trinitarian sect, which took its first rise in a secret society at Cracow in 1546, gave the whole Polish reformation a blow from which it never recovered.

The first volume of this meritorious and highly interesting work does not extend beyond this period; but we are promised the second and concluding volume in December next. The portion before us is executed with great ability, and in a good, liberal spirit. We should think that it can scarcely fail of commanding the attention of English Protestants of all denominations. As the work of a foreigner in our own language, it is a literary curiosity. Count Krasinski writes English almost with the purity of a well-educated native: his style is concise, clear, and manly—his arrangement excellent.

The Coronation: a Poem, in Six Cantos. Dedicated by permission to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. By C. G. SHARPLEY, B.A., late of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Il Viaggio al Tempio della Fama; o l'Incoronazione di Vittoria Regina dell' Impero Britannico. Canti X. In Sesta Rima. Di Vito Maria de Grandis, Membro dell' Arcadia di Roma, e della Reale Accademia di Lucca.

Of these two volunteer laureates, the English one must fairly yield the palm to the Italian. We think that this must be made apparent to the shortest-sighted reader by a glance at the plan and conduct of their respective poems. The Englishman—matter-of-fact and hum-drum—begins with general reflections on mortality, the death of his late Majesty King William IV., the accession and the proclamation of Queen Victoria, who stood,

> "The focus of yon window's narrow bound."*

He then goes on to the morning of the coronation, describes the meeting of the people in the streets, the procession from Buckingham Palace, the state-coach, (*very minutely,*) the arrival at the Abbey, the ringing of the bells, and the regalia, from St. Edward's staff to the patina and chalice. In his next canto, after some generalities, he describes, with the detail of a penny-a-liner, the platform, the throne, the heralds, the peers in the south transept, the peeresses in the north transept,

> "As lovely as flowers in springs parterre,
> When shaken by breezes they scent the air,"

the ambassadors, seated above the bishops, the Commons, the orchestra, the lord mayor and the aldermen,

> ". . . . . . whose *scarlet* shows
> The honour London's wealth betows;
> And those, whose added golden chain
> Declares they've won the civic reign."

In the next canto he tells us all about "the four orders of knighthood, of which her Majesty is sovereign"—St. Andrew, St. Patrick, the Bath, and St. George; makes some stanzas upon the union of the rose, shamrock, and thistle; and then discourses on the order of the garter, King Arthur's round table, Windsor Castle, &c. In his fourth canto he makes reflections on Westminster Abbey, and then rhymes on the ceremonials from the recognition and first oblation, down to the crowning, benediction, and enthronisation. In canto the fifth he is somewhat less matter-of-fact, giving us the legend of the "fated stone," stolen from Scone by Edward I., and contained in the coronation-chair in Westminster Abbey, and he has rhymed how the Scots believed that this stone was Jacob's pillow on the plain of Bethel. And his last and concluding canto is all about "the blessings of this present enlightened age," and praise, and gratitude.

---

* "The window of St. James's Palace," says our author, "at which her Majesty stood during the proclamation."

Our Italian friend, Vito Maria de Grandis, starts and concludes in a very different manner. He enters upon his subject in a high, imaginative tone, like that in which Dante describes his journey to hell. He figures himself wandering

> " . . . . solo e trista per deserto calle,"

and wondering how a king could die, and how England would get on with a young queen. Presently some young ladies in embroidered dresses lead him along an avenue, adorned with hundreds of statues and busts. Here our poet gets upon his mettle. After describing Homer, and Aristotle, and Pythagoras, and Sappho, (we follow his own arrangement of these personages,) Camilla, Penthesilea queen of the Amazons, the seven sages, Hesiod, Archilocus, Alcæus, Simonides, and Tyrtæus, he gives this striking verse, which surpasses Mr. Wordsworth's feat of putting all the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland into rhythm; only, be it said, English is a harder language to play tricks with than Italian.

> " V' ha Tespi, Esopo, Eraclito e Democrito,
> V' ha Empedocle, Tucidide ed Ippocrate,
> Strabone con Callimaco e Teocrito,
> Diogene, Epicuro con Senocrate :
> V' è Apelle con Prassitele e Callimaco,
> Euripide, Aristofane e Lisimaco."

At the end of the avenue he comes, of course, to a gate and an inscription—Padre Dante again, by all that is holy!

> " Mentr' io pascea la vista in varie guise,
> Eccoti un arco augusto e trionfale,
> U' lessi in oro tai parole incise:
> Per me sul monte altissimo si sale,
> Per me si va nel Tempio in cui la storia
> Eterna de' gran nomi la memoria."

Beyond the gate he finds a lake with pretty boats skimming all about; and a pilot in one of the boats, who must have read Dante, cries out—

> " Vien qua, vien qua scelto drapello."

The poet embarks, and is landed in the twinkling of an eye at the foot of a lofty mount which is crowned by the Temple of Fame, the architecture of which he describes as minutely as his English rival describes the state-coach. On reaching the summit, the first great people he encounters in their glory are his friend Girardot, "that great painter of History and of portraits in miniature," Milanollo with his fiddle, Miss Chiara Novello; Miss Rosalia, daughter of Lanza, the music-master; Pasta, Cinti, Lablache, Tamburini, Rubini, and Paganini; and after these (but at a respectful distance) he falls in with the nine Muses, who sit down in a ring, and begin to sing about everything in the universe except Queen Victoria. Urania leads off with a description of the solar system, with all the planets from Mercury to Urania, omitting, however, somewhat disrespectfully the Georgium Sidus. All this Cantilena occupies two entire cantos. It is, in short, an elementary treatise on astronomy in rhyme, Vito Maria de Grandis never permitting the graces of poetry to interfere with his first catechism of astronomy. Here is part of his description of the earth; and we can assure the reader that in all the rest Pinnock is versified with equal accuracy.

> " La Terra è un corpo sferico, che ha sopra
> Le venticinque mila miglia intorno:
> Ella accoglie nel sen del Sol per opra
> Come gli altri Pianeti i rai del giorno;
> Quarantaquattro miglia è l' atmosfera
> D' altezza, che la Terra abbraccia intera.
>
> " Il suo rivolgimento intorno al Sole
> Costituisce l'anno: e 'l suo rotare
> All' asse suo dintorno produr suole
> I dì e le notti; e 'l cerchio che suol fare
> In un anno, l' Eclittica s' appella,
> Poi ch' han la Luna e'l Sol gli eclissi in quella."

When Urania finishes singing "Del Sole de' Pianeti, e delle Stelle," Clio chants an abridgment of the Bible, describing the Creation, Adam and Eve, the Deluge, Abraham, Moses, Joshua, Melchisedec, Solomon, the Prophets, and many other things which, in reverence, we omit. This being done in one canto, Clio, in the next, sings a *précis* of the history of all the Roman emperors from Augustus to Theodosius the Great—*e poi tace.* Then Calliope "con quelle stesse rime" gives an abridgment of Homer, singing all about the Trojan wars, and stopping at the end of two cantos, because she is out of breath—" E pur non giunse a mezzo ancor la storia!" Then Polyhymnia makes her curtsey, and finishes the Iliad. She even talks about doing the Odyssey, but prudently postpones that operation till another coronation day, or—" Un altro dì di festa."

In the tenth and last canto of this memorable production, Clio takes upon herself to describe all the great folks that are strolling about the Temple of Fame. The Muse's catalogue is admirable for its arrangement! That, says she, is the Bard of Sulmona—that the Mantuan—that Tully—that Cæsar—that Columbus—that Praxiteles—that Zeuxis—who

> " Pinse un grappel con color sì bei,
> Che a dargli più beccate van gli augei."

That is the writer of Orlando Furioso—that the famous chanter of the Holy City—and here her museship shows her *nous,* by adding,

> " L'arte fe'l Tasso, e la natura Ariosto "

Continuing, she points out, *seriatim,* Galileo, Michel Angelo, Raffaello, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Salvator Rosa, Bernini, Canova, Tintoretto, the Veronese, Garofalo, Del Sarto, Canaletto, Caravaggio, the Pesarese, Barocci, Guercino, Domenichino, Montegna, Bronzino, the three Caracci, Ferrari, Fra Bartolomeo, Giulio Romano, Cagnacci, Verrocchio, Gennari, Perrin del Vega, Dossi, Parmegiano, Milton, Shakspeare, "and the famous English, with Schiller, and the most celebrated Germans, and Corneille and Racine, and the great French, and the Spaniards and Dutch, the Swedes and Danes, Prussians, Muscovites, and Americans." Just as Clio finishes her list, Queen Victoria enters, and is invited to take a chair—

> " Al su' apparir quell' alme redivive,
> Vien, le dicean, t' assidi in su quel Trono
> Che l'Uno, e Due e Tre che sempre vive
> Più che 'l tuo nobil sangue a Te diè in dono."

Then, all talking together, they tell her Majesty to imitate the Empresses Catherine and Maria Theresa, (*God forbid that she should!*) and the Emperor Titus; to protect arts and letters, which will bring to the banks of the Thames the Golden Ages of Augustus, Leo X., and Louis XIV., (*We say again—Non voglia mai Iddio!*) and then they all sing—" God save the Queen!"

As soon as the Muses have finished the national anthem, Father Jove rises, and turning to the Queen, delivers some very anti-constitutional doctrine, telling her Majesty that princes are gods upon earth, that they do what they like, and have rule and empire over all. This over, he tells her that the sun with rain is a proper model for her Majesty; and he then nods and takes his leave by assuring her that this is the first, and will be the last, time of his entering the Temple of Fame, which he had now done solely to honour the day of her coronation. Her Majesty returns thanks to Jove: then a planet, bright as the sun, darts into the temple, and shines on the eyes of Signor Vita Maria de Grandis, who wakes and finds (what we had not doubted for some time) that he had been dreaming!

Pictorial Edition of Shakspere. Part I. Two Gentlemen of Verona.

We cannot do a better office by this beautiful and wondrously cheap publication, than by simply describing what it is. The plan, in which there is a great deal of originality and a very lucid arrangement, is fully developed in the monthly part before us; and the publisher's advertisement informs us that each part, like the present, will contain a play with the various notes upon it, and be complete in itself. But this of course is limited to the dramas: the sonnets and other poems, which will occupy about two parts, and a new life of the poet, which will fill about two more, must fall in a different manner, and require a different distribution of note and comment. A description of the part before us will do for the main. In the first place, then, there is an introductory notice, in which the editor discusses the state of the text and chronology of the " Two Gentlemen of Verona," the supposed source of the plot, the period of the action, manners, the scenes and costume. This occupies only a few pages. Then comes Act the First of the drama, with a few foot-notes explaining obsolete words and other difficulties of language. This is followed by illustrations of Act I., or a series of longer notes, which would have confused and encumbered the page if they had been printed as foot-notes. By this arrangement the text is left exceedingly free, and the beauty of the page is preserved. We then come to Act II., which is followed by its two or three pages of illustrations, and so on, till the end of the play, and the illustrations to Act V., which are followed by a supplementary notice or general criticism on this particular drama.

By this ingenious arrangement the numerous wood-cuts are nicely distributed, each illustration finding a proper place, and what we may call the more *material* kind being kept apart from Shakspere, and ranged by the side of the annotator, who uses them as means of conveying information which could scarcely be given by words. Thus, in the introductory notice, under the head of costume, we have four cuts from artists of the sixteenth century, representing the general costume of the noblemen and gentlemen of Italy at that period: in the illustrations of Act. I. it was necessary to explain the word "ducat:" here engravings of the Venetian ducat are introduced, taken from coins in the British Museum. In the same way the old English coin, called the " tester," is explained to the eye by two cuts, in which both faces of the coin are accurately delineated. In the same act the poet mentions the torture of the boots; and this process is shown—so as *words* could not show it—by a cut from Millæus's *Praxis criminis persequendi*, a rare book printed at Paris about the middle of the sixteenth century. In Act II. Shakspere makes a beautiful allusion to pilgrimages to distant shrines. Here the note, in the illustrations, at the end of the act, is helped out by a view of the shrine of Loretto, taken from an old print. In the same act Julia asks for "such weeds as may beseem a page;" and here a page, on duty, is copied from a print after Paul Veronese. In Act III. the curious expression—"the cover of the salt hides the salt"—is made perfectly intelligible by the representation of a saltcellar of Shakspere's time—a much more complicated piece of machinery than our modern housewives ever dreamed of! In Act IV. the poet speaks of those obsolete punishments, the stocks and the pillory; and here, in the illustrations, we have an antique pillory and antique stocks, with patients, or impatients, in them. We mention only a few of these happy aids, by which the sense of the poet is made out by means of a little block of wood, far more clearly than by those blockheads the commentators; but we have mentioned enough to give a notion of this peculiar, pictorial mode of illustrating our poet; and what we have said will also show the propriety of keeping these things apart from Shakspere's text, and giving them a corner to themselves. The only engravings introduced in the acts of the play are a head-piece and a tail-piece, which are, for the most part, representations of the localities of the drama. For example: at the head of Act I., which opens in a public place in Verona, we have a view of the piazza or square of the Brà, as it was in Shakspere's time, copied from an old print in the British Museum; and at the end of the act we have a view of a Veronese garden on the Brenta. In Act II., when the scene is transferred to Milan, we have a view of a street in Milan, taken from an Italian print of the fifteenth century, and the interior of an apartment in the ducal palace. In some instances, where there are no positive localities assigned in the drama, the engravings to the acts give some object or picture in keeping with the thought of the text, or, running, as it were, in the same tune. For example: at the head of Act IV., where the outlaws take the field, there is an engraving from one of the banditti scenes of Salvator Rosa. There is little or nothing after the manner of the Boydell Gallery, or any of the numerous illustrated editions of Shakspere, wherein the artists have treated scenes and groups, or single characters, according to their imagination, or their own conception of the poet's intention, or according to the mode in which great actors have interpreted him, and marshalled his characters on the stage. Between such works and the present there can be neither comparison nor rivalry; but it will be admitted that each may attain to excellence, though the paths they follow lie far asunder. The only merely fanciful thing, in the present part, is a vignette on the fly-page by Mr. Harvey, the matchless illustrator of the "Tales of a Thousand and One Nights." It is worthy of him: the personages of the drama are drawn up in an ascending group, (not exactly the Caracci Pyramid,) and over the heads of all, proudly pre-eminent, that king of clowns, Launce, waves his cap in the air with one arm, and hugs his dog Crab with the other, in a state and attitude of ecstasy or apotheosis. Crab, who is not the least interesting character in the drama, is one of the best figures in the group. Shaggy, coarse, and surly, he looks the dog unfit for the company of "gentleman-like dogs"—the very cur that would do "the thing you wot of," and take liberties with a gentlewoman's farthingale! This and most of the other cuts are admirably executed by Jackson. The type is clear and beautiful, the paper excellent—things by no means to be overlooked. The text which the editor has followed is that of the first folio. Horne Tooke was the first to declare that the old folio was the only edition worth regarding; but the opinion is now general among all persons of taste who have studied the poet. This publication would be highly valuable if it had no other merit than that of getting rid of the impious intermeddling of editors and commentators, who would not follow what they had before their eyes, but must, forsooth, correct the old text by what *they* called "common sense and the laws of metre"—laws which they wholly and most miserably misunderstood. They made a pretty mist and pother while their power lasted, but their crutch is broken!

The present editor brings to his task that genial spirit, that "proud and affectionate reverence" for the name of William Shakspere, which the great Coleridge laid down as the first essential quality for such a task. This is full security that we shall have none of the wretched carpings and desperately dull moralisings (all *morally* wrong) which have filled so many pages in most former editions of any pretension. He has collected the finest things said of the poet by native and foreign writers, particularly by the proper-minded Germans, adding, not obtrusively, his own reflections, which are evidently those of one who can think for himself, and who has been in love with Shakspere all the days of his life. Keenness and quickness he has, but this is employed in detecting beauties rather than imaginary blemishes; in setting his predecessors right, and not in *mending* the great original. The following theory is new and startling: we have, however, no doubt in our own minds but that it may be reduced to almost the positiveness of a fact. A recent writer, Mr. Charles Armytage Brown, (his work is made honourable mention of in the pages under our eye,) not knowing what to make of Shakspere during several years of his early life, by a bold supposition makes him a lawyer's clerk. We think it is much more probable that he was learning and exercising his art as a dramatic poet; and everybody but a commentator can surely conceive the possibility of a man's writing comedies and tragedies before he is twenty-six or twenty-seven years old!

"It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to fix a precise date to many of Shakspere's plays; and the reasons which Malone, Chalmers, and Drake, have given for the determining of an exact chronological order (in which they each differ,) are, to our minds, in most instances unsatisfactory. In the instance before us, Malone originally ascribed the play to the year 1595, because the lines which we shall have occasion afterwards to notice,—

"'Some, to the wars to try their fortunes there,
Some, to discover islands far away,'—

he thought had reference to Elizabeth's military aid to Henry IV., and to Raleigh's expedition to Guiana. He has subsequently fixed the date of its being written as 1591, because there was an expedition to France under Essex in that year. The truth is, as we shall show, that the excitements of military adventure, and of maritime discovery, had become the most familiar objects of ambition, from the period of Shakspere's first arrival in London to nearly the end of the century. The other arguments of Malone for placing the date of this play in 1591, appear to us as little to be regarded. They are, that the incident of Valentine joining the outlaws has a resemblance to a passage in Sidney's Arcadia, which was not published till 1590;—that there are two allusions to the story of Hero and Leander, which he thinks were suggested by Marlowe's poem on that subject; and that there is also an allusion to the story of Phaeton, which Steevens thinks Shakspere derived from the old play of King John, printed in 1591. All this is really very feeble conjecture, and it is absolutely all that is brought to show an exact date for this play. The incident of Valentine is scarcely a coincidence, compared with the story in the Arcadia; and if Shakspere knew nothing of the classical fables from direct sources, (which is always the delight of the commentators to suppose,) every palace and mansion was filled with *Tapestry*, in which the subjects of Hero and Leander, and of Phaeton, were constantly to be found. Malone, for these and for no other reasons, thinks the Two Gentlemen of Verona was produced in 1591, when its author was twenty-seven years of age. But he thinks, at the same time, that it was Shakspere's first play;—and, looking to its entire character as a composition, we are inclined to agree with him, with one exception,—that of Pericles. Our opinion, however, is, that *a great many difficulties would be avoided if we were to place the commencement of Shakspere's dramatic career at least six years earlier than it is usually placed*; and we shall state the reasons for this opinion as briefly as we can.

Robert Greene, in his "Groat's-worth of Wit," written while upon his deathbed, in 1592, speaks thus of a dramatic writer who had given him and others mortal offence by his success:—'There is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is, in his own conceit, the only *shake-scene* in a country.' There is little doubt that this bitter effusion of envy applies to Shakspere; but, surely, if he had begun to write for the stage in 1591, having produced, according to Malone, only his two parts of Henry VI. and the Two Gentlemen of Verona, when this pamphlet appeared, there was little reason for Greene to call him a 'Factotum,' and the only 'shake-scene.' He had probably amended, or written, Pericles and Titus Andronicus at the same period, which would make Greene's envy have a larger store to feed upon. But let us imagine that he had, before 1592, produced the Comedy of Errors, Love's Labour Lost, and the Midsummer Night's Dream, as well as the plays we have mentioned, and Greene might then well call him a *Johannes Factotum*. Now, in the internal evidence furnished by these four comedies, and in the collateral circumstances which we know regarding them, there is *literally nothing* to show that they might not as well have been written before Shakspere was twenty-eight, that is, before 1592, as that they were written after that year. We know, *absolutely*, that these, as well as many more of Shakspere's plays, were written before 1598. Francis Meres, in his 'Wit's Treasury,' printed in 1598, after describing Shakspere as the most excellent for comedy and tragedy 'among the English' says, 'For comedy, witness his Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, his Love's Labour Won,* his Midsummer Night's Dream, and his Merchant of Venice; for tragedy, his Richard II., Richard III., Henry IV., King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet.' If we add Henry VI. and Pericles, we have seventeen plays produced (according to Malone and all the other authorities who make him begin to write in 1591) in seven years. But let us place the doubtful plays of Titus Andronicus and Pericles, and the unquestionably early comedies of the Two Gentlemen of Verona, Love's Labour Lost, the Comedy of Errors, and the Midsummer Night's Dream, in the six years before his biographers and critics have made him a writer for the stage—that is, between his twenty-first and twenty-sixth years—and we have eight of the histories, two of the comedies, and Romeo and Juliet, to occupy the remaining eight years between 1590 and the publication of Meres's list. This, we apprehend, is a more probable division of the poet's labours than that ordinarily received. With all his fertility, the power of writing seventeen plays in seven years is a more extraordinary circumstance than that he should have written six of those plays before he was twenty-six.

"If it is asked what principle is overthrown by making Shakspere a great dramatic writer before he was twenty-six, we reply, no principle whatever; nothing but the monstrous absurdity that having run away from Stratford for deer-stealing, he gained a living by holding horses at the door of the theatre, during the period when we think he was earning the reputation of 'the only shake-scene in the country.' There is, indeed, a theory of Malone's developed in more than a hundred pages of his Life of Shakspere, that some laudatory verses of Spenser, in his 'Tears of the Muses,' could not apply to Shakspere, 'as by some has been supposed,' because 'they would ascertain that he had acquired a considerable share of celebrity as a writer, some years before the end of 1590, when that piece was first published.' The 'some' who applied these verses to Shakspere were Dryden and Rowe. In our Life of Shakspere we shall have to examine this question minutely. In the mean time we give the three stanzas which Dryden 'supposed' to apply only to Shakspere; and we ask if Thalia, the muse of comedy, (who is speaking,) might not pay this compliment to the author of the Two Gentlemen of Verona, Love's Labour Lost, the Comedy of Errors, and the Midsummer Night's Dream, rather than to Lylly, the fantastic author of Euphues, whom Malone would make Spenser call

"The man whom Nature selfe had made
To mock her selfe."

---

* Conjectured to be another name for All's Well that Ends Well.

These stanzas, which are as follow, were given by Rowe in his first edition of the Life of Shakspere, but were subsequently omitted without any reason being assigned:—

" 'And HE, the man whom Nature selfe had made
To mock her selfe, and truth to imitate
With kindly counter, under mimick shade,
Our pleasaunt *Willy*, ah, is dead of late;
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

" 'Instead thereof, scoffing scurrilitie,
And scornful follie, with contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of shameles ribaudrie,
Without regard or due decorum kept:
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the learneds taske upon him take.

" 'But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streames of honnie and sweet nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
Than so him selfe to mockerie to sell.'

"The critics and commentators appear to have agreed that Shakspere, whose mental powers were bestowed upon him in the extremest prodigality of Nature, was of wonderfully slow growth towards a capacity for intellectual *production*. They have all amused themselves with imagining his careful progress, from holding horses at the play-house door, to the greater dignity of a candle-snuffer within its walls, till in some lucky hour, when his genius was growing vigorous—that is, at the age of twenty-seven—he produced a play. They have little doubt that Shakspere was in London, and connected with the theatre as early as 1584; but then he had been a deer-stealer, and had seven years of probation to undergo! There was nothing extraordinary in Ben Jonson writing for the stage when he was only nineteen;* but then Shakspere, you know, was an untutored genius, &c. &c.! A great deal of this monstrous trash has been swept away by the exertions of a gentleman equally distinguished for his acuteness and industry. It has been discovered by Mr. Collier,† that in 1589, when Shakspere was only twenty-five, he was a joint proprietor in the Blackfriars theatre, with a fourth of the other proprietors below him in the list. He had, at twenty-five, a standing in society; he had the means, without doubt, of maintaining his family; as he advanced in the proprietorship of the same theatre, he realized a fortune. How had he been principally occupied from the time he left Stratford, to have become, somewhat rapidly, a person of importance amongst his 'friends and fellows?' We think, by making himself useful to them, beyond all comparison with others, by his writings. He may have begun badly; he may have written, wholly or in part, Andronicus and Pericles. But even in those plays there is writing such as no other but Shakspere could have produced. We are apt always to measure Shakspere with himself, because we have been unaccustomed to look at him as a boy-writer. Ben Jonson, in his Induction to Bartholomew Fair, first acted in 1614, makes the speakers say, 'He that will swear, Jeronimo, or Andronicus, are the best plays, yet shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years.' Five-and-twenty years before this time Shakspere was in his twenty-fifth year; and whether he wrote or altered Andronicus, he was two years younger than at the period when Malone considers that he commenced as a writer for the stage. Dr. Percy conjectures that Andronicus was not Shakspere's, because Jonson refers it to a period when our poet was only twenty-five.‡ We think the passage proves that Shakspere had written or revised Andronicus, amongst other plays, before he was twenty-five. If we take the extreme period mentioned by Jonson, Andronicus might have been produced by the Shakspere of twenty.

---

* Gifford's Jonson, vol i. p. 208.

† New facts regarding the Life of Shakspere, p. 32.

‡ Reliques, vol. i. p. 237. ed. 1799.

"It appears to us, then, not improbable that even before Shakspere left Stratford, he had attempted some play or plays which had become known to the London players. Thomas Greene, who, in 1586, was the fourth on the list of the Blackfriars shareholders, was Shakspere's fellow townsman. In one of the old comedies,* where Greene speaks in the character of a clown, he says—

"I prattled poesie in my nurse's arms,
And, born where late our Swan of Avon sung,
In Avon's stream we both of us have laved."

In the register of the parish of Stratford there is also an entry of the burial of "Thomas Greene, alias Skaxspere," in 1589. This was probably the player's father; and he might, from the alias, be a relation of William Shakspere. But the young poet might have found another and more important friend in the Blackfriars company:—Richard Burbage, the great actor, who in his own day was called 'the English Roscius,' was also of Shakspere's county. In a letter of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, (written about 1608,) introducing Burbage and Shakspere to the chancellor, it is said:—'They are both of one county, and, indeed, almost of one town.' † It is perfectly clear, therefore, that Shakspere, from the easy access that he might have procured to these men, would have received inviting offers to join them in London, provided he had manifested any ability which would be useful to them. It seems pretty certain that he was never very eminent as a player. He might have originally joined the Blackfriars company in that vocation; but it appears much more probable that he should have previously asserted his claim to the character of a dramatic poet, by the production of some original composition. Looking, then, carefully at all of his dramas which may be indisputably considered as early productions, we have little doubt that the Two Gentlemen of Verona was produced by him as his first complete comedy. We should consider it his first complete play, if Pericles did not exist. We have Dryden's evidence that

'Shakspere's own muse his Pericles first bore.'

Let us read that play, as we ought to read the Two Gentlemen of Verona, as the work of a very young man, and we shall see in each of them beauties such as no other young man could have produced."

If nothing could satisfy Malone in fixing the date but some approximative circumstance, he might have found several that would have suited just as well as Elizabeth's military aid sent to Henry IV. in 1591, and Raleigh's expedition to Guiana; and this, too, ten or twenty years earlier. In 1562, the fourth year of Elizabeth's reign, she sent over an army under the Earl of Warwick to assist the French Protestants; and from that time down to the year 1598, when the tolerant edict of Nantes was granted to the Huguenots, troops of English gentlemen, sometimes with and sometimes without the queen's consent, were constantly flocking to France to learn the art of war, and "try their fortunes there." Sir Walter Raleigh himself went over as early as 1569 to commence his military education: and there went with him a troop of a hundred gentlemen volunteers—"a gallant company," says De Thou, "nobly mounted and accoutred." The diplomatic correspondence of the period preserved in the "Compleat Ambassador" of Dudley Digges, in the Burleigh Papers, and other collections of state papers, are crowded for more than twenty years with the complaints of the French court at this constant presence of English soldiers of fortune, and of courtly youths who fought on the side of their *rebellious subjects*, as *they* called the French Protestants.

Again, in another direction, the contest between the Protestants of the Low Countries and the Spaniards began as early as 1564, and from that period down to the close of the century, ardent young Englishmen went continually over to *those* wars, "to try their fortunes *there*." Surely the year 1585, when Leicester and Sydney went over to the Netherlands with five thousand English foot, and one thousand English horse, and a host of English youths of rank, might have suited Malone for fixing the date of the play just as well as 1591, (*six years later*,) when Essex passed over to France with a much less notable expedition.

---

* These lines are quoted by Chetwood in his British Theatre. Steevens thinks them a forgery; Malone pronounces them authentic.

† Collier, New Facts, p. 33.

But there was another country (God help it!) where there was plenty of war and trying of fortune on the part of English youths. This was Ireland, whither they went in shoals, in the hopes of enriching themselves in the conquest of Ulster, and the other parts still occupied by the natives. In 1573, when the father of Essex went over, his little army was chiefly composed of volunteers, young men of good family, who served at their own expense; and when the Lord Grey of Wilton was appointed deputy or lord-lieutenant, he took with him a great number of English youths, who served on the same conditions, and with the same hopes, "to make their fortune there." Raleigh, no longer a youth, but the captain of a company, served under his lordship, and the poet Spenser filled a civil situation. And then, as to the other pursuit—to "discover islands far away"—why, the youths of England had been discovery mad at least ever since the year 1573, when Drake returned loaded with spoil from the isthmus of Darien and the Spanish Main. In 1577, when the great sailor went out on that expedition, in the course of which he circumnavigated the globe, and discovered many an island "far away," he was accompanied by many gentlemen, most of them being young men of noble families, younger brothers, who were eager to learn the art of navigation and to better their fortunes. Their example was followed by many other youths, who embarked with various commanders. And it is at the least a curious coincidence that in the year 1585, (the very year in which Leicester and Sydney went to the Netherlands,) Thomas Cavendish, the son of a gentleman of fortune in Suffolk, set sail for the new world entirely on his own account, and with a crew and officers who were chiefly youths of superior condition. In the following year, 1586, having sold or mortgaged all his property in England to raise money for the outlay, Cavendish equipped three vessels, manned them with adventurous youths, and commenced another voyage, which was much talked of at the time, and which, in the course of two years and a month, led him round the globe. This was a voyage far more likely to lead to undiscovered islands than Raleigh's expedition to Guiana in 1591, which was not a voyage of discovery at all, nor one got up by the youths of England, or marked by the romantic character which was likely to take a hold on the imagination of the poet. If we are not mistaken, these hasty considerations will induce the reader to believe that Malone's arbitrary way of fixing a date by the two lines quoted is altogether unsatisfactory, and that the said lines may very well (or much better) have been written five or six years earlier. We have no doubt whatever that the present editor, when he comes to the life of the poet, (which we look for with some eagerness,) will be able fully to make out his theory on this head, and also to clear up several other difficulties which have arisen out of misconceptions and unsupported assumptions. For the present we must take our leave of him: but ere we do so, we will give two other short extracts from his "Introductory Notice."

> "It may be convenient, in this place, very briefly to state our general views as to the chronology of Shakspere's plays.
>
> "The evidence of Meres appears to us of the highest importance, in fixing a period at which we may make a large division of the great poet's labours. In 1598, we find that Shakspere had produced seventeen dramas, including the disputed plays of Pericles and Titus Andronicus, and three parts of Henry VI. This period is a middle division in Shakspere's literary life. Our opinion, contrary to that of Malone,

is, that he had acquired a considerable share of celebrity as a writer when Spenser published his 'Tears of the Muses,' in 1590;—that he had then produced, in addition to the writing or the revision of Pericles and Titus Andronicus, four or perhaps five comedies; if five, we will include the Merchant of Venice. In the period between 1590 and 1598, all his English historical plays were written, with the exception of Henry V. and Henry VIII. If Spenser described his 'pleasaunt Willy' as sitting in 'idle cell,' the great dramatist might be preparing his 'Histories,' in the desire to bring forward, systematically, a species of entertainment that should stem the popular attraction of 'the ugly barbarism and brutal ignorance' of those bombastic tragedies which the Thalia of Spenser describes, and which we know held possession of the stage of that period. During the interval from 1590 to 1598, we assume, upon Meres's authority, that he produced only one comedy, and one tragedy, (Romeo and Juliet,) in addition to those already assigned to the first half of his career as a dramatic poet. To the second great division of this career, from 1599 to 1613, or 1614, we have to assign the remaining two of his histories,—Henry V. and Henry VIII.;—eight comedies,—the Merry Wives, Taming of the Shrew, Much Ado about Nothing, As You Like It, the Winter's Tale, Measure for Measure, the Tempest, and Twelfth Night; and ten tragedies,—Hamlet, Troilus and Cressida, Timon of Athens, Lear, Cymbeline, Macbeth, Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, and Othello. Meres said, in 1598, that 'as Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakspere, among the English, is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage.' Let us, in addition to what Shakspere had written when he received from Francis Meres this contemporary praise, regard the glorious works which he produced in the second period of his dramatic life, and we cannot hesitate to assign him a place,

"Above all Greek, above all Roman fame."

The next passage has reference to the proper way of spelling the poet's name—a subject upon which there has been a deal of disputation!

"We have placed at the head of this notice the autograph of 'WILLM SHAKSPERE,' which we have been permitted to copy from his undoubted signature in the volume of Montaigne's Essays, by John Florio, which has been recently purchased, for a large sum, by the Trustees of the British Museum. This autograph has set at rest the long-disputed question of the mode in which the poet wrote his name. Sir Frederic Madden has satisfactorily shown, in a letter published in the Archæologia, vol. 27, that in the five other acknowledged genuine signatures in existence, namely, in the three attached to his will, and the two affixed to deeds connected with the mortgage and sale of a property in Blackfriars, 'the poet always wrote his name SHAKSPERE, and, consequently, that those who have inserted an *e* after the *k*, or an *a* in the second syllable, do not write the name (as far as we are able to judge) in the same manner as the poet himself uniformly would authorise us to do.' In the Stratford Register, both at his baptism and burial, the name is spelt *Shakspere*. The printers, however, during his life, and in the folio of 1623, spell his name Shakespeare. In this edition, after much consideration, we have determined to follow the authority of *the poet's autograph*.

The Heir of Selwood. By the Authoress of "Mothers and Daughters," &c.

Of all Mrs. Gore's clever, sparkling novels, we are inclined to consider this, the last, as the very best. Her fine, tranchant satire was never so powerful and so well directed! The personges, or rather the classes upon which it falls, richly deserve the castigation. Well will it be for them. and society at large if it produce pain and penitence, and amendment! Certainly it is meant in no malicious spirit, nor is it ever. the bitter outpouring of one who despairs of human improvement or the destinies of her country. As usual in Mrs. Gore's writings, there is as much pathos and gentle writing as satire; and an exceedingly well-conducted plot brings out numerous scenes of deep and dramatic interest. Several of the characters are most highly finished. The whole of the "Dawlish set" are *impayable.* Their conversations and doings are reported with an ease, *finesse,* and vivacity, almost worthy of Sheridan, in the bright days when he wrote the "School for Scandal." This book will delight the young novel-reader, and at the same time furnish food for reflection to the politician and statesman.

Italy; a Poem. By SAMUEL ROGERS, 1 vol. *And Poems.* By the SAME. 1 vol.

This is a cheap and elegant pocket edition of the works of one of our few living classics—of a man of as pure a taste as ever graced this or any other age. All true book-lovers ought to have the large illustrated edition for their library shelves, and this one for common use. The little wood-cuts liberally scattered through both volumes are all after the most tasteful designs. The type and general getting up of the volumes are in Mr. Moxon's usual and elegant style. Few poets have been so fortunate as Mr. Rogers in seeing such beautiful editions of their works.

The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket, North America.

In matters of shipwrecks, sailors' adventures, and *new* "discovered islands far away," we have, thank the stars, as large a faith as most men of our years and discretion; but this Nantucket man is too much for us —his narrative is more than we can swallow! The marvellous story—as we learn from the preface—was first published in an American periodical as a work of fiction. It is a pity it was not left as such. As a romance, some portions of it are sufficiently amusing and exciting; but, when palmed upon the public as a true thing, it cannot appear in any other light than that of a bungling business—an impudent attempt at imposing on the credulity of the ignorant.

Kindred; A Comedy. Translated from the German of Kotzebue. By LIEUT.-COLONEL CAPADOSE.

This is one of the most pleasing of Kotzebue's superficial, artificial, and yet lively and interesting dramas. We prefer it, in most respects, to the "Stranger," which was once so unaccountably popular in this country, as it still is in sundry parts of Europe. "Kindred" is just the sort of play that a family party of amateur actors might venture upon with safety. There is a neatness and correctness in the translation which induce us to wish Colonel Capadose would take up some German work of higher value.

Land Sharks and Sea Gulls. By CAPTAIN GLASCOCK, R.N., Author of "The Naval Sketch Book," "Tales of a Tar," &c.

These volumes contain two pleasant stories, "Wife-Hunting," and the "Man of War." They are both, of course, nautical, and they are both in Captain Glascock's best manner. The two narratives are tied together by a very slight thread; but the Captain's merit lies rather in detached, short, brilliant sketches of sea-life, than in the construction of long and regular plots. Nobody that has a feeling for the sea, and the oddities of seamen—and what Englishman has not?—will take up this work without reading it through. Its humour is very rich. We have been delighted with the fighting chaplain, with Pleasant Paul, with Larking Larry, Potter, Leatherlungs, Long-headed Bob, and nearly all the rest of the fellows afloat. Potter's penitent confession, when he fancies he is dying, and how he threw a French cat into the sea for spoiling the wind: and how he married many wives without waiting to bury one; and how he has been haunted in his hammock o' nights by a white bony hand holding a broken tombstone with the inscription ANN DOBBS, *because* he once went with Slashin' Sam into a churchyard, and broke up tomb-stones to make holy-stones to rub the ship's decks, is a masterpiece—as capital a yarn as ever was spun, and enough in itself to make the fortune of the book. We have also been struck with a description of a fog in the Channel—a far more serious thing than a London fog—and with a gun-boat fight in the Straits of Gibraltar. In the earlier part of the work Phelan O'Finn is a broth of a boy. The work is illustrated by George Cruikshank, who is as droll and rich in fun as ever.

ANNUALS.

As yet we have received only a few of these pretty books of the season. We shall notice an old friend first.

Friendship's Offering. SMITH and ELDER.

This hardy annual has lost none of its original virtues: it is still as good, in stem, foliage, and flower, as ever, like a good plant that has found a favourable soil, and is renewed year after year. The only decidedly *bad thing* in the book is the "Agreeable Surprise," an engraving after a painter who never did a *good thing*, at least as far as our knowledge of his works goes. A scene in Italy, after G. Barrett, is exceedingly beautiful, and there is a deal of merit in the plate called "The Royal Prisoner." The frontispiece—the portrait of a lady, with her back to the warm sunlight—after Bonnington, is perhaps the best engraving of the ten. Among the literary articles are three glorious little poems by Barry Cornwall, each of which is enough to give credit and price to the book. One of them, called "a London Lyric," is a perfect gem. We should quote it, but some score of our cotemporaries, very much to their credit, have done so already. We hope by this time hundreds of readers have got the lines by heart, and we wish this not less on the score of humanity, than on that of good taste. A new hand, who dates from Christ Church, Oxford, has furnished a fine lyric in "The Scythian Banquet Song." This Oxonian hath assuredly poetry in him. "Hadjee Meer Meerza" is an exceedingly pleasing oriental tale in prose, by Cornelius Webbe, a thinking, feeling, tasteful, and modest young writer. Mr. Leitch Ritchie shows off to advantage in his tale of the "Old Gentleman." In "The Merchant's Daughter," and "The Judge," we recognise an able and efficient author. If we mention not others, it is only through want of time and space. Between prose and verse, the book contains pleasant reading for many a winter evening. As "something short," we give our honest basket-maker's sonnet on John Bunyan—the Ariosto of the English Puritans.

JOHN BUNYAN.

BY T. MILLER.

A dream land, John Bunyan, that of thine,
So summer-bright, enchanted, and so wild!
Its gloom and grandeur charmed me when a child;
And even now these sober eyes of mine

Oft see the armour of the archers shine,
  Where Beelzebub his castle-walls up-piled:
  Over thy pages I have wept and smiled,
Unconscious then the story was divine.
Wondrous old man! while leaning on thy gun,
  Keeping a watch through England's bloody wars,
Thy kindled eyes fixed on the sinking sun,
  Or gazing on the moon and silent stars,
Cromwell may have heard thee murmuring like a river,
"Making thy book"—a book to live for ever.

Caunter's and Daniell's Oriental Annual for 1839. *Eastern Legends.* By the Rev. HOBART CAUNTER, B.D. *With Twenty-two Engravings, from Drawings by the late* WILLIAM DANIELL, R.A.

This is the old "Oriental Annual," the engravings of which we always greatly admired, under a new cover, and with a prefix of proper names. In essentials it has undergone no alteration, being the same choice kind of book it used to be in former years. It contains no fewer than twenty-two plates of Indian scenery, architecture, and natural history, all after drawings by the truthful and chaste pencil of the late William Daniell. Great truth of detail and moderation in effect were characteristics of that artist; but there is one design here which rather startles our belief. A boa constrictor is dropping from a forest tree, and seizing round the waist a man travelling on horseback, leaving the horse untouched. We will not positively deny that a boa might do such a feat, but it is the size of the reptile which we cannot get down. As here drawn, it must be, when stretched out, some two hundred feet long—a dimension we never heard given in modern times to any living thing except the Yankee sea serpent. But every man has some one thing which he exaggerates, and this, in poor Daniell's case, seems to have been the boa constrictor; for we remember another representation of the beast in a preceding volume, which was huge as an eastern hyperbole. We have repeatedly noticed the exquisite grace of this artist's female Hindoo figures. We have now before us three plates, in which this quality is very remarkable. The most beautiful of the three—a thing full of poetry and sentiment—is a moonlight scene, with Hindoo maidens floating their lamps upon the water, as at certain seasons Hindoo maidens are wont. The architectural subjects, as in all the preceding volumes, are exquisitely treated. These, by themselves, are sufficient to give a lasting value to the whole work. Some of the wild mountain scenery in the north of India is also given in perfection.

The letter-press consists of two tales—one a Hindoo legend, based upon a popular but singular superstition: the other, a Mohammedan romance. Both are intended as vehicles for the representation of oriental manners, habits, and feelings.

In his preface Mr. Caunter pays an affectionate and well-merited tribute to his departed friend Mr. Daniell, who was, in very truth, "one of the best of men,"—single-minded, modest, and kind-hearted in the highest degree.

The Annual of British Landscape Scenery: An Autumnal Ramble on the Wye. By LOUISA ANNE TOWNLEY, Author of "The Romance of Nature." *With Twenty Engravings, from Drawings by* FIELDING, COX, WARREN, *and* RADCLYFFE.

It has been well said of this delightful book that it is beautiful as a work of art, and highly useful as a guide-book. The regions through which it leads us, and through which the Wye flows, are the most charming in England—among the most beautiful, we firmly believe, on this globe of ours. Miss Townley, who has received the education of an artist, and who has a cultivated mind and a poetical feeling, was peculiarly well adapted to the task entrusted to her. We cannot, however, agree with her that it is better to ascend the Wye than descend it; and in spite of her high authority, we would recommend all tourists to come down upon the river from Plinlimmon, and on no account omit taking boat at Ross, and so fall gently down the silver stream to Chepstow—taking at least two long summer days for the voyage. We have been delighted with the correctness of nearly all the views. They are complete portraits, taken under the most favourable circumstances of light and shade. A glance at them will be enough to send many a lover of nature to trace

"Pleased Vaga through her winding bounds."

The view of Rhaiadyr, with its waterfall, and romantic little bridge—the view of Ross, with its heaven-directed spire—the view of Ragland Castle, and the distant view of Chepstow Castle from the right bank of the river, are beautiful, and as true as they are beautiful. Two little maps of the course of the Wye and the adjacent country add considerably to the usefulness of the volume. In her descriptions the fair author not unfrequently quits prose for verse. Her little poems are elegant, and not without fancy and feeling.

The Diadem. A Book for the Boudoir. Edited by MISS LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

Instead of a neat little octavo, Miss Sheridan this year has taken charge of a stately folio, magnificent in paper, type, and costly binding. There are thirteen engravings on a large scale, and though none of them are of a high order of art, (we mean with reference to the painters and the poetical invention,) several of them are pleasing and graceful. The Captive of Tripolitza, the Sultan's Daughter, and the Turkish Ladies, all three engraved by H. Cooke, after Perring, would be much better if more attention had been paid to costume. These ladies are all dressed in such a way as Turkish ladies never dress. The little tale about that Greek heroine, the prisoner of Tripolitza, is quietly and effectively told. It is by Mr. Cochrane, whose interesting travels in Greece we noticed last winter.

Among the contributors are several names highly distinguished in literature, but more that are distinguished by rank and fortune. Thomas Campbell, Horace Smith, James Smith, Allan Cunningham, have given each a choice *morçeau*. There are some delightful Italian verses, "La Meditazione e la Serenata," by Count Pepoli, that amiable and accomplished nobleman who has redeemed the character of the opera *libretti*, and written several dramas for music which may stand a comparison with the graceful productions of Metastasio.

Miss Sheridan has also procured several things of the bygone times, written by men famous in their day, and not forgotten yet. We are struck with the easy grace of the following song, by Congreve, the dramatist. The editor informs us that it has been copied from an autograph in the collection of the late Earl of Buchan. It is new to us, and has, we believe, never been published before.

"False though you've been to me and love,
I ne'er can take revenge;
So much your wondrous beauties move—
Though I regret your change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met,
They could not always last,
And though the present I regret,
I still am grateful for the past.

" But think not, fair one, though my breast
A generous flame has warmed,
You ere again could make me blest,
Or charm, as once you charmed.
Who may your future favours own,
May future change forgive—
In love, the *first deceit* alone
Is what you never can retrieve!"

There is a lampoon on that " religious sovereign" Charles II., written by his Grace Charles Duke of Richmond in 1667, which is rather remarkable for its spite than for its point or wit. It leads, however, to the following pleasant anecdote.

"Among the papers of Sir Robert Paston, afterwards Earl of Yarmouth, was the following account by Mr. Henshaw, dated Oct. 30th, 1670 :—' Last week, there being a faire near Audley-end, the queen, (*the "staidest of queens to the wildest of kings," as the Portuguese wife of Charles II. is described,)* together with the Dutchess of Richmond, and the Dutchess of Buckingham, had a frolic to disguise themselves like country-lasses in red petticotes, wastcotes, etc., and so goe see the faire. Sir Bernard Gascoign, on a cart-jade, rode before the queen, and two other gentlemen of the court before the dutchesses. They had so overdone it in their deguise, and looked so much more like antiques than country volk, that as soon as they came to the faire, the people began to goe after them. But the queen, going to a booth to buy a paire of yellow stockins for her swetehart, and Sir Bernard asking for a paire of gloves stitcht with blue for his swetehart—they were soon by their gibrish found to be strangers, which drew a bigger flock after them. One among them there had seen the queen at dinner, knew her, and was proud of telling it; and this brought all the faire to stare at the queen. Being discovered, they got to their horses; but as many at the faire as had horses got up, with their wives, children, or swetehearts behind them, to get as much gape as they could, till they brought them to the court-gates! Thus by misconduct was a merry frolic turned into a pennance."

We regret to find Miss Sheridan complaining of ill health. We trust this is only a passing indisposition. " *Viva muchos anos*"—which, being translated into the vernacular, means, may she edit many more annuals!

The Amaranth; a Miscellany of Original Prose and Verse. Contributed by distinguished Writers, and edited by J. K. HERVEY.

If in externals, and perhaps in certain of its plates, this annual be surpassed by some of its competitors, it is certainly inferior to none that we have seen, in its literary contributions. The editorship is creditable to Mr. Hervey, whose taste and genius ought to place him in a foremost rank. Horace Smith, who writes a very loyal and a very graceful dedication to Queen Victoria, Douglas Jerrold, Allan Cunningham, Barry Cornwall, Sheridan Knowles, Ebenezer Elliott, Caroline Bowles, Thomas Hood, Mackworth Praed, the Rev. Thomas Dale, Charles Whitehead, and W. N. Maxwell, are among the contributors, and each, in what he has done, has done his best. The editor, Mr. Hervey, who is not generally distinguished for rapid writing, has no fewer than six pieces in the volume, four in verse and two in prose. His prose tale of the " Rector's Daughter " is exceedingly beautiful and touching. Horace Smith, besides writing the dedication to the Queen, has furnished a pleasant bit of humour in a "New Night Mare," which is all about Dr. Mantell's Museum—antediluvian monsters,

"Skeletons, relics, and fossils."

Barry Cornwall's dramatic sketch of the "Cousins" is a gem. But in truth there is scarcely a bad or indifferent thing in the whole volume.

Since writing the above, we have received another old friend, the oldest, the father of the English Annuals—the

Forget Me Not. Edited by Frederick Schoberl.

Here also the literary matter is good, comprising contributions from a variety of popular writers, among whom are the fair American contributors to whom the volume stood so much indebted last year. Miss Lawrance, the well-known author of the "Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England," &c., Major Calder Campbell, Mr. Hesketh Fleetwood, Mrs. Abdy, Mrs. Lee, the Howitts, Charles Swain, Washington Browne, T. K. Hervey, Douglas Jerrold, Miss Louisa H. Sheridan, and Miss M. A. Browne, have all furnished pleasant matter. There is also an able article entitled "Lady Olivia, or the Traveller." In the engravings we see neither improvement nor falling off. They are much as they were.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

Animal Magnetism and Homœopathy. By Edwin Lee, M.R.C.S., Author of "A Treatise on some Nervous Disorders," &c. &c.—This is a second edition of an exceedingly well-timed little treatise, with considerable additions and improvements. The *exposé* of the two newest *hums* is perfect! We recommend it to all hypochondriacs who are trying, or thinking of trying, animal magnetism or infinitesimal doses.

The New Excitement; or a Book to induce Young People to Read.—Good! very good! and likely to answer the end proposed.

Decerpta ex P. Ovidii Nasonis Metamorphoseon Libris; with English Notes, and a Mythological, Geographical, and Historical Index. By George Ferguson, A.M., one of the Masters of the Edinburgh Academy.—One of the best school-books we have ever met with. As far as it goes, it is perfect.

The Mortgagee.—This is the second volume of Sutherland's "Edinburgh Cabinet Novels."—From a hasty examination we should be tempted to say that it is as good as the first volume, containing "The Medicaster," which we noticed with proper commendation last month.

Wilson's Tales of the Borders.—Still good, and in a proper spirit.

The Wonders of the World.—Wonderfully incorrect and provokingly mouthy.

A General Outline of the Animal Kingdom. By Thomas Rymer Jones, F Z.S.—A valuable work, beautifully illustrated and got up. It is one of a class (in course of publication or completed by Mr. Van Voorst) which we have frequently noticed with honest approbation.

Translations from the Lyric Poets of Germany, with brief Notices of their Lives and Writings. By John Macray.—Although the poetry is not of the best, this book is likely to extend a taste for German literature, and will be a valuable assistant to the student of the German language.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Diadem, a Book for the Boudoir. Edited by Miss S. H. Sheridan. 4to. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Jennings' Landscape Annual, 1839, " Portugal." 8vo. 21*s.*
Caunter's and Daniell's Oriental Annual, 1839. 8vo. 21*s.*
Heath's Keepsake, 1839. 8vo. 21*s.*
Watts' (Mrs.) Juvenile Poetical Library. Fcap, plates. 8*s.*
Friendship's Offering, 1839. 12*s.*
Forget-Me-Not, 1839. 12*s.*
Henshall's Select Illustrated Topography of Thirty Miles around London. Royal 8vo. 15*s.*
The Unity of Disease. By Samuel Dickson, M.D. 8vo. 9*s.*
The Female Mentor, or Select Conversations. Edited by Mrs. E. H. Coxe. Third edition. 12mo. 6*s.*
Brett's Principal Liturgies used in the Celebration of the Holy Eucharist. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Thornton's Family Prayers. Eighth edition. 12mo. 3*s.*
The Bishop of Chester's Exposition of St. John. New edition. 8vo. 9*s.*
Abbott's Hoary-head and the Valleys Below. Royal 32mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Passing Thoughts. By C. Elizabeth. Second Edition. Fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.*
The Youthful Sufferer Rejoicing. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Tomlinson's Student's Manual of Natural Philosophy. Royal 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Páli Annals, Turnour's Mahawarso. Vol. I. 4to. 30*s.*
Carpenter's Apostolical Harmony of the Gospels. 8vo. 14*s.*
Lingard's History of England. Vol. III. Fcp. 5*s.*
Freckleton's Outlines of General Pathology. Royal 12mo. 7*s.*
Loudon's Hortus Lignosus Londinensis. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Nicholson's Practical Masonry. New Edition. Royal 8vo. 12*s.*
Betts' New School Atlas, 14*s.*, 16*s.*, and 18*s.*
German for Beginners. By W. Wittich. Second Edition. 12mo. 5*s.*
Smith's Latin Exercises for Beginners. 12mo. 3*s.*
Ferguson's Decerpta ex Metamorphoseon, with English Notes. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Carr's Homonyma Linguæ Latinæ. Second Edition. 12mo. 3*s.*
Smallfield's English Punctuation. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Sopwith's Treatise on Isometrical Drawing. Second Edition. 8vo. 16*s.*
Morton's Surgical Anatomy of the Perinæum. Royal 8vo. 6*s.* plain, 7*s.* 6*d.* col.
Dowling's Practice of the Superior Courts. 12mo. 8*s.*
Tyas's Map of the London and Southampton Railway. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*
Leithart's Practical Observations on Mineral Veins. 8vo. 5*s.*

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The author of " Misrepresentation " has just committed to the press a Second Series of her Tales on the Passions, entitled " JANET; OR A GLANCE AT HUMAN NATURE." We are glad to find the author has been encouraged to this course. We have before expressed the high opinion we entertain of her talents, and have no doubt that their further exercise will tend still more to establish her productions in the estimation of the public.

Miss Burdon's new work, " THE LOST EVIDENCE," has just appeared, though we have not had it in time for our present Notices. We shall, however, give it early attention, recommended as it is by the fame of the author's former attractive work, " Seymour of Sudeley."

We have also to regret a similar want of opportunity for noticing the beautiful little volume of poems just completed by Mrs. Edward Thomas, entitled " Tranquil Hours," our account of which must be postponed till our next number.

We are glad to find that Mrs. Jameson is approaching the completion of her new work " WINTER STUDIES AND SUMMER RAMBLES." We anticipate much delight from these new Studies and Rambles of this gifted lady.

Mrs. Needham's new work, " ADA, A TALE, is, we understand, to appear with the Magazines.

The Hon. Miss Sayers has in the press a new work in three vols., entitled " HENRY ACTON, AND OTHER TALES."

In the press, "Gleanings from Germany, or Select Specimens of German Romance, History, and Biography; comprising the Productions of the most esteemed Authors of that Country. Including Clauren, Madame Pichler, Heinse, Castelli, Zschokke, Boerne, Solona, Von Tietz, Kohlrausch, Carl Maria von Weber, &c. From the German, by James D. Haas. In 1 vol. 12mo.

The Duke of Wellington's Waterloo Despatches, forming the Twelfth and last Volume of the Wellington Despatches.

Memoirs of George Lord Anson, the Circumnavigator of the Globe, by Sir John Barrow, Bart.

Moorcraft's Travels in the Himalayan Province of Hindostan, plates and map, 2 vols. 8vo.

Lord Mahon's History of England, from the the Peace of Utretcht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. Volume the third and last.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

The general results of the harvest have, we believe, proved more satisfactory than in many parts had been anticipated.

Some large orders are said to have been received by the last arrival of the *Great Western.*

The accounts from New York to the 4th inst. are of a very favourable character as regards mercantile prospects, the business done being of a steady and profitable nature. The Money Market was easy, though the dealings in Stocks and Shares were not very numerous or at advancing rates—a fact which is not at all to be regretted as far as the *real* interests of America are concerned. Party spirit runs very high between the ministerialists and opposition, and their respective strength is expected to be very nicely balanced in the ensuing Congress.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 27th of October.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 204 to 3 and a half.—Three per Cent. Consols, 94 to 3 three-fourths.—Three per Cent. reduced, 93 and a quarter to one-eighth.—Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, 100 five-eighths—Exchequer Bills, 64*s.* to 66*s.* prem.—India Bonds, 65*s.* p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Five per Cent. 22 and a quarter to 2.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 54 to one-eighth.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 100 five-eights to a half.—Spanish, Five per Cents. 17 five-eights.

Money Market Report.—The Money Market has been in rather an uneasy and unsettled state, and since the intelligence from India and Canada there has been a decline to some extent, which would most probably have been greater had not the market been supported from day to day by purchases on account of the Savings Banks, made by the Commissioners for the reduction of the national debt, and also, it is said, by purchases by the Bank of England. Consols opened on Monday, at 94⅛, and the lowest point of depression has been 93¼ ⅜, since which date some reaction has taken place, and business to some extent has been done at improving rates.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM SEPT. 25, TO OCT. 19, 1838, INCLUSIVE.

Sept. 25.—C. Neall, Epping, cheesemonger.—R. Machell, Dewsbury, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—G. Clarke, Shrewsbury, innkeeper.

Sept. 28.—T. F. Mason, Park Street, Hyde Park, horse dealer.—A. J. Kopsch, Crown Court, Old Broad Street, silk merchant.—E. Pullein and J. B. Lowe, Manchester, cotton spinners.—W. Smith, Thurmaston, Leicestershire, sock manufacturer.

Oct. 2.—J. Hocken, Maddox Street, Hanover Square, tailor.—I. Samuel, High Street, Shadwell, watchmaker.—J. and W. Greenwood, Halifax, cotton spinners.

Oct. 5.—W. Mathews, Kingsland, Middlesex, grocer.—G. Field, of Two Waters, Hertfordshire, paper maker.—W. S. Gladhill, Clerkenwell Close, Clerkenwell, japanner.—D. Pinner, Crown Street, Finsbury, copperplate press maker.—J. Ranson, Tottenham Court road, victualler.—J. Skeat, Lostwithiel, Cornwall, druggist.—W. Clayton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, milliner and woollen draper.—R. Liddell, Monkwearmouth-shore, Durham, ship chandler.—J. Smith, Salford, Lancashire, plumber and glazier.—W. Curtis, Clevedon, Somersetshire, innkeeper.—J. J. Anderson, York, innkeeper.—I. Shore, Preston, Lancashire, draper.—T. and W. Hodgson, Thorp, Yorkshire, shoemakers.

Oct. 9.—H. S. Winter, Bristol, comb manufacturer.—W. Ashmore, Sheffield, optician.—J. Home, Whiston, Lancashire, stone mason.—J. Collins, Gillingham, Dorsetshire, builder.

Oct. 12.—R. Cox, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, paper merchant.—C. F. Parsons, Liverpool, money scrivener.

Oct. 16.—J. Laurence, Bucklersbury, Manchester, warehouseman.—C. Jackson, Great Newport Street, St. Anne's, featherbed maker.—T. Weaver, Lower Street, Islington, butcher.—H. Graves, Strand, tailor.—J. Bettridge, Birmingham, timber merchant.—J. D. Williams, Carmarthen, ironmonger.

Oct. 19.—J. Lawrance, Lawrence Lane, Cheapside, Manchester warehouseman —G. Anderson, Mark Lane, wine merchant.—J. Bradshaw, Manchester, provision dealer.—E. Sharp, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, draper.—F. Diggon, sen., Thetford, Norfolk, tanner.—R. Hartill, Willenhall, Staffordshire, ironmonger.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1838.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Sept.					
23	66-47	29,86-29,84	S.		Cloudy, rain in the morning and evening.
24	55-41·5	29,83-29,74	N.E.	,0375	Cloudy, raining generally from 9 A.M. till 5 P.M.
25	55-50	29,78-29,72	S.W.	,075	Generally cloudy.
26	60-44·5	29,90 29,87	S.E.	,025	Generally cloudy.
27	59-52	29,83-29,79	N.E.	,025	Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the morn.
28	59-37	29,94-29,87	S.W.	,875	Evening cloudy, otherwise clear.
29	67-38	29,95-29,94	N.		Cloudy, rain at times.
30	63-55	30,15-30,06	N.	,05	Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
Oct.					
1	61-44	30,20 Stat.	N.		General overcast, a little rain in the morning.
2	62-51	30,28-30,21	N.E.		Generally clear.
3	63-46	30,30-30,28	N.E.		Generally clear.
4	55 41·5	30,28-30,25	N.		Generally clear.
5	58-40	30,23 Stat.	N.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
6	59-40	30,25 Stat.	N.		Morning overcast, otherwise clear.
7	56-43	30,25-30,22	N.		General overcast, just beginning to rain.
8	57-48	30,26-30,23	N.		General overcast.
9	59-46	30,26-30,19	N.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
10	55-45	30,14-30,08	N.W.		General overcast.
11	61-47	29,90-29,56	S.W.		Generally clear.
12	50-45	29,62-29,58	N.W.		Generally clear, a shower of hail about noon.
13	45-30	29,79-29,65	N.W.		Gen. cloudy, a little snow fell between 1 & 2 aft.
14	49 28	29,83 29,50	S.W.		Cloudy, with frequent rain.
15	57-47·5	29,57-29,45	S.W.	,15	Cloudy, a little rain in the afternoon.
16	61-54·5	29,56-29,40	S.W.	,0125	Cloudy, wind boisterous.
17	57-50	29,49-29,26	S.W.	,1625	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
18	54 37	29,92-29,86	S.W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain at times.
19	58-47	29.96 29,87	S.W.		Generally clear, rain in the morning.
20	63-47	30,10-29,96	S.W.	,0025	Generally clear.
21	63-47	30,17-30,15	S.W.		General overcast.
22	62-45·5	30,06-30,00	S.W.		General overcast.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Keys, of Sutton, in the parish of Prescot, Lancaster, Copper Smelter; and W. T. Clough, of Eccleston, in the parish of Prescot, aforesaid, for a method or process for the manufacture of sulphuric acid from copper ore, copper regulus, and sulphuret of zinc. August 31st, 6 months.

M. Balmanno, of Queen Street, Cheapside, London, Merchant, for a new and improved method of making and manufacturing paper, pasteboard, felt, and tissues. September 6th, 6 months.

J. F. Bourne, of Manchester, Lancaster, and J. Bartley, jun., of the same place, Engineers, for certain improvements in the construction of wheels to be used upon railways and other roads, and which improvements are also applicable to the construction of wheels in general. September 6th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of 66, Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Patent Agent, for certain improvements applicable to certain parts of the process generally used for the manufacturing and refining of sugar. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 6th, 6 months.

T. Burstall, of Leith, Scotland, Engineer, for certain improvements in the steam-engine, and in apparatus to be used therewith, or with any other construction of the steam-engine, or other motive power, for the more smooth and easy conveyance of goods and passengers on land and water, part of which will be applicable to water power. September 6th, 6 months.

H. Gibbs, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Button Manufacturer, for an improved perforated button. September 6th, 6 months.

J. Brown, of the Minories, in the Liberty of the Tower of London, Upholsterer, for improvements in beds, sofas, chairs, and other articles of furniture, to render them more suitable for travelling and other purposes. September 8th, 6 months.

J. Ulric Vaucher, of Geneva in Switzerland, but now residing at Manchester, Gentleman, for certain improvements in fire engines, watering engines, and other hydraulic machines, and apparatus for raising or propelling water and other fluids, some of which improvements are also applicable to steam engines. September 8th, 6 months.

H. Dunnington, of Nottingham, Lace Manufacturer, for improvements in machinery employed in making frame work, knitting or stocking fabrics. September 10th, 6 months.

A. S. Stocker, and C. Heely, Manufacturers, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, for improvements in straps for wearing apparel. September 10th, 6 months.

A. Ador, of Leicester Square, Middlesex, for certain improvements on lamps, or apparatus for producing or affording light. September 13th, 6 months.

J. Hall, of Over, Cheshire, Plumber, for improvements in the manufacture of salt. September 13th, 6 months.

J. Chanter, of Earl Street, Blackfriars, Surrey, Esquire, and J. Grantham, of Liverpool, Engineer, for improvements in furnaces for steam boilers. September 13th, 6 months.

E. Bottomley, of South Crossland, in the parish of Almondbury, Yorkshire, Clothier, for certain improvement or improvements applicable to power and hand looms. September 13th, 6 months.

R. Massey, of King Street, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, Watchmaker, for improvements in watches and machines for keeping time. September 13th, 6 months.

J. Wapshare, of Bath, Somersetshire, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the application of heat, for the purpose of drying wool, woollen yarns, woollen cloths, and other articles, and other improvements connected with the use of the press, in the process of dressing or finishing woollen cloths. September 13th, 6 months.

J. Wilkinson, of the Quadrant, Regent Street, in the parish of Saint James, in the city of Westminster, Ironmonger and Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of tram or railways, and in the carriages to be used thereon. September 13th, 6 months.

T. Swinburne, of South Square, Gray's Inn, Esquire, for certain improvements in water-closets, and other conveniences of the kind. September 13th, 6 months.

A. M'Lellan, of the city of Glasgow, Coach Builder, for certain improvements upon the springs and braces of wheel-carriages, and upon the mode of hanging such carriages. September 13th, 6 months.

F. Le Mesurier, of New Street, Saint Peters Port, in the Island of Guernsey, Gentleman, for a certain improvement or improvements in the construction of pumps, for raising water or other fluids. September 13th, 6 months.

Sir H. Pigot, of Foley Place, Marylebone, Middlesex, Knight, for a certain engine or engines, useful as steam-engines, pumps, or propellers of vessels, or machinery. September 13th, 6 months.

W. Day, of Gate Street, in the parish of Saint Giles-in-the-Fields, Middlesex, Lithographer, for an improved mode or method of applying and combining timber and other materials used in the construction of ships or vessels, masts, yards, beams, piers, bridges, and various other purposes. September 20th, 6 months.

J. Nasmyth, of Patricroft, near Manchester, Lancashire, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery, tools, or apparatus, for cutting or planing metals and other substances, and in securing or fastening the keys or cottars used in such machinery, and other machinery where keys or cottars are commonly applied. September 20th, 6 months.

R. W. Sievier, of Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in rigger pulley bands, for driving machinery, and ropes and lines for other purposes. September 20th, 6 months.

J. T. Betts, of Smithfield Bars, in the City of London, Rectifyer, for improvements in the manufacture of gin, which he intends to denominate Bett's Patent Gin, or Bett's Patent Stomachic Gin. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 21st, 6 months.

J. Walton, of Sowerby Bridge, in the parish of Halifax, Yorkshire, Cloth Dresser and Frizer, for certain improvements in machinery for making wire cards for carding cotton, wool, silk, tow, and other fibrous substances of the like nature. September 21st, 6 months.

J. White, of Haddington, North Britain, Ironmonger, for certain improvements in the construction of ovens and heated-air stoves. September 27th, 6 months.

E. Henze, of Fenton's Hotel, Saint James's Street, Merchant, for improvements in the manufacture of dextrine. September 27th, 6 months.

J. J. C. Sheridan, of Ironmonger Lane, Chemist, for an improvement in the manufacture of soap. September 27th, 6 months.

J. H. Rees, of Penymaes, Carmarthen, Esq., for certain improvements in the machinery applicable to the raising of water for propelling boats, carriages, and other machinery. September 27th, 6 months.

E. A. F. Delarue, jun., of Bacon's Hotel, Saint Paul's Churchyard, for certain improvements in printing and fixing red and other colours in which red forms a constituent part upon cotton, silk, woollen, and other fabrics. September 27th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

Parliament has been prorogued from the 11th of October to the 4th of December.

The most important occurrence of the month has been the intelligence received from Canada respecting the resignation of the Earl of Durham. The following are extracts:—

"Quebec, Saturday Evening, Sept. 22.

"The Earl of Durham has avowed his determination to resign his administration, and leave the country, immediately on his receipt of the official proceedings of the British Parliament.

"This day, at half-past three o'clock, he met by appointment the delegates from the lower provinces, to wit, the Hon. Messrs. Johnston, Uniacke, and Young, from Nova Scotia; Messrs. Simonds, Johnston, Peters, Robertson, and Kirk, from New Brunswick; and Messrs. Dalrymple, Haviland, and Pope, from Prince Edward's. Mr. Johnston, from Nova Scotia, is the Solicitor-General of that province. Mr. Simonds is Speaker of the Assembly of New Brunswick, and Mr. Dalrymple Speaker of the Assembly of Prince Edward's."

The Hon. Mr. Johnston of Halifax, who acted as Chairman of the Delegates, then read the following Address to his Excellency the Earl of Durham:—

"To his Excellency the Right Hon. the Earl of Durham, Governor-General of the British North American Provinces, &c. &c.

"In approaching your Lordship on the eve of your departure from Quebec, we beg unanimously to offer to your Lordship the expression of our highest respect, and of the deep concern with which we have heard of your Lordship's rumoured intention to resign the government of these provinces.

"The duties of the mission with which we have been entrusted by the Lieutenant-Governors of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, and the frankness of communication permitted by the Lordship, have brought us into acquaintance with your Lordship's feelings and views in relation to British America, and irresistibly impressed our minds with the conviction that your Lordship cherishes an ardent desire to elevate the colonies committed to your government, and entertains conceptions calculated to render that desire effective.

"In a review of the short period of the government under your Lordship's personal direction, we behold your Lordship, with that feeling so congenial to Englishmen, which turns with repugnance from the shedding of blood on the scaffold, blending mercy with justice; while returning tranquillity had already rewarded an administration conducted without the sacrifice of human life; and we were aware that improved laws and institutions were in preparation, which, under a government firm, mild, and impartial, gave to the future the reasonable prospect of restored confidence and renovated prosperity.

"For the provinces with which we are more personally connected, we saw in the warm interest, the enlightened and comprehensive views, and extensive powers of your Lordship, the dawning of vigour and improvement hitherto unknown. With your Lordship's departure those anticipations will, we fear, fade away; but although it should be our lot to see these provinces continue feeble and nerveless, compared with the condition at which their natural advantages entitle them to aim, yet shall we ever remember with gratitude the statesman, who, exalted in the first rank, and treading on the highest eminence of political life in our common country, hesitated not, at the call of his Sovereign, with disinterested zeal, to undertake an office of unparalleled difficulty, and has given to these distant territories the benefit of his enlarged experience and vigorous conceptions. Your Lordship's comprehensive mind has opened to our view the animating prospects of great public improvements advancing our common welfare, and which will ever associate your Lordship's name with the highest prosperity of the colonies.

"We are unwilling to abandon the hope that your lordship may yet continue in the administration of your high office. Under any circumstances, we beg to assure your Lordship, that our most ardent wishes for the happiness of the Countess of Durham, your Lordship, and family, will accompany you through life.

"J. W. Johnston, Member of the Legislative Council, Nova Scotia.
"James B. Uniacke, Member for County of Cape Breton, and Member of Council.
"William Young, Member of Assembly for the County of Inverness.
"M. B. Almon.
("Deputation from Nova Scotia.)

"Charles Symonds, Member of the Executive Council, and Speaker of the Assembly of New Brunswick.
"Harry Peters, Legislative Council.
"A. Botsford, Member of Executive and Legislative Councils.
"Hugh Johnson, Member of the Executive Council and House of Assembly.
"James Kirk.
"John Robertson.
"(Deputation from New Brunswick.)

"T. H. Haviland, Member of Executive and Legislative Councils.
"George Dalrymple, Speaker of the House of Assembly.
"Joseph Pope, Member of Assembly for Prince County.
"(Deputation from Prince Edward Island.)
"Quebec, Sept. 22, 1838."

To which address his Excellency was pleased to return the following answer:—

"It is impossible for me to express to you, in language sufficiently strong, the feelings of gratitude and pleasure with which I have received this address.

" Representing, as you do so worthily, the three provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, this high proof of your confidence in me, and approbation of the principles on which my administration has been conducted, are most gratifying to me.

" I assumed the government of the North American provinces with the predetermination to provide for the future welfare and prosperity of them all; never doubting that such a provision would be the best, nay the only real security for their permanent connexion with the British Crown. In communications which have taken place between us, and from which I have derived equal pleasure and information, you have been fully apprised of my views and intentions. These you have appreciated and recognised in a manner for which I can never be sufficiently grateful. I have, indeed, had a difficult and laborious duty to perform. The result of my endeavours, however, is one of which I need not be ashamed. In the short space of little more than three months I have seen tranquillity restored and confidence reviving. I have caused substantial justice to be administered, tempered by mercy. I have carefully examined, with a view to reformation, all the institutions of the province more immediately committed to my charge; and I was on the point of prômulgating such laws as would have afforded protection to all those great British interests which had been too long neglected. I had also, as you well know, devoted the most careful attention to all subjects which could affect the general interests of all the colonies, and had brought nearly to maturity the plan which I intended to submit in the first instance to the consideration of the provinces, and eventually of the Cabinet and the Imperial Parliament. In this, I trust, useful course, I have been suddenly arrested by the interference of a branch of the British Legislature, in which the responsible advisers of the Crown have deemed it their duty to acquiesce. Under these circumstances I have but one step to take—to resign that authority, the exercise of which has thus been so weakened as to render it totally inadequate to the grave emergency which alone called for its existence.

" Be assured, however, of this, gentlemen, that this unexpected and abrupt termination of the official connexion which united me with the North American provinces, will not weaken in my mind the feelings of deep interest which I shall ever take in their fate, or render me less anxious to devote every faculty of my mind, every influence I may possess, to the advancement of their interests, and to the establishment, on the most lasting foundation, of their welfare and prosperity."

" After the answer had been given to the delegates, Lord Durham spoke to them in the most impressive manner for some ten minutes, expressing his sentiments more fully than he had done in his written answer. He thanked them for their promptness in complying with his invitation to meet him, for the purpose of consulting on the welfare of the several provinces. He was happy to find that but one sentiment prevailed—a determination never to be separated from England, the home of their fathers. His Lordship said, that amid all the perplexities which had surrounded him, he had found consolation and pleasure in looking forward to the prospect of a settlement of the many difficulties which presented themselves at almost every step. The calling together of the delegates from the Lower Provinces was a subject on which he had bestowed a good deal of thought, and he had entertained hopes that some plan could be adopted which would benefit each province, and strengthen the bonds of the whole, thereby shedding a lustre on that country which of all others might be considered the glory of the world. His excellency remarked, that difficulties might have presented themselves in the arrangement of a union, but he assured the delegates that his great object would have been the good of the whole, and not particularly that of the Canadas. He would have heard with attention every argument which could have been brought forward, and would have endeavoured to satisfy all. He declared, that whatever he did should be done openly and fairly, and never would he make use of deception to gain any point. That was the language he used to the Emperor of Russia, when he was ambassador to that court, and that course should guide him in all his pursuits through life.

" Lord Durham then alluded to the Canadas, and said they were very imperfectly known to those at home. He knew very little about them while in England. He came out, he said, not to gratify his own personal feelings, but to obey the commands of his sovereign. His views of this country had greatly changed since he became acquainted with her resources, and with a portion of her inhabitants; and wherever he might be called, and however employed, he should always cherish an ardent wish for the prosperity of this vast country.

"It had been his aim, and the dearest object of his wishes, to be able to inform her Majesty that her fine possessions in British America might be considered one of the richest gems of her dominions; that the entire population were in a perfect state of harmony and friendship; and that each party was striving which could most promote the good of the whole. He had not yet brought into action those measures which were intended for the good of the country, but several of them were nearly completed, and would most immediately have been made public.

"At a moment when he was about to complete those plans which had been maturing, party spirit had interposed her withering hand, and blasted all his hopes for the welfare of the Canadas. He could not, he did not, wish to conceal from the gentlemen present, that the recent intelligence from England, although not official to him, had made a deep impression on his mind. Opposition from Lord Brougham, and from those acting with him, was no more than he might expect; *but he was compelled to say that he had been put down—sacrificed by his friends!—those whose duty it was to stand forth in his defence*, at a period when his political enemies were using their utmost energy to destroy him. [Here his Lordship was so overcome, *that he had to retire to a distant part of the room.* Returning, he offered an apology, but none was needed, for every one present had partaken of the same feeling that had come over his Lordship. He continued.] It was, he said, the duty of her Majesty's ministers to support him in the hour of persecution, and not to join with his bitter foes in striking at his head.

"Deprived of all ability to do anything for Canada, it could be of no use for him to remain longer in the country, and he should leave it as soon as he received the official account of the parliamentary doings. It was his intention to be on his way for England by the 10th of October. He then took an affectionate farewell of the delegates, tendering to them the steam frigate *Medea* to convey them home. That beautiful vessel sails in the morning at seven o'clock with a portion of them, and the residue go up to-night in the *Canada*, and will visit the city of New York, *viâ* the Falls.

"Yesterday and to-day a large number of highly respectable persons called at the Castle, and left their names to an address, praying his excellency to remain in charge of the government at this critical juncture."[*]

The *Great Western*, which brought over these despatches, made the voyage in the astonishingly short space of twelve days and a half! The following is an interesting document, a copy of her log.

"The *Great Western* left New York at four o'clock on the 4th inst., and arrived at Bristol at half-past eight on the 16th.

"The following are some particulars of the voyage:–

Date.	Wind.	Latitude.		Longitude.		Distance.
		Deg.	Min.	Deg.	Min.	Miles.
Oct. 5	W.S.W. W.	40	22	70	14	171
6	W. S.	40	43	65	31	206
7	S.	41	43	60	27	237
8	S. S.E.	42	47	54	55	250
9	S.E.	44	14	50	18	224
10	S.E.	45	49	45	3	239
11	S.E.	47	21	39	48	239
12	Variable.	48	27	34	34	238
13	N.W.	48	58	28	10	355
14	N.N.W. W.N.W.	49	40	21	34	264
15	W.N.W. N.W.	50	12	14	59	258
16	W.N.W. S.W. by W.	50	50	8	22	256.

---

[*] The result of this, and of the despatches sent by the government, cannot as yet be known.

REMARKS AND VESSELS SPOKEN WITH.

Oct. 5.—Fresh breezes; clear. P.M. Moderate and hazy.
6.—Calm; moderate and fine.
7.—Moderate and fine.
8.—Moderate and hazy.
9.—Fresh breezes and hazy.
10.—Moderate and hazy; a head sea.
11.—Light breezes and fine.
12.—Light breezes and hazy.
13.—Moderate and cloudy.
14.—Showers; fresh breezes and cloudy.
15.—Northerly swell; rain at times; squally.
16.—Northerly swell; squally; fresh gales and rain.

Oct. 7.—Passed and spoke a ship from Newcastle, supposed the Bolivar.
12.—The French bark Croix du Sud. The brig Funchal, of Glasgow, from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Oporto.

Captain Hosken, who has communicated this "log," adds that, unless some of their coals had not turned out bad, he should have been home one day sooner.

The next great undertaking of the kind is that of the large steam-ship, *Liverpool*, which is now on her way to New York, having first made an experimental trip, which was accomplished most satisfactorily. The following are the particulars, which we give in order to put on record in our pages those first steps of nautical science, so to speak, in this direction, which will hereafter, in all probability, be looked back upon with interest.

" At twenty minutes past six, the *Liverpool* passed opposite St. Nicholas's church, the usual place of starting of the government and other outgoing steam-boats, and from which, consequently, she took her ' departure.' She had on board three hundred and seventy-one tons of fuel, being the greatest portion of the stock required to steam her across the Atlantic. Notwithstanding the depression which so large a quantity, in addition to all her stores, necessarily produced, her speed against the flood was ten to ten and a half knots an hour, which she maintained generally, and sometimes exceeded, throughout a passage which on the whole was stormy, with a heavy beam sea for the most part, and a heading wind. In twenty minutes she passed the Rock Lighthouse, the engine giving about fourteen strokes per minute. We passed several steamers homeward-bound, and returned their cheers. In turning into the Rock Channel, we began to feel a swell of a sea, the result of the previous gales, kept up by a stiff breeze from the north, which looked black, accompanied by a shower of rain and sleet. Set the foresail, and afterwards the mainsail, close-hauled, the breeze increasing as we proceeded, accompanied by some hail. During occasional gleams of sunshine, Hilbre Island and the shores on the estuary of the Dee looked beautiful. We now observed that the hills behind the Ormeshead were covered with a thin coating of snow, and the chilliness of the wind betokened a premature visit of winter.

" We passed the Floating Light, the wind blowing fresh, with a heavy and gathering sea on the beam. Soon after, reefed the mainsail, the topmasts being before struck, and all made snug. At eleven o'clock saw the Calf of Man, bearing about north, and, at the same time, the high land of the Isle of Man, to the westward, white with snow. The sea rolled heavier and heavier from the north, and so continued until after we passed the Skerries, when the weather became more moderate. The ship underwent a fair trial during the height of the breeze and the swell, and behaved most admirably. She steered with the greatest facility, one hand being sufficient to give her safe guidance, even in the heaviest of the sea, as was proved by Sir John Tobin himself, who steered her, with all the enthusiasm of an amateur and the skill of a sailor, for several leagues. It was a glorious sight to stand near the wheel of this stupendous ship, (two hundred and thirty-five feet in length,) and mark with what indignant velocity, ' like a thing of life,' she cut through the mountainous element that boiled and yawned around her, and vainly sought to oppose her progress, without once shipping a sea. To see this—to take a long walk, too, upon her spacious decks—a lounge through her palace-like cabins, feeling as secure as on *terra firma*—all conveyed to the mind a peculiar, indescribable, but delightful sensation—that of the accomplishment of one of the noblest triumphs of human science, ingenuity, and enterprise, that the world has yet witnessed.

"About noon we passed the town of Amlwch, in Anglesea. The whole of the hills in the interior were covered with snow, as were the hills on the east of Beaumaris Bay, including the lofty Penmanmawr. The Skerries with the lighthouse, and afterwards Holyhead, were here in sight, and though the sea was running very high, and we were in the height of it, the vessel continued to maintain her speed, at all times approaching ten knots, and often exceeding it. The North and South Stack and lighthouses, and the land forming Carnarvon Bay, were next visible, and these, rendered conspicuous on the horizon by the snow, were visible until we saw the coast of Ireland right ahead. The waves, dashed against the Skerries and the adjacent bold shores, rose in white foam many feet in height. At two o'clock we passed the Holyhead mail-boat from Dublin, near her destination, (having left at nine in the morning,) showing considerable canvass. From this time, or rather after passing Point Lynas, the sea became less heavy, and the wind slightly abated. Some vessels we met were still hammering away under reefed topsails. Our speed in smoother water, as a matter of course, increased, but only in a small degree; and we felt convinced that when the stiffness is worn off the engines, the Liverpool will head a strong breeze and corresponding sea, eleven knots. At three o'clock the South Stack bore E.S.E., distant about twenty miles.

"At forty minutes past eleven o'clock we passed the Bailey Light, having, with a new boat and new and stiff engines, new hands, strong hands, strong winds, and a heavy sea, accomplished the trip in twelve hours and twenty-one minutes.

"After passing the Bailey Light, darkness had set in, and as caution was necessary, the speed of the engines was reduced. As we cast anchor in the harbour of Kingstown, and some rockets announced to the good people of Dublin that the great *Liverpool* had arrived, numerous boats put off from the shore, and much anxiety was exhibited to examine her cabins and engines. Some of the passengers went on shore, and took to Dublin by the railway; but not a few of them, including Sir John Tobin, remained on board, and never left the vessel from the time of her departure until her return.

"At half-past ten on Sunday night the anchor was weighed, and the vessel steered out to sea, the wind blowing rather briskly from W.N.W. At eleven set the foretopsail and foresail, which was all the sail carried on the passage. In crossing the Channel, the engines worked more rapidly than on the outward tip, making an average of about sixteen and a half strokes per minute, and sailing at eleven and a quarter miles an hour. It should be remarked, that it was found that, on the outward passage, she was overfloated, though with 370 tons of coal on board; and her paddle-boards were consequently slightly reduced at Kingston, to expedite the motion of her engines. A strong breeze prevailed through the night, accompanied by a heavy sea, which, however, took little or no effect upon the vessel, which dashed on in glorious style on her course. Soon after three o'clock, the Stack Lights were left astern, and the Skerries brought almost abeam. The sea, from this time till dawn, ran higher. The *Liverpool*, however, proved herself a remarkably easy sea-boat. At eight o'clock passed the Light-ship. On approaching the Mersey, the scene became animated and interesting. Several ships and brigs were steering port-ward under close-reefed topsails. These the *Liverpool*, taking in all sail, readily passed, and, in ten hours and a half after leaving Ireland, was opposite New Brighton. A considerable number of persons collected on the quays to witness the arrival of the vessel, and she reached her place of 'departure,' opposite St. Nicholas's Church, at twelve minutes past nine o'clock, making the voyage in nineteen hours and forty-two minutes."

THE

METROPOLITAN.

DECEMBER, 1838.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Protectorate; or, Oliver Cromwell and the State of Europe during the early part of the Reign of Louis XIV., illustrated in a Series of Letters. Now first published from the Originals. Edited by ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D., Professor of Ancient and Modern History in University College, London. *With an Introduction on the Character of Cromwell and his Times.* Two vols.

There are no such materials for history as cotemporary letters written on the spur of the moment. When of a private nature, and addressed confidentially from one friend to another, like the Paston Letters, they are doubly valuable; for we must not always admit as indisputable truths the things which ministers, ambassadors, and other placemen, impart to one another as such. If we could only disinter some few score of family correspondence like the Paston, and some of the letters recently published by Sir Charles Bunbury, we should no doubt read many parts of our annals with a surer light. The mass of the letters now published by Professor Vaughan are not precisely of the private confidential kind, they being written for the most part by Dr. John Pell, resident ambassador with the Swiss Cantons, by Thurloe, Cromwell's secretary, who, in diplomacy, only saw with the eyes of his great master, and by two other diplomatists, Sir Sir Samuel Morland and Sir William Lockhart. Still, however, in many parts, this correspondence is exceedingly valuable, and no person seriously devoted to the study of history ought to let it pass without an attentive perusal. In relating what passes abroad, particularly in Switzerland and the Vaudois country, Pell had no inducement to misrepresent facts, and his letters, insomuch, may be taken as satisfactory evidence as to the real state of things. It is true, that his accounts of his disputations with burgomasters, his details about diets, synods, heresies, and religious controversies, are somewhat tedious; but they are in keeping with the spirit of those times, and one must wade through them and similar documents to have a correct notion of the social state of Switzerland and other parts of Europe in the middle of the seventeenth century. And then they have that high interest of laying open Cromwell's negociations in favour of the oppressed Vaudois Protestants, a subject graven deep in the hearts of Englishmen by the immortal sonnet of Milton.

> "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

In different letters we have also some curious glimpses of what is going on among the persecuted Protestants of Bohemia and Poland. Count Krasinski, whose historical sketch of the Reformation in Poland we noticed last month, will do well to look into Professor Vaughan's book, when he reaches the seventeenth century.

There is one reflection, which applies equally to all the diplomatic correspondence and state papers of the time of the Commonwealth that we have seen,—there is an infinitely higher moral tone, an incomparably greater honesty of purpose, a more manly straightforwardness in these letters than in any documents of the same kind that preceded them or (*for a very long time*) followed them. The letters of placemen and public characters, from the time of Henry VIII. to the downfall of Charles I., are, with very few exceptions, base in the extreme. We can hardly conceive how native Englishmen could ever have descended to such depths of degradation!

Professor Vaughan introduces the letters by a clever essay on the character of Cromwell and of his times; if not wholly impartial, it cannot be accused of a bent unfavourable to the Protector, which is the defect of most of our histories and of our other popular works which treat of that wonderful man. We might here notice, as an omission, that the professor has not attempted to clear up the facts of the early life of Cromwell, for which rather abundant materials may be found. Perhaps, however, these researches would have been incompatible with the limits of a work like the present; but we must mention, as an unfairness which we see nothing to excuse, that the professor has not done justice to the industry, research, and spirit of several modern writers, both English and foreign, who have done so much for the biography of Oliver Cromwell, and a proper understanding of his character and the characters of the men among whom he lived, and with whom he acted. Guizot, indeed, is mentioned once or twice, bu twe do not even see an allusion to Villemain, or to the honoured and honourable inheritor of the name of Cromwell, whose work on the Protector was published some twenty years ago.

At the end of the work there is an appendix containing some interesting illustrations of the state of philosophy and learning in the time of the Protectorate, and some agreeable notices concerning the domestic and literary character of Dr. Pell. As this portion of the work more readily admits of isolated extracts, we will cull from it a few paragraphs.

The following are from a letter of Mr. Hartlib, the friend of Milton. The age was turning strongly to mechanical inventions.

> "Sir Robert Honywood, lately come from the Hague, tells of a very singular invention of a clock without a balance, that goes most exactly true, and needs only to be wound up once in eight days. It is sold there for seven pounds sterling. Fromentil hath undertaken to make the like, if not to exceed it. The travelling chariots begin more and more to be in use amongst us: they were first invented by Colonel Blunt, in Kent; they go with one or two horses, and are so light that, if the horses be good, they may go easily with two or more persons fifty or sixty miles a day. The Earl of Thanet uses another kind of new-invented carriages, carrying in them five hundred weight of all manner of commodities, the carriage being closely covered to shelter it from rain, and going fifty miles a day with one horse, which is changed for another at twenty-five miles; but the carriers are so stupid that, as yet, they have not followed his example."
>
> "Of this Norden of Bristol I have no other insight as yet, but that he hath invented a peculiar kind of clepsydras, which are very much commended; but I am promised another invention of clepsydras, which one Dr. Lake, a civilian, by many serious observations for many years together, hath at last brought to such a perfection as that, in the judgment of Mr. Smethwick, it is said to excel all that ever hath been known in this kind. Himself hath tried it already for fourteen days, and finds it to be so accurate a diminution of time that he far prefers it before any other clocks or watches. My Lord Protector hath bought a clock for three hundred pounds, invented by Fromantil, which needs not to be wound up within a month. I hope I shall get one of Dr. Lake's water clepsydras."

Cromwell's huge *watch*, in the British Museum, looks as if it must have required a

"Captain, or colonel, or knight at arms,"

to carry it for him.

The next extract is from the pen of Mr. Beale, the friend of Hartlib.

> "I am very much delighted in the German Augustus Haubtman's philosophy; he searcheth the foundations and depths of nature; he spurs on our desires for more of his writings. I wish we could know what he hath found in his further experiments *concerning wines*; and, in that point, I would rather hear of their *experience* than of their reasonings. Surely you did not mistake my words concerning wines; for I said I would not discourage others, but I undertake to raise richer wines from the wildest English fruit which will bear abundantly in hilly and waste grounds, than can be raised from any English grape which hath been ripened by the multiplied rays of reflexing walls, and our wild fruit carries the general applause."

This Beale, though a devout man and "a real philosopher," (at least so Hartlib calls him,) appears to have been fond of the creature comforts. On another occasion he thus writes to his friend.

> "I crave leave to trouble your dear daughter with one inquiry upon a point of good housewifery. Bread and drink are the two chief pillars and fundamental necessaries of a good housekeeper. Now here, in this country, where none but the best gentry and some foremost houses do brew beer or ale, being generally accustomed to cider, we are often distressed for want of barm to bake our bread. Leaven is not in use among us, as too harsh and sour. Hence I inquire how we shall bake our finest bread without barm, as they do in France and Italy, and all over the southern world, where there is an excellent variety of bread, and no barm at all."

By the way, this "excellent variety" might still advantageously occupy the attention of our philosophers and chemists. Than the general run of our common bakers' bread there is scarcely anything more tasteless and insipid.

Beale, and Hartlib, and Pell, like most of their cotemporaries of any science or literature, dabbled a little in medicine. Hartlib fancied that he and his son-in-law had discovered a sure remedy for the stone and gravel. This was nothing but goat's blood: the true preparation of this only sovereign cure was, of course, a secret, to be communicated only *sub sigillo.*

> "As the Helvetian (Swiss) goats," writes Hartlib to Pell, "are judged the best for this medicine, we shall entreat that when you cause it to be prepared, that you will please to bestow a good quantity hither upon us."

Some of the scientific and literary letters of Sir Charles Cavendish, eldest son of the Duke of Newcastle, are very interesting. By one of them, written from Paris, we learn that old Hobbes had such an aversion to Descartes, that he would not see him when he was at Paris. In the same letter (it is dated May 1645) Cavendish says—

> "I doubt it will be long ere Mr. Hobbes publish anything: so far as I have read, I like very well; he proceeds every day somewhat, but he hath a great deal to do. * * * * Mr. Hobbes' journey to Montauban is stayed, being implored to read mathematics to our prince," (i. e. Charles II.)

All Cavendish's letters are full of scientific news, and talk about new editions of learned works.

Pell seems to have had a curious knack of scolding his wife. On one occasion he writes—

> "Yours of March 16th came to my hands whilst I was telling M. D. that it was just a year since we had seen our wives. As soon as I opened it, you fell finding fault with the superscription of my last letter, which labour you might have spared,

for I shall not learn of you how to direct my letters. A superscription is large enough if it be sufficient to make it find the way to the hands for which the letter was written; whatsoever is more than so, oftentimes causeth letters to be broken up and miscarried, because it discovers from whence and to whom; for which cause I strive to write in such a manner, that if a stranger break up my letters, he shall not understand much of the contents, nor from whom they were written. I shall not easily be brought to leave that way of writing, though you dislike it."

In another letter Pell is very particular about his son John's handwriting. He says to his wife—

"Take heed that John lose not his Roman with learning Secretary, or else get a rambling hand, writing neither of them well."

It should appear that his daughter Mary was left-handed, for in the same letter he says to his wife, "Let Mary learn to cut and carve with her right hand."

Before Pell was made an ambassador by Cromwell, he was professor of mathematics in the University of Breda. That he had a certain dry humour at the time is proved by the following extract from a letter, written to Sir Charles Cavendish, concerning certain lost treatises on the mathematics.

"Come we therefore to England. And first for Mr. Warner's *Analogies*, of which you desire to know whether they be printed. You remember that his papers were given to his kinsman, a merchant in London, who sent his partner to bury the old man, himself being hindered by apoplectic gout, which made him keep out of their sight that urged him to contribute to the parliament's assistance, from which he was exceedingly averse: so he was looked upon as one that absented himself out of malignancy, as his partner managed the whole trade. Since my coming over, the English merchants here tell me that both he and his partner are broken, and now they both keep out of sight, not as malignants, but as bankrupts. But this you may better inquire amongst our Hamburgh merchants. In the meantime, I am not a little afraid that all Mr. Warner's papers, and no small share of my labours therein, are seized upon and most unmathematically divided between the sequestrators and creditors, (who being not able to balance the account where there appear so many numbers, and much troubled at the sight of so many crosses and circles in the superstitious algebra and that black art of geometry,) will, no doubt, determine once in their lives to become figure-casters, and so vote them all to be thrown into the fire, if some good body do not reprieve them for pie bottoms, &c., for which purposes you know analogical numbers are incomparably apt, if they be accurately calculated."

In another of Pell's letters we find these amusing particulars about royal christian names.

"The prince of Spain is christened. His elder brother had but *six* names:—Balthasar Carolus Dominicus Philippus Victor Lucas. The late emperor's son, who now seeks to be emperor, hath also but *six* names:—Leopoldus Ignatius Franciscus Balthasar Josephus Felicianus. But this second son of Spain hath *fifteen* names. He is called—Philippus Prosper Josephus Franciscus Ignatius Antonius Michael Ludovicus Isidorus Alphonsus Bonaventura Dominicus Raimundus Jacobus Victor."

On the whole, we can hardly hope that the volumes before us will prove so acceptable to the general reader as the collection of letters published in "Queen Elizabeth and her Times," and edited by Mr. Wright—a work which we can recommend to the attention of those who have not yet read its amusing and instructive documents.

The Elements of Practical Geology as applicable to Mining, Engineering, Architecture, &c.; with Notices of the Mines and Mineral Productions of Great Britain. By FREDERICK BURR.

This appears to be a simple, clear, and useful manual, well adapted to the class or classes for whom it is especially intended. Our railroad makers have fine opportunities for observation, and we might expect that in the course of their gigantic undertakings and excavations they should add something to the real and unspeculative parts of the science of geology. At all events they have the opportunity, and form another of the great masses by which knowledge is gradually acquired and diffused. The author himself has enjoyed the advantages of extensive observation, and is therefore the better able to direct practical men who do not study geology as an accomplishment, but as a science necessary to their profession—men who in one sense turn stones into bread. The plan of the work is very good. The first part is devoted to those preliminary views of the structure of the globe, a previous acquaintance with which is essential to any sound progress in geological science. In the second part, the elementary facts and principles of geology are explained and illustrated in an easy, intelligible manner. The third part is devoted to descriptive geology, and a comprehensive view of the internal structure of Great Britain, with some references to foreign localities. In the appendix is exhibited a tabular view of the mineral statistics of Great Britain. The volume contains a neat little index map of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with their dependent islands, and several explanatory plates and wood-cuts. The book is got up in a very neat style, and is portable and cheap.

India, Great Britain, and Russia.

The Russo-phobia is a very prevalent disorder—much more prevalent than ever was cholera morbus or influenza in this climate of ours. Our author has caught the infection: and all amateurs who try their hands for the first time at great political questions are apt to be alarmists, and somewhat too declamatory and antithetical. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, he is, however, a person of good sense and enlarged views. For ourselves, we believe that before the crisis to which he alludes arrive, the disjointed empire of Russia will fall asunder from its own weight, and from the total want of any cementing or organising principle. We perfectly agree with him that the great loser in case of any sudden change would be India herself.

"A very slight degree of consideration will be sufficient to show that we are fully justified in regarding the retention of British India under the fostering care of its present rulers, as essential to its progressive emancipation from ignorance, and the evils which follow in the train of ignorance. If the British government were expelled, to be replaced by one or many of native origin, what would ensue? By what would the mild and gentle rule of England be succeeded? By such governments as have heretofore prevailed in India—by such as exist now in those parts of India to which the sceptre of England does not extend;—governments undeserving of the name, and known only by the evils of which they are the cause;—governments in which corruption is the ruling principle, spreading and ramifying through every department;—governments in which the prince, if actively disposed, knows no enjoyment but war, and if devoid of a taste for this occupation, is generally sunk in sloth and sensuality, surrendering his subjects to be plundered without restraint by those who abuse the name of their master to their own aggrandisement. Such are native princes *now*—they will improve as the country improves; but no greater calamity could befall British India at this time, than to be returned to that state of misgovernment under which it formerly groaned, and from which it has been relieved by so extraordinary a train of events as that which has placed the sovereignty in its present hands.

"There is yet one other possible change which ought not to be excluded from contemplation. British India might pass into the possession, not of natives, but of another European power. No time need be spent in inquiring which of the nations of Europe would have the best chance for the prize, should England lose it. There is but one power, which, according to present appearances, could have the least chance of success. Suppose then that Russia, in extending her boundaries further and further towards the East, should dispossess Britain of the whole or the larger part of her Indian possessions,—would the change be for the better, as far as India is concerned? Russia is by no means sparing in professions of liberality and the love of knowledge; and in some respects her actions have not discredited her professions. Scientific talents and attainments have been very warmly patronised at St. Petersburgh—they have been assiduously wooed from distant parts of Europe, and in many instances liberally rewarded. But the object has been to make them the instruments of advancing the power of the government over the people—not to improve the condition of the latter, or to raise them in the social scale. While the government of Russia has been assiduous in drawing to its capital men of science and liberal acquirements, has it ever manifested the least desire to extend to the vast population which it rules the advantages of knowledge and literature? *Savans* have been congregated at St. Petersburgh either for the assistance which they could lend to the aggressive spirit of the government, or for the character which was to be gained by an ostentatious patronage of science. Russia has never yet made an effort to raise the character of her subjects. Where anything has been done, the labour has been directed the other way. Let Poland answer for this. In the true spirit of despotism, Russia hates enlightenment, because she fears it. Would she promote in the East that which she persecutes in the West? Would she afford the means of diffusing in India that knowledge and those principles which, if possible, she would extinguish and destroy in Europe? They must be endued with more than even Oriental credulity who can believe this.

"To the friends of India, then, it must appear most desirable that English supremacy should long be maintained in that country. The British government may have committed errors, but it has never been unwilling to perceive, nor slow to correct them."

* * * * *

"It has never been the intention of the British rulers of India that the people of that country should be kept in an eternal state of pupilage. The object in view has been to prepare them for the enjoyment of political and civil rights, and to bestow them by degrees, as the people became qualified to exercise them with advantage to themselves and the community. In conformity with these views, natives have been admitted to judicial offices, to an extent which the late Mr. Mill declared he should have feared to recommend. Where the forms of English law prevail, natives now sit as jurors, and exercise the office of justice of the peace. To prepare them for the proper discharge of these, and even higher duties, schools have been established, and education, upon the enlarged principles by which it is governed in Europe, is extending itself from the Presidencies into the country. The anxiety of the rulers on this subject is happily now beginning to be met by a corresponding anxiety on the part of the people. The latter are becoming as eager to receive, as the former to bestow. The want being felt, the means of supply will not be tendered in vain. It must be gratifying to our countrymen to know, that throughout India, where the desire for education has begun to prevail, it is directed towards an English education. In one sense, this may be said to be the effect of the relative position of England towards a large part of India. It is the effect of her moral power—of the respect which is entertained for the nation which, having won so mighty an empire, has governed it with so much wisdom and liberality. It is not an empty compliment from subjects to their rulers—paid either from fear or from interested hope. It is a sincere and earnest feeling; not confined, be it observed, to the British territories, but extending, in some instances, to countries over which the British government has never exercised any sovereignty, and with which it has scarcely any connexion. From the Punjaub, with which till latterly we were hardly acquainted at all, applications have been made for the means of English education, so frequent and so pressing, that the government of India has been almost compelled to attach a schoolmaster to the establishment of their political agent."

A Letter to the Honourable Henry Clay, on the Annexation of Texas to the United States. By William E. Channing, D.D.

We are glad to see this cheap English, or rather Scottish reprint of an admirable specimen of American eloquence and state reasoning. There are passages in it which make the heart glow even more than anything in Doctor Channing's papers or Milton and Napoleon. The whole is a glorious effort made by a great and generous mind to save his country from moral degradation. In the eyes of Doctor Channing the vexed question of Texas is more than a political question—it associates itself with morals and religion; and in this light it led him to the exposition of great principles and universal truths, which are for all times and all circumstances. We trust that this little book will be read wherever the English language is understood. There is much in it to make an Englishman proud of his native land, and of his government and institutions as improved in recent years.

The Natural History of the Sperm Whale: to which is added a Sketch of a South Sea Whaling Voyage. By Thomas Beale, Surgeon, Demonstrator of Anatomy to the Eclectic Society of London, and late Surgeon to the "Kent" and "Sarah and Elizabeth" South Seamen.

This is the most complete and best work on the natural and commercial history of the sperm whale in our own or in any other language. Nobody at all acquainted with the richness and variety of the subject will be surprised at its occupying nearly the whole of a good-sized volume. The author, who has studied the giants of the deep in their native element, and seen them under all aspects, conveys his information in a clear and lively manner. Many of the incidents in the South Sea voyage are amusing and exciting, and they are all pleasantly told. We should fancy that this book must become an especial favourite with young readers—at least it is one that we should have delighted in when we were young.

Crotchets in the Air; or, an (un) Scientific Account of a Balloon Trip, in a Familiar Letter to a Friend. By John Poole, Esq.

This is a very clever jeu d'esprit, done in Paul Pry's, alias John Poole's, very best manner. The solemn fooleries of Mr. Monck Mason are well hit, and there are numerous other happy hits beside. The thing will while away a long winter's evening right pleasantly, and afterwards make one think of Paul whenever one sees a pack of Neddies sky-high in a balloon.

A Dictionary of Arts, Manufactories, and Mines; containing a clear Exposition of their Principles and Practice. By Andrew Ure, M.D., F.R.S., M.G.S., &c. &c. &c.

We noticed this useful and important work on the appearance of the first monthly part. We have now Parts II. and III. on our table, which carry us as far as the commencement of the great article "Cotton Manufacture." Seven more monthly parts will complete the work. Dr. Ure's high standing will be taken as guarantee for his scientific accuracy, and the correctness of his general details. The quantity of matter contained in each part is prodigious, so close and compact is the type employed.

The Naturalist, illustrative of the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms, (to be continued monthly;) with beautiful Engravings on India Paper. Edited by NEVILLE WOOD, Esq., late Joint Editor of "The Analyst," Author of "British Song Birds," &c.

It should seem that this interesting periodical is acquiring new health and strength under the careful management of Mr. Neville Wood. There are some excellent things in the November number now before us. Mr. Wood's own contributions are always valuable. We have been much pleased with a paper by Doctor Edwin Lees, on the banks of the Severn, and the western district of Worcestershire, for the continuation of which we shall look with an eager eye. The sketch of a voyage across the North and Baltic Seas by Mr. Charles Drosier is also an interesting contribution. The number, moreover, contains a full report of the proceedings of the British Association at Newcastle in section D., that is, in Zoology and Botany.

Cutch; or Random Sketches, taken during a Residence in one of the Northern Provinces of Western India. Interspersed with Legends and Traditions. By MRS. POSTANS. *Illustrated with Engravings from Original Drawings by the Author.*

We can safely congratulate Mrs. Postans upon the production of a very lively, entertaining, and instructive little volume. We have scarcely been so much pleased with any work about India since Bishop Heber's delicious narratives. The fair author resided for a considerable time in the remarkable province of Cutch, which, as the reader may recollect, is situated in the most northern part of Western India, being flanked on the west by the river Indus, on the east by the Gulf of Cutch, and the salt desert of the Runn, and having in its rear the Great Desert, and in its front the Arabian Sea. The province is about one hundred and sixty miles in length from east to west; and sixty-five in breadth from north to south; and is distant about five hundred miles from the presidency of Bombay. Hitherto very little has been written on the subject. Indeed we ourselves do not remember to have read anything of the kind deserving of notice, except a memoir descriptive of the physical geography of the Runn of Cutch, and another memoir on the River Indus, both by Captain Sir Alexander Burnes, and published in the supplement to his "Travels into Bokhara."

Mrs. Postans, who enjoyed unusual opportunities of becoming acquainted with the general and domestic manners of the population in its various castes, who apparently is well acquainted with the language, and who has travelled through all parts of the country, carefully registered her observations in notes, and the result has been the book before us, which is dated from Bhooj camp in Cutch, September 29th, 1837. This little book has an air of wonderful completeness; and we much doubt whether she have omitted a single thing that deserved notice. Her pencil sketches of costume, works of native artists, &c., add considerably to the value of the volume. We must, however, remark, that her drawing gives an unfavourable, and, we believe, an incorrect notion of the make, shape, and proportions of the people of Cutch. "His Highness the Rao," as she calls the native prince, is drawn like a dwarf, with a monstrous head; and her Arab soldiers, and most of her other figures, have heads considerably too large for their bodies.

The maritime town of Mandavie, the emporium of Cutch, is a more important place—and a much pleasanter—than we had fancied. The town presents an appearance of wealth and bustle, the inhabitants are a busy, cheerful, industrious race, and their peculiarly bright and varied costume gives a greater appearance of gaiety to the place than is usually seen in a second-rate Indian town.

> "The population is principally composed of Banyans, Brahmins, and cultivators; many of whom may be seen on the outside of the town, either engaged in their several callings, loitering lazily along, or grouped together in little knots, gossiping with vehement gesticulation, on any trifling subject, of profit or pleasure. Here and there, a retainer of the Rao comes swaggering along, displaying the superior height, aquiline nose, and long moustache of the Raiport tribe: his arms are a sword, shield, and matchlock, and his dress and bearing are marked by an air of mingled haughtiness, foppery, and independence. Then are seen swarthy but fine-limbed children, rolling on the soft sand in childish glee, and shouting with joy, as a horseman passes them, circling and passaying, with consummate skill, his gaily decorated steed. Near these, a water-carrier urges on his bullock, which, laden with the water-bags, slowly saunters forward, whilst his master smokes his hookah, and indulges in a passing chat with the women, who, gracefully bearing their earthen water-vessels on their heads, are returning to the well to which he journeys. Lastly are groups of women, employed in sifting grain from light baskets, in which they display the most graceful attitudes; the passing breeze winnows the corn, as it falls into large heaps, and numerous asses wait leisurely around, to carry it in sacks to the merchants' granaries. . . . . The maritime commerce of Mandavie is important, and boat-building is carried on to a considerable extent. The boats are, it is true, of a very rude and primitive construction; but, from their remarkable strength, prove admirably adapted for the purposes required. . . . . The Cutch mariners, satisfied with their security, are a most fearless and enterprising race, trading, as their forefathers have done for centuries, to all the ports of the Red Sea, and even stretching out to the eastern coasts of Africa, to Ceylon, and the China seas. The exports of Mandavie consist chiefly of cotton cloths; and in return it receives dates, coffee, dried grapes, antimony, senna, and coloured mats from the ports of the Red Sea; and from Zanzibar, on the African coast, elephants' teeth, and rhinoceros horn. The Cutch moallims, or pilots, are singularly intelligent and well informed: they understand the use of the compass, and navigate by charts. [*And so indeed did they, and the Arabs of the Red Sea, and the Chinese, long before any modern European nation got among them.*] One Verejee, who is notable amongst them, would have made, with equal advantages of education, a second Anson. He shows you his nautical tables; and his log is as carefully kept as an Indiaman's: he can determine his latitude, and, by dead reckoning, his longitude also: and as he unrolls his chart on 'Mercator's Projection,' exultingly points to London, and says, 'If you like, I'll pilot you there.' . . . . The importance of Mandavie being intimately connected with its maritime commerce, much of the bustle and activity of business is to be seen without the walls, although its real wealth and commercial influence exist in the warehouses and granaries of the city, which is surrounded by a strong and well-built wall, having bastions, gates, and wickets. Many of the houses are commodious; some of them built two or three stories high, with terraced roofs and richly carved ornaments; but, in common with those of most native towns, the streets are narrow, dusty, ill ordered, and swarming with Pariah dogs, and fat 'bulls of Basan,' which lazily stroll about the city, feeding out of the merchants' grain baskets whenever hunger prompts them.
>
> "The principal manufacture carried on is the weaving of cotton cloths, of which the makers produce a very tasteful variety: they are woven of various colours, and eminently fanciful designs. . . . . For a cheerful effect of cultivation, the suburbs of Mandavie are indebted to the Lowannahs, or agriculturists, who form a numerous caste, and own most of the surrounding villages. Their lands are enclosed, and well irrigated; and the bright green corn waving in the fields, the labouring kine, and the cheerful voices of the husbandmen, give to the open, flat, and

otherwise uninteresting country, an appearance of rustic civilisation, peculiarly pleasing. . . . . . The people of Mandavie are a peculiarly handsome race, and much more indebted to nature on this account than the inhabitants of the interior. I think climate must produce this enviable distinction, the air being agreeably soft and cool; and as a salubrious sea-side residence for invalids, the country is considered superior to any on this side of India. The sands on the shore are firm and equal, extending to a distance of some miles at ebb tide, and affording advantages for a delightful promenade; whilst the soft sand-hillocks nearer the city are overgrown with a hardy species of lilac convolvulus, whose bright leaves serve to conceal the arid soil, and most gratefully refresh the eye. Another material advantage to the convalescent in search of health at Mandavie, is to be found in a change of diet: fish of good quality, amongst which are the much-esteemed pomphlet, oysters, crabs, and prawns, abound in the Gulf of Cutch; but as the prejudice of the Banyans will not allow fishing to be carried on as a trade, the supply is at times very unequal to the general demand."

About two miles from Mandavie are the extensive ruins of the great city of "Raipoor," the coins of which bore the "lively effigies" of a jackass. The natives account for this singular impress by a wild legend, full of transformations, and, in parts, not unlike our nursery tale of "Beauty and the Beast." But *certes*, we know of many a dynasty, European as well as Asiatic, for whom the "grandfather of stupidity" (as the Persians call the ass) were a fitting type and emblem.

Mrs. Postans gives the ass legend at length. She has a taste for legends and orientalisms, and does them exceedingly well. There are several in her book, as well as several clever abstracts of Cutch poems. As provincial bards, Cutch possesses its Bhats and Dadies, who rehearse the warlike deeds of their ancestry, attend at marriages and other festivals, improvising epithalamiums, and various odes, for which they receive a slight gratuity.

Here is a curious sketch of a poem of Persian origin.

"THE MARRIAGE OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.

"Love, who is the offspring of Madness, coming of age, despatches a messenger called Sight of the Eyes, to seek for him a wife. Sight of the Eyes speedily meets Beauty, sporting in the meadows of Fancy, and woos her to become the bride of Love. Beauty, after consulting with her parents, Dignity and Sweetness, and with her lawyer, Discretion, consents, and Joy departs with the news. When the marriage day arrives, Love and Beauty proceed towards the temple of Possession. Beauty is arrayed in the ear-rings of Secrecy, the necklace of Modesty, and the bangles of Agitation. She is attended by her nymphs, Fair-colour, Ruby-lips, and Soft-heart, and followed by the genii of Exaction, Ill-temper, and Conceit, who bear a dower of restlessness and sighs to bestow upon Love, who meets her attended by his followers, Jealousy, Hope, Tenderness, and Desire. Affection, hand in hand with Admiration, departs to seek a moolah; but the moolah declines to unite the pair, on the ground of the union being a worldly one. In this dilemma, Eagerness and Inclination set forth, and return with an old Cazi, called Mutual Agreement, who solemnises the compact, and concludes by declaring that the happy couple shall enjoy eternal youth, that Beauty shall be always attended by Love, and that Love shall never cease to be attracted by the musk-shedding tresses of Beauty."

"His highness the Rao" does not live at Mandavie, but at Bhooj, in the interior. Here is something amusing about him and his court.

"His highness has some knowledge of the English language; and it is the custom of the Europeans stationed in Cutch to make him frequent visits of ceremony. . . . . We will now enter the palace, and accompanied by his highness, who feels great delight in displaying its curiosities to the English visiters. . . . . . Feeling quite inadequate to the task of presenting the reader with a *catalogue raisonné* of all the unnameable articles of *virtù*, which adorn this charming retreat of luxurious royalty, I must request him to imagine himself introduced, by some wholesale glass-dealer, to his sample-room, where, amongst jelly-glasses and old vases are introduced some half-a-dozen antique musical clocks, all playing at once, and the whole display brilliantly illuminated by large wax candles at noon-day! This mental picture may then afford him some idea of the motley and incongruous *mélange* of ornament which contributes to the regal magnificence of this most dazzling of state-apartments. The presence of the clocks, some antique pictures, a celestial and a terrestrial globe, are attributed to the redoubtable Ram Sing, who is said to have brought them with him from Holland. The hall which encloses this singular apartment, is ornamented by a succession of pillars, pier glasses, and pictures, in rich and massy frames. The floor is remarkably unpleasant to walk on, being inlaid with a sort of small Dutch tile. The roof and pillars are decorated with rich gold mouldings, and other ornaments, much too faded to afford material for description; and the small compartments between them are supplied with fittings of triangularly-shaped looking-glass. The pictures, which nearly cover the walls, are either horrible copies, or the worst possible prints, from the old English and Dutch masters. Amongst them are Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress,' sundry portraits of Lady Carteret, in stomacher and *toupée*—with here and there a dismal-looking shepherdess, or a snuff-coloured *belle* of the Rao's own family, executed by a Chinese artist. On leaving these apartments, and returning to the hall of audience, 'Will't please you to go see the wrestlers?' is, in other words, the Rao's general invitation to his guests; and he at once leads them to a carpeted and draperied balcony, looking over the courts of the palace, which are crowded by anxious spectators. Behind his highness's chair stand slaves, gracefully waving punkahs of ostrich and peacocks' feathers round his superbly ornamented turban; and below him are ranged the wrestlers, fine Rajpoots, in the prime of life, displaying a symmetry of form and a developement of muscular power not unworthy the gymnasium theatres of ancient Greece. If we except one long waving lock of hair, their heads were closely shaven, and their only covering a pair of crimson silk drawers, descending about half way to the knee, and bound tightly round the loins with a many-coloured scarf.

"After a succession of salaams to the Rao, two of the wrestlers step forward, and the exhibition commences, by each violently slapping the inside of his arms and thighs, in succession, with the open palm of the opposite hand; until, at an understood signal, the men seize each other by the waist, place their foreheads together, and struggle, toss, and twist each other about, until one falls; when the victor, cheered by the shouts of the spectators, gracefully lifts a handful of dust to his forehead, and salaaming to the Rao, backs to his place, while another pair step forward to repeat the same ceremony."

His highness the Rao has *five* wives, and is, or was, (at the time of Mrs. Postans' writing,) thinking of marrying *two* more. This is above Mahomet's allowance; but his highness is only half Mussulman, the other half being Hindu. He keeps "a pair of most hideous eunuchs" to take care of his ranees or wives. Our author paid a visit to the harem, and was much interested with the poor ladies.

We learn from Mrs. Postans that the abomination of the suttee, though forbidden in the British territories, still frequently occurs where the native powers are more influential. She gives the circumstances connected with one which lately took place in Cutch. The widow was of high caste, rich, young, and handsome; but burn herself she would, in spite of the entreaties of the Rao and the British resident.

"All further interference being useless, the ceremony proceeded. Accompanied by the officiating Brahmin, the widow walked seven times round the pyre, repeating the usual mantras, or prayers, strewing rice and curries on the ground, and sprinkling water from her hand over the bystanders, who believe this to be efficacious in preventing disease, and in expiating committed sins. She then removed her jewels, and presented them to her relations, saying a few words to each, with a calm soft smile of encouragement and hope. The Brahmins then presented her with a lighted torch, bearing which,

'Fresh as a flower just blown,
And warm with life her youthful pulses playing,'

she stepped through the fatal door, and sat within the pile. The body of her husband, wrapped in rich kinkaub, was then carried seven times round the pile, and finally laid across her knees. Thorns and grass were piled over the door; and again it was

> insisted that free space should be left, as it was hoped the poor victim might yet relent, and rush from her fiery prison to the protection so freely offered. The command was readily obeyed; the strength of a child would have sufficed to burst the frail barrier which confined her, and a breathless pause succeeded; but the woman's constancy was faithful to the last; not a sigh broke the death-like silence of the crowd, until a slight smoke, curling from the summit of the pyre, and then a tongue of flame, darting with bright and lightning-like rapidity into the clear blue sky, told us that the sacrifice was completed. Fearlessly had this courageous woman fired the pile, and not a groan had betrayed to us the moment when her spirit fled. At sight of the flame a fiendish shout of exultation rent the air; the tom-toms sounded, the people clapped their hands with delight, as the evidence of their murderous work burst on their view; whilst the English spectators of this sad scene withdrew, bearing deep compassion in their hearts, to philosophise, as best they might, on a custom so fraught with horror, so incompatible with reason, and so revolting to human sympathy.
>
> "The pile continued to burn for three hours; but, from its form, it is supposed that almost immediate suffocation must have terminated the sufferings of the unhappy victim. In producing this effect, the arrangement of the pyre I have described is far more merciful than that commonly used, which is a mere frame of bamboos covered with combustible matter in the form of a bed, on which the bodies are laid, the quick and the dead bound together in a last embrace. . . . . I have before observed, that self-sacrifice has been benevolently forbidden in provinces which are under the British control, and is, therefore, less common on this side of India than in Bengal. However, as the people have the power of travelling to those places which are still governed by native princes, the most zealous amongst them adopt this means of gratifying their wishes. I remember, while at Mandavie, once having seen three women arrive, after seventeen days' voyage, from Bombay, for the purpose of performing suttee, and under peculiar circumstances they are permitted to do so, without the presence of the husband's body: according to the Puranas, 'if the husband die on a journey, or in a distant country, the widow, holding his sandals to her breast, may pass into the flames.' One of these women had come to perform suttee for her son, whom she stated to have been her husband in a former birth. This woman, who was advanced in years, went by in an open cart, triumphantly bearing a branch of the sacred tulsi, and surrounded by almost the whole population of Mandavie. I was not present at the ceremony, which took place at a distance of ten miles; but was afterwards assured that the three widows became 'sadhwee' with unshaken fortitude."

We have been led into a sad subject, but this is almost the only lugubrious passage in the book, which abounds, on the contrary, with pleasant, cheering pictures, and which is written throughout in a loving, cheerful spirit. We most cordially recommend it to the attention of all our readers. They will find in it sundry confirmations of what has been said in a preceding page concerning the rapid advances in civilisation making by the native Indians under our dominion, and the laudable attention paid by our government there to the great subject of education. Even in Cutch the people are rapidly learning the English language—a key to rather more useful knowledge than Sanscrit, Hindostanee, or Persian. Until the year 1816, when a treaty was formed with the Bombay government, and a subsidised force of British troops sent into the country, Cutch was devastated by faction, and harassed by the atrocious profligacy of its rulers and nobles. Trade was neglected, because no property was safe; towns and villages were everywhere falling to ruin. But in the course of twenty-two years all this has been changed; and now every native may enjoy in peace the fruits of his own industry and enterprise. There remains of course an immense deal to do; but this *may be* done in peace and in friendly alliance with Great Britain—*never* in war and anarchy, or under the dominion of selfish and brutalising conquerors.

Ada; a Tale. By CAMILLA NEEDHAM.

This is not an aimless book, and this is saying something, especially when, as in the present case, the aim is good. Mrs. Needham thus describes her object.

"There seem to be two distinct species of Novel now chiefly in vogue: the one calculated to spread folly and mischief; the other, to purify the morals, and amend the heart.

"The balance between these has hitherto been very uneven; the latter appearing in a very small proportion, compared with the former; and any additional weight thrown into the scale of virtue, must hasten the time when the other scale will rise, and scatter its contents to the winds.

"The author, being of opinion that a novel should always be *a moral or religious story, illustrative of character and principle*, has endeavoured to unite utility with amusement, and to avoid those errors which are most prevalent and most pernicious.

"In this story, there is no interest excited by a display of vicious passions; which, by familiarising the mind with vice, unavoidably destroys its innocence.

"No encouragement is given to satire or ill-nature, by the introduction of characters from real life.

"The profanation of sacred names, by associating them with light and mirthful subjects, has been, as much as possible, avoided.

"The obvious objection there is to *anonymous* writing, must be the excuse for the apparent presumption of prefixing a name to a work that may be considered as too insignificant for notice.

"If, by shunning the rock of *vice*, the author has unwittingly fallen upon that of *dulness*, she can only plead, like Lady M——, when asked why she wrote 'such intolerable nonsense—that *she wrote as well as she could*."

We will not interfere with the plot, though the reader will probably be led by the following passage to see in Montague something more than a mere unimpassioned adviser.

"Having one day escaped into the garden to enjoy herself over Madame de Staël's 'Allemagne,' she sat, pencil in hand, marking with delight her favourite passages. Presently she heard footsteps approaching, and looking up, perceived Montague, who, not finding her father at home, had come to seek him in the garden. He apologized for his intrusion, and hoped he did not interrupt her studies.

"'No, he did not; would he sit down and enjoy them with her? She longed for some one to appreciate, as she did, the charms of her favourite author: if he would listen she would read to him.'

"'Oh, he would listen with the greatest delight.'

"'I have just been reading the third chapter "On Women." How beautifully it is written! with what grace the charming authoress expresses herself!—listen.

"'Dans une epôque ou le mal universel est l'egoïsme, les hommes, auxquels tous interets positifs ses rapportent, doivent avoir moins de generosité, moins de sensibilité que les femmes. Elles ne tiennent à la vie que par les liens du cœur, et lorsqu'elles s'egarent, c'est encore par un sentiment qu'elles sont entrainées; leur personalité est toujours à deux, tandis que celle de l'homme n'a que lui même pour but. On leur rend hommage par les affections qu'elles inspirent, mais celles qu'elles accordent sont presque toujours des sacrifices. La plus belle des vertus, le Devouement, est leur jouissance et leur destinée; nul bonheur ne peut exister pour elles que par le reflèt de la gloire et des prosperités d'un autre; enfin, vivre hors de soimème, soit par les idées, soit par les sentimens, soit surtout par les vertus, donne a l'âme un sentiment habituel d'elevation.'

"'Beautifully expressed,' said Montague, 'and a charming description of the essence of a woman's character—as it should be.'

"'Should be! do you not think, then, that it is true?'

"'Sometimes; but certainly not always. Not when vanity has encouraged self-love.'

"Ada's conscience felt uneasy. She continued,

"'But do you call it vanity to wish to please? Surely it is a natural and amiable feeling.'

" 'Its being natural does not prove its innocence: but *pleasing* is rather a vague term: do you mean, to give pleasure, or to be pleasing? Benevolence makes you anxious to give pleasure to others; vanity to make them pleased with you.'

" 'And is there any harm in wishing others to be pleased with you? There is nothing wrong, I hope, in wishing to be loved.'

" 'I do not think there is: but there is a passage in this very book on that subject—if I could find it——here it is.'

" 'C'est une disposition tres agréable que le desir de plaire, mais elle differe cependant beaucoup du besoin d'être aimé: le desir de plaire rend dependant de l'opinion; le besoin d'être aimé en affranchit: on pourroit desirer de plaire à ceux même à qui l'on feroit beaucoup de mal, et c'est precisement ce qu'on appelle de la coquetterie: cette coquetterie n'appartient pas exclusivement aux femmes; il y en a dans toutes les manières qui servent à temoigner plus d'affection qu'on n'en eprouve réelement.'

" 'I understand,' said Ada; 'I see the difference clearly: an affectionate heart requires *love*; a vain heart *admiration*. After all, for my sake, I hope vanity and coquetry are pardonable offences.'

" We may trust that all our errors may be pardoned: but, if you mean that they may be indulged with impunity, I tell you, decidedly not. Coquetry is incompatible with a christian character. It is completely selfish, and in direct opposition to the simple rule, *Do as you would be done by.*'

" 'I never thought so seriously of it,' said Ada. 'I will not be a coquette.'

" 'You—you a coquette! I should hope not. Surely there is no danger of it. You may sometimes trifle from thoughtlessness, but a systematic coquette can have no heart, no principle.'

" There was a pause for some moments, which was broken by Ada taking up the book and asking Montague if he did not admire the work very much?

" 'Yes, I do exceedingly; but there is a fault I find with almost all French works of this class. Love and religion are confounded together, till they appear almost one and the same thing; very different to the opinion of the primitive Christians, who were rather inclined to think them incompatible.'

" 'Incompatible! good Heavens! I hope not.'

" Montague smiled. Ada blushed, and added, 'But do you?'

" 'No, not quite: but,' added he, looking down as he spoke, 'it is necessary, to the growth of one, that the other should be indulged in moderation: its progress must be watched, or it will bear down all before it, and bind us to this earth with ties so irresistible——' he stopped, struck by the warmth with which he was speaking. Ada looked at him, and said to herself, 'Ah, poor Montague, you have certainly been in love!'

" After a short pause, he changed the subject, by asking if she had ever read Corinne?

" 'No, never; but I very much wish to read it. Have you got it? Will you lend it to me?'

" 'I have got it, but do not ask me to lend it to you. It is beautiful, and intensely interesting, but I do not recommend you to read it, for the excitement works entirely upon the passions—you are fascinated without satisfaction, and you rise from the book without having strengthened one moral or religious principle.'

" 'You think, then, it would do me harm?'

" 'Yes, I do. I think every book that excites the imagination, without improving the heart, is positively prejudicial to a young person: this is the error of novels in general, but it is most particularly the case in this distressing tale. All the agitations the mind undergoes make no beneficial impression: 'they leave the heart desolate; humanity, truth, and propriety, sophisticated and perplexed; and vanity invested with the attractions of suffering innocence.' But what am I doing here; preaching morality to Miss Harrington?'

" 'Oh, it is very good of you: and are you not an old friend of papa's?'

" 'True. I wonder where your father is.' And Montague seemed so anxious to move, that Ada rose, and walking with him to the end of the garden, found the general leaning over a gate, meditating on his hay crops."

"Ada" is a Tale that will be read with advantage, especially in the formation of character; and to Mrs. Needham belongs the praise of having produced a volume which will form an interesting study for the silent hour, as well as a valuable addition to a judiciously selected family library.

Three Expeditions into the Interior of Eastern Australia. With Descriptions of the recently explored Region of Australia Felix, and of the present Colony of New South Wales. By MAJOR T. L. MITCHELL, F.G.S., and M.R.G.S., Surveyor-General. 2 vols.

These are two rare volumes—most valuable additions to our collected knowledge of the wonderful globe we inhabit. The scientific and amiable author, Major Mitchell, under the patronage of the local government, has done more than any man living—far more than all his predecessors put together—in solving the mysteries of the interior of the great continent of Australia, which, up to his memorable expeditions, was less known that Central Africa—was a field for conjecture and conflicting theories. In would have been difficult to find another explorer so admirably qualified for the task. A good geologist and zoologist, a fair botanist, a ready and excellent draftsman, endowed with patience and perseverance, good health, and buoyant, cheerful spirits—he was the very man to acquire the knowledge we wanted, to force his way to it through danger, toil, and nearly every kind of difficulty, and to communicate it, when acquired, in a manly, clear, and simple manner. He has high claims to the admiration and gratitude of his countrymen; and we trust that such services as his will not fail of their proper and *solid* recompense.

In the month of September of last year, in noticing Dr. Lang's "Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales," we mentioned that Major Mitchell had started on an arduous expedition to trace the river Darling to its *supposed* junction with the Murray river. The supposition is now converted into certainty. After a terrible march through a "*scrubby* country," and some unpleasant collisions with fierce tribes of natives, the major and his little party, on the 3rd of June, 1836, came to the junction of the two rivers. But, alas! the Darling is not the copious, perennial stream which Captain Sturt fancied it. All the water then visible belonged to the Murray, whose course was rapid, while its turbid flood filled part of the channel of the Darling, but was there perfectly still. Above the point of confluence the bed of the Darling presented nothing but a succession of standing ponds or pools, with not so much as a *filet d'eau* to unite them, or form the smallest stream. Hence the hopes of inland navigation must (in this direction at least) confine themselves to the bed of the Murray, which—it is now settled—has at all seasons of the year a most copious supply of water. On the 23rd of May, when he first came upon it, the major found a magnificent stream one hundred and sixty-five yards broad, the waters being whitish. In the month of March he had found the Lachlan, which at times bears along a world of waters, a torrent, a deluge, wholly without water, except a few small ponds which still remained in the very deepest parts of its bed. "Such," he says, "was now the state of that river down which my predecessor's boats had floated."

As to the wonderful sea fancied by Oxley as occupying all the interior of the continent, and swallowing up all the rivers, Major Mitchell informs us that in the course of his journeys in 1834-5 he drew his whale-boats *sixteen hundred miles* over land without ever finding water enough to float them—"whereas Mr. Oxley had twice retired by nearly the same routes, and in the same season of the year, from *supposed* inland seas."

It is difficult—or, rather, it is impossible—to give a notion of Major Mitchell's labours and discoveries in our narrow limits, and without the aid of maps and plans; but his two volumes will be studied entire by all who take an interest in geographical pursuits, and by all informed emigrants about settling in that wonderful country. The following general remarks on the character of the country traversed in his various expeditions are exceedingly important. They go to confirm the preconceived opinion that the colonisation capabilities of Australia are all upon, or near to, the sea-board; for if Oxley's inland sea has no existence, yet the interior of the country is, for the most part, a repulsive desert.

> "Where there is so much unproductive surface, the unavoidable dispersion of population renders good lines of communication more essentially necessary, and these must consist of roads, for there are neither navigable rivers, nor, in general, the means of forming canals. This colony might thus extend northward to the tropic of Capricorn, westward to the 145th degree of east longitude; the southern portion having for boundaries the Darling, the Murray, and the sea-coast. Throughout the extensive territory thus bounded, one-third, probably, consists of desert interior plains; one-fourth, of land available for pasturage or cultivation; and the remainder, of rocky mountain, or impassable or unproductive country. Perhaps the greater portion of really good land within the whole extent will be found to the southward of the Murray, for there the country consists chiefly of trap, granite, or limestone. The amount of surface comprised in European kingdoms affords no criterion of what may be necessary for the growth of a new people in Australia. Extreme differences of soil, climate, and seasons, may indeed be usefully reconciled and rendered available to one community there, but this must depend on ingenious adaptations, aided by all the facilities man's art can supply, in the free occupation of a very extensive region. Agricultural resources must be ever scanty and uncertain in a country where there is so little moisture to nourish vegetation. We have seen, from the state of the Darling, that all the surface water flowing from the vast territory west of the dividing range, and extending north and south between the Murray and the tropic, is insufficient to support the current of one small river. The country southward of the Murray is not so deficient in this respect, for there the mountains are higher, the rocks more varied, and the soil consequently better; while the vast extent of open grassy downs seems just what was most necessary for the prosperity of the present colonists, and the encouragement of emigration from Europe.
>
> "Every variety of feature may be seen in these southern parts, from the lofty alpine region on the east, to the low grassy plains in which it terminates on the west. The Murray, perhaps the largest river in all Australia, arises amongst those mountains, and receives in its course various other rivers of considerable magnitude. These flow over extensive plains in directions nearly parallel to the main stream, and thus irrigate and fertilize a great extent of rich country. Falling from mountains of great height, the current of these rivers is perpetual, whereas in other parts of Australia the rivers are too often dried up, and seldom indeed deserve any other name than chains of ponds.
>
> "Hills of moderate elevation occupy the central country between the Murray and the sea, being thinly or partially wooded, and covered with the richest pasturage. The lower country, both on the northern and southern skirts of these hills, is chiefly open; slightly undulating towards the coast on the south, and, in general, well watered.
>
> "The grassy plains which extend northward from these thinly wooded hills to the banks of the Murray, are chequered by the channels of many streams falling from them, and by the more permanent and extensive waters of deep lagoons, which are numerous on the face of these plains, as if intended by a bounteous Providence to correct the deficiencies of a climate otherwise too dry for an industrious and increasing people, by preserving in these abundant reservoirs the surplus waters of the large river, and indeed a finer country for cattle stations than this, can scarcely be imagined.
>
> "In the western portion small rivers radiate from the Grampians, an elevated and isolated mass, presenting no impediment to a free communication through the fine country around its base. Hence that enormous labour necessary in order to obtain access to some parts, and for crossing continuous ranges to reach others, by passes like those so essential to the prosperity of the present colony, might be in a great degree dispensed with in that southern region.
>
> "Towards the sea-coast on the south, and adjacent to the open downs between the Grampians and Port Phillip, there is a low tract consisting of very rich black soil, apparently the best imaginable for the cultivation of grain in such a climate.
>
> "On parts of the low ridges of hills near Cape Nelson and Portland Bay are forests of very large trees of stringy-bark, iron-bark, and other useful species of

eucalyptus, much of which is probably destined yet to float in vessels on the adjacent sea.

"The character of the country behind Cape Northumberland affords fair promise of a harbour in the shore to the westward. Such a port would probably possess advantages over any other on the southern coast, for a railroad from thence along the skirts of the level interior country would require but little artificial levelling, and might extend to the tropic of Capricorn, or even beyond it, thus affording the means of expeditious communication between all the fine districts on the interior side of the coast ranges, and a sea-port to the westward of Bass's Straits.

"The Murray, fed by the lofty mountains on the east, carries to the sea a body of fresh water sufficient to irrigate the whole country, and this is in general so level, even to a great distance from its banks, that the abundant waters of the river might probably be turned into canals, for the purpose either of supplying natural deficiencies of water at particular places, or of affording the means of transport across the wide plains.

"The high mountains in the east have not yet been explored, but their very aspect is refreshing in a country where the summer heat is often very oppressive. The land is, in short, open and available in its present state for all the purposes of civilised man. We traversed it in two directions with heavy carts, meeting no other obstruction than the softness of the rich soil, and in returning over flowery plains and green hills fanned by the breezes of early spring, I named this region Australia Felix, the better to distinguish it from the parched deserts of the interior country, where we had wandered so unprofitably and so long.

"This territory, still, for the most part, in a state of nature, presents a fair page for any geographical arrangement, whether of county divisions, lines of communication, or sites of towns, &c. &c. The growth of a colony there might be trained according to one general system, with a view to various combinations of soil and climate, and not left to chance, as in old countries—or, which would perhaps be worse, to the partial or narrow views of the first settlers.

* * * * * *

"It would be establishing a lasting monument of the beneficial influence of British power and colonisation, thus to engraft a new and flourishing state on a region now so desolate and unproductive; but this seems only possible under very extensive arrangements, and with such means as England alone can supply:—

> 'Here the great mistress of the seas is known,
> By empires founded,—not by states o'erthrown.'
>
> "*Sydney Gazette*, Jan. 1, 1831."

From some interesting communications read at the last meeting of the Geographical Society, we learn that Captain Wickham and Lieutenants Grey and Lushington have made great progress in the nautical survey of the north-western and other parts of the coast of Australia. Their expedition in H. M. S. Beagle only left England in the month of July of last year. It appears to be admirably conducted. One large river, named Fitzroy River, has been discovered at the south part of the great opening of Van Dieman's Land, in lat. 17° 34′, and long. 123° 38′, and another "very considerable" river, which they have christened Glenelg River, in 15° 43′—124° 44′. But generally they speak of a wonderful want of rivers, saying, that what they have discovered are utterly insufficient to account for the drainage of this vast continent.

ANNUALS.

Heath's Book of Beauty, 1839. Edited by the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

To speak first of externals—never the least striking part of these holiday books—the beauties this year, as last, are enclosed in rich purple and gold, a most beautiful binding.

The portraits given are those of the Duchess of Sutherland, the Viscountess Mahon, the Viscountess Valletort, the Viscountess Powerscourt, the Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, the Lady Fanny Cowper, Mrs. Maberly, Mrs. Mountjoy Martyn, the Viscountess Fitzharris, Mrs. Verschoyle, Miss Ellen Home Purves, Miss Cockayne. It would not be easy to find anywhere else twelve such lovely faces and graceful forms. Six of them are from drawings by Chalon, and, *sauf* a few defects in proportion, they are admirable. The Duchess of Sutherland, who leads the van, is a most lovely and queen-like figure, and a good likeness. Quite in a different *gendre*, the Viscountess Powerscourt is "beautiful exceedingly."

Excepting in a few cases, (the exceptions are mostly by Lady Blessington,) the letter-press has nothing to do with the pictures. *Tant mieux* perhaps—for it is not very easy to write upon such portraits. The principal contributors are Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, Mr. D'Israeli, Mr. Bernal, Mr. Wilkinson the Egyptian traveller, Lord Gardner, the Hon. Grantley Berkley, Miss Louisa H. Sheridan, Miss Theodosia Garrow, Mr. Howard, author of "Rattlin the Reefer," Mrs. Fairlie, and the fair editor herself, who in the "Young Mother" has furnished a delightful little sketch—one of the very cleverest things in a book where nearly everything is clever. Sir Lytton Bulwer's Ode to a Leafless Tree in June is not an ode—certainly not—but a very exquisite little piece of verse. The highest strains in the volume are two dramatic scenes by Walter Savage Landor. The subject of them is Anne Boleyne. The author has made use of an Epping Forest tradition, which was first introduced to our notice by Doctor Nott, in his Life of Surrey. Among the lighter pieces, we were struck with the following by James Smith, that matchless maker of *vers de société*.

"LINES ADDRESSED TO THE PORTRAIT OF MRS. VERSCHOYLE.

"To shun the syren's first attacks,
Ulysses, ocean ranger,
Sealed his companion's ears with wax,
And thus escaped the danger.
Bound to the mast, himself, in vain
He strove to hear their chorus:
The deafened sailors ploughed the main,
And rounded Cape Pelorus.

"Had you sung there, to win the prize
By all the Muses cherish'd,
(Had he not bound his sailors' eyes,)
The subtle Greek had perish'd.
That face—that voice—all tastes must suit,
O'er all enchantment flinging;
You fascinate our eyes when mute,
And charm our ears when singing."

The Keepsake. Edited by FREDERICK MANSEL REYNOLDS.

There is one very notable improvement in "The Keepsake" this year, and that is in the binding. This is the first specimen of Mr. Hancock's patent method of bookbinding, which we hope will be universally adopted in all illustrated books. Mr. Heath is quite right; by this method the plates and letter-press are exhibited with an effect that has not been hitherto attained by any other mode of binding. It is a pleasure to open such a book. Under the covers there are just three things that annoy us; one is a portrait of the Countes Guiccioli, which is not only not like what that *bella dama* now is, but wholly unlike what she has ever been; the second is a cloudy, scrubby plate, representing the Roman

Colosseum, with a sprawling figure in the foreground of Lord Byron, dressed in a Jemmy Jessamy mantle and white tights, and looking something between a schoolboy and an opera-dancer; and the third is a most ignorant and senseless tale, called "Alibi." We do not much like the plate of Constantine and Euphrosia, or that of the "Unearthly Visitant," or that of the "Maid of Mantua," but all the rest command our admiration and praise. The literary contributions are as good as usual, perhaps better than they have generally been. "A Leaf from a Journal of a Tour in Russia," by Lady Londonderry, is so pleasantly written that we are sorry her ladyship did not write her lord's book. "The Marriage of Sion," by Mr. J. A. St. John, is a touching and beautiful narrative; and as much may be said of the true history of "Mary of Mantua," by Mr. James. "Rattlin the Reefer" shows his vigour and spirit in the tale of the "Two Blind Beggars of Segovia," and Lord Nugent his admirable good nature and good feeling in "Some Passages in the History of an Old Foretop-gallant-yard,"—upon which, however, Rattlin would have been rather more at home than his lordship. Lord John Manners, Lord Maidstone, the Marquis of Granby, the Hon. Grantley Berkley, the Lady Nugent, Mrs. Abdy, Mrs. Shelley, Miss A. Farren, and Miss Camilla Toulmin, have furnished among them many pages of pleasing and elegant verse. Lady Charlotte St. Maur's "Eve of Allhallows," a tale of sixty years ago, is written with unusual power.

Heath's Picturesque Annual, 1839. Edited by LEITCH RITCHIE.

This book is bound in the same excellent manner as the "Keepsake." Instead of ranging over a whole kingdom, or navigating a mighty river in search of the picturesque, the artists this year confine themselves to Versailles, its palace, its theatre, its gardens and groves, its canals and fountains. His Majesty Louis Philippe, by his expensive doings, has brightened the face of all this, and given it a new charm; and on the whole the subject is sufficiently rich and interesting to furnish matter for a volume. The first engraving awakens many melancholy remembrances; it is a view of the Grand Chapel, during the celebration of the marriage of Marie-Antoinette and Louis XVI.! The general view of Versailles from the heights of Satory is beautifully given, and (which may be said of nearly all the *locales*) it is wonderfully like the place. Perhaps the prettiest and liveliest plate in the volume is that of the gardens, with the declining sun shining brightly on groups of merry-making people and on the clear waters of the canal.

The portraits introduced of Madame De Montespan, Mademoiselle de la Vallière, Madame de Maintenon, &c., may give an additional interest to the volume, though they are not very remarkable as works of art.

By the way, the letter-engraver has made a curious mistake: he calls the wife of Louis the XVI. the *Empress* Marie-Antoinette. This is not likely to mislead many persons; but still, as the error might have been so easily corrected on the plate, it ought to have been done. As *interieurs*, the Theatre, and the Grande Galerie des Glaces, or Mirror Gallery, are splendid things.

Courts and palaces are not exactly the scenes which the plain-spoken editor is best calculated to shine in. He seems to have felt this himself, for he has taken the mass of his matter from a French writer. "It was thought," says he, with more meaning than meets the eye, "that the history of Versailles could be best written, because best felt, by a Frenchman." Mr. Ritchie has, however, written the account, at the end of the book, of the vast alterations and completions made by Louis Philippe, and this is the portion of the volume that we have read with most pleasure. But we doubt not that the whole of it will be popular.

Jennings's Landscape Annual. Edited by W. H. HARRISON, Author of "Tales of a Physician."

This volume is devoted to the glories of Portugal, and the illustrations, generally speaking, are worthy of the subject. They are all taken from drawings by James Holland, an artist of great merit and remarkable fidelity. The views of Oporto, of the Serra Convent, the Bar of the Douro, Coimbra, the old cathedral of Coimbra, the street of Misericordia in Leiria, and, above all, the four views taken at or in the great Abbey of Batalha—that wonderful monument of Portuguese wealth, and taste, and superstition—are of surpassing beauty and interest. Indeed, these four last plates have given *us* as much pleasure as all the plates of all the Annuals put together. The letter-press, by Mr. Harrison, affords some pleasant, light reading; but, as a *bonne bouche*, as something the most exquisite and perfect of its kind, we would direct our readers' attention to Mr. Beckford's description of Alcobaça and Batalha, which was written nearly half a century ago, but published only some three years since, by Mr. Bentley, in a small volume that may be devoured in the course of one winter evening.

Tranquil Hours. Poems. By MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Mrs. Thomas has printed, in this elegant little volume, some very touching poems. Several are lyrical, one of which has already been set to music by Mr. Willis. As a first production, which we take it to be, it is certainly very creditable to the fair authoress. Did our limits permit, we could easily support our commendation by extracts; but must content ourselves with the following specimen, which will, we trust, procure for these "Tranquil Hours" a place in many a tranquil home.

"There is a word that must be spoke,
On which affection's tones will dwell,
That many a gentle heart has broke,—
The grief-fraught word, farewell!
Mary! in friendship's calmer joy
Our hearts have wreath'd a deathless spell,
No time, no absence can destroy;
'Tis seal'd in this farewell!
Yet throbs my breast with anxious pain;
Unpitying thoughts prophetic tell
Perchance we ne'er may meet again,—
This is a last farewell!
Ah me! whatever grief awaits,
On thee shall tend'rest memory dwell;
While hope's bright ray irradiates
The gloom of this farewell!
Sweet girl! could I thy fate divine,
'Twould hush the sighs my bosom swell;
Assured felicity were thine,
Tho' brought by our farewell!
The pensive woe it gives to part,
The fond regret the tear may tell,
That sparkles from my sorrowing heart
To gem our sad farewell!
Could I decree thy future lot,
Pleasure and love should with thee dwell;
No care should haunt the laughing spot
No echo to repeat farewell!"

The Lost Evidence. By HANNAH BURDON, Author of "Seymour of Sudley." In 3 vols.

Miss Burdon is already advantageously known to the public by her former work, "Seymour of Sudley;" and her present production will, we have no doubt, carry her still further on the tide of favour. She possesses, in a high degree, the talent of graphic delineation, as well as of vivid conception of character—those two qualifications so essential to the novelist, especially in the path of history. We shall quote a passage or two, which, to those not familiar with Miss Burdon's writings, will give an idea of the style of the work.

"Deeply impressed with one of those dark presentiments of evil from which, like the shadow of an unseen thing, reason frequently struggles vainly to escape, Lady Dacres lingered, after all the congregation had dispersed, gazing, with sad feelings, upon the stone-sculptured tombs of her predecessors, where cross-legged knights and pious dames lay, with their up-turned fingers, like cold corpses, on a bier, decked in the harness and their robes of state.

"'Last type of human vanity,' she murmured, 'a little while, and you shall crumble like the dust below, and not a relic of that graven legend will remain more than if writ on water. Fame, honour, wealth, 'tis thus you pass away, poisoning the life that's spent in winning you, and won but to be buried in the grave. So frail are all things built on men's opinion, and wretched he who labours for mankind's applause, who rather far would blame him! Too late I learn there is a nobler end of being, which even those who crave mere peace of mind should ever hold in view—for, in God's service, they will win that bliss which mingles not in the intoxicating draught of criminal or passionate delight the young heart doth too often miscall happiness. Too late I learn to doubt my sinful nature—too late I learn the secrets of the chain which links our passions and our griefs together! Alas, too late! For, though the body perishes, the spirit's deeds have no annihilation, and, by ourselves created, will exist to be our curse or blessing through eternity! Now, even now, my punishment begins!'

"For a moment she laid her hand upon the icy marble, for a moment she gazed around her like one who saw not matter, but the ideal images of thought, and then awakening, as from a trance, to the ordinary realities of life, she pressed her clasped hands on her heart, and exclaimed, 'Come what may come, I henceforth am prepared;' and, with a lofty and steady carriage, walked slowly from the sacred edifice.

"She crossed the grass-grown burying-ground, where mossy and rough hewn stones were the only memorials of the humble dead who had gone to the grave in peace, and the redbreast, as it flew from mound to mound, was chirping its cheerful note. The peasants had all passed away, and no one was to be seen but the lady's own attendants, who stood with the horses, awaiting her coming, on the road without the enclosure. She mounted her quiet jennet, and turned its head towards the castle, though with even more than her usual aversion she thought of returning to its walls."

* * * * *

"Witherington and his companion had no sooner reached the ground in safety than they hurried with the utmost anxiety from the castle walls across the deep ravine which skirted them to the south; and, turning abruptly to the right, made all speed to gain the Stobb Hill, where it was their intention to purchase horses. But when they had climbed the steep bank, on which the farm-house was situated, they found, with no little dismay, but only as might reasonably have been expected, that all its inhabitants were fast asleep. It was in vain they battered at the doors, no one answered their summons; and, afraid of losing time, Luke proposed they should at once proceed to the stable, and take such cattle as pleased them.

"'We are out of reach of the Stannington watch and ward, and your name, Maister, at the worst, wad be security enough, or I should na relish being caught horse-stealing,' said the trusty fellow, as he led forth two stout geldings, which the gentleman had assisted him to saddle, and, without running further risk by needless delay, they vaulted on their backs, and were nearly out of hearing when the farmer at length aroused, and, discovering his loss, came out, and bawled after them as loud as he was able; but, as he had no four-footed creature left to assist him in pursuing the thieves, he was fain, before long, to desist from this useless exercise of his lungs, and to return with many curses and lamentations to his bed.

"The anxiety of poor Luke on his brother's account quite equalled that of Witherington, who perhaps, during that ride, thought more of Edith Ogle than either of his mother or Leonard Dacres. But such was the speed with which they both urged on their horses, that in less than an hour they stood before the gates of Bothal Castle, and challenged the warder for admission. No sooner had Witherington announced his name than the drawbridge was immediately lowered, and Lord Ogle, having been made acquainted with the pressing nature of his business, not many minutes elapsed before the nobleman joined him.

"'By the Queen, God bless her, I thought you were lost, Mr. Witherington,' he exclaimed; 'we were a-foot last night till twelve, in hopes of your return, and my men have orders to be under arms at sunrise, to go with me in search of you.'

"'I have been made prisoner, and escaped with difficulty from the clutches of that arch traitor, Leonard Dacres,' he replied.

"'Ha! matters then with him are drawing to a head, if he presumes thus far.'

"'I trust they are, my lord,' said the young man, in hurried accents, 'for we have proof that it was he who shed my father's blood, and not Mr. Ogle.'

"'You astonish me!'

"'I do but speak the truth, my lord, as time will quickly prove; and come to seek my servants, who are lodged beneath your roof, and such light troopers as you will please to grant me—twelve in all, if you are so inclined, to intercept a party of his men who are this morning to convey a worthy man and most material evidence of all his villanies to his stronghold at Naworth.'

"'Take as many of my people as it likes you, the service is a good one,' was the nobleman's reply.

"'And, moreover, I will venture to propose,' continued Witherington, 'that you should march against Morpeth without delay, where I trust, on my return, to join you about about nine o'clock, and thus at once arrest the traitor Dacres, or force him to stand a siege.'

"'I have orders from the Court to keep an eye on him,' was Lord Ogle's reply, 'for he is solely mistrusted; but many of my men have but newly come in, and lack rest for a day or two to refresh their horses, and to fit their armour, before they can much avail in such hard service.'

"'The march will not be long,' returned Witherington, 'and I pray you to remember, my lord, how much honour to yourself, how much good service to her blessed majesty the Queen, and quiet to this harassed country, will result from your arresting this dark plotting traitor, before he has again lighted the firebrand of rebellion through the land.'

"'You say truly,' replied his listener, 'and if my forces are sufficient, it might do me much credit to succeed in such a stroke before Lord Hunsdon or Lord Scroope came to take all the praise.'

"'His men are but new levies, and at most five hundred,' answered Witherington.

"'And there is without doubt sufficient evidence of his treasons to justify me in such a proceeding,' returned the slow-headed peer.

"'You gave me strong proof of his guilt ere we parted,' said the young man, 'and every hour has but confirmed it.'

"'Well, well, the plan is feasible, and, after the instructions I have received, cannot, I believe, bring me into any trouble with the Court; so I comply, Mr. Witherington, and will strike without warrant for once. At nine I must be before the walls, did you say?'

"'At nine, my lord.'

"'At nine, then, I will meet you.'"

Here we must close, recommending "The Lost Evidence" to the attentive perusal of those of our readers who delight to find themselves transported by the efforts of genius to scenes and circumstances which have left no trace behind them but such as is to be found in the page of the chronicler, or as often more vividly illustrated by the pen of the novelist.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

Wild Sports in the West.—This is a cheap reprint, in one volume, of an exceedingly amusing and popular work. The embellishments are not very good—not such as we are now accustomed to, even in *very* cheap works—and the paper is not of the best: but the type is excellent.

The Wisdom and Genius of Shakspeare, &c. By the Rev. THOMAS PRICE, Chaplain to her Majesty's Convict Establishment at Woolwich.—We have as great a dislike to "beauties and selections in general" as ever Coleridge had; but the present little pocket volume is compiled with unusual care and judgment, and will be of use even to those most conversant with the works of the greatest of all poets and philosophers. We anticipate for it an extensive sale, which it assuredly deserves.

Edwin and Morcar, a Tragedy in Five Acts.—A mistake, but not without talent and high feeling.

Deafness, its Causes, Prevention, and Cure, &c. By JOHN STEVENSON, Esq.—This is a cheap and revised edition of the excellent treatise we noticed some time ago, interspersed with additional practical hints, cases, and illustrations, which add greatly to its value.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Crombie's Gymnasium, sive Symbola Critica. Sixth edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 21*s*.
Physical Geography. By T. S. Traill, M.D. Crown 8vo. 6*s*.
Rudiments of English Composition. By Alexander Reid. 12mo. 6*s*.
Mahon's History of England. Vol. III. 8vo. 18*s*.
Tales of a Jewess. By Madame Brendlah. First series. Royal 12mo. 7*s*. 6*d*.
Lindsay's (Lord) Letters on the Holy Land. New edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 24*s*.
The Apostolical Authority of the Epistle to the Hebrews. By the Rev. Charles Forster. 8vo. 21*s*.
James's Book of the Passions. Royal 8vo. plates, 31*s*. 6*d*.
Hutton's Logarithms. New edition. Royal 8vo. 18*s*.
Baily and Lund's Differential Calculus. 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.
Narrative of a Voyage to Alexandria, &c. Fcap. 5*s*.
Powerscourt's Letters. By Rev. R. Daly. Second edition. Fcap. 5*s*.
Morrison's Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles. 18mo. 4*s*.
Conolly's Overland Journey to the North of India. Second edition. 2 vols. 8vo.
Biblical Cabinet. Vol. XXIII. "Billroth on the Corinthians." Vol. II. 6*s*.
The Cambridge Course of Elementary Natural Philosophy. By Snowball. 12mo. 4*s*.
Dalton's Discourses on the Lord's Prayer. Second Edition. Royal 12mo. 6*s*.
Joseph, a Model for the Young. By Edward Leighton. Second Edition. 8*s*.
Chalmers's Lectures on the Establishment and Extension of National Churches. New Edition. 8vo. 1*s*. 6*d*.
Tales for my Nieces. By Mrs. Lenient. 18mo. 2*s*.
Mudie's Mental Philosophy. 12mo. 7*s*.
Baylee's Institutions of the Church of England. 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.
Milne's (Richard M.) Poems. 2 vols. 8vo. 14*s*.
Cutch, or Sketches of Western India. By Mrs. Postans. 8vo. 14*s*.
The Edinburgh Scripture Biography. Royal 8vo. 18*s*.
Hugo Read's Catechism of Heat. 18mo. 9*d*.
Whewell's Mechanical Euclid. Third Edition. 12mo. 5*s*. 6*d*.
Peter Parley's Universal History. New Edition. Fcap. 7*s*. 6*d*.
Fragments in Verse. Fcap. 5*s*.
Essays and Selections. By Basil Montagu. Fcap. 5*s*.
Bacon's Advancement of Learning. Edited by B. Montagu. Fcap. 5*s*.
Wilkinson's Sketches and Music of the Basque Provinces in Spain. Imperial 4to.
School Houses. By Horace Mann. 18mo. 1*s*. 6*d*.

Hunter's Livy, Book XXI. to XXV. Fifth edition. 12mo. 4s.
The Philosophy of Acquisitiveness. By D. G. Goyder. Second Edition. 2s. 6d.
Clavis Gymnasii. By Rev. A. Crombie. Fourth Edition. 8vo. 6s.
Transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers. Vol. II. 4to. 28s.
Gorle's Fables from the Ancients and Moderns Versified. 3s.
French Extracts for Beginners, with a Vocabulary. By F. A. Wolski. 12mo. 2s.
A Sequel to the Essays on Covetousness. 8vo. 1s.
The Law relating to the Recovery of Tenements. 8vo. 1s.
Bowring's Observations on the Oriental Plague. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Clarke's Tales and Sketches. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Pereira's Materia Medica. Part I. 8vo. 16s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

We have great pleasure in stating that Mrs. Jameson's long-expected work, "WINTER STUDIES AND SUMMER RAMBLES IN CANADA," will be in the hands of the public on the 3rd instant.

The new work, "TRAVELS IN TOWN," by the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," will also appear in the same week.

The Hon. Mrs. Sayers has nearly completed the printing of her new work, "HENRY ACTON, AND OTHER TALES."

The first number of the new Quarterly Magazine, entitled "THE ISIS," is to be published on the 1st of January.

A lively volume, entitled "WAKING DREAMS," from the pen of a Lady, is in the press, and intended for speedy publication.

A poem, entitled "THE GAZELLA," is also nearly ready.

Mrs. Gore has nearly ready an entirely new translation of the complete works of Madame de Sévigné, many of which have never yet appeared in English; illustrated by copious notes, biographical and historical, in the manner of Croker's Boswell. The letters will be preceded by an original Essay upon the Life and Manners of Madame de Sévigné and her great contemporaries. Mrs. Gore has availed herself largely of the valuable collections in the Royal Library of Paris.

Blackstone's Commentaries, by Coleridge: a new edition, with Notes explanatory of all the Changes in the Law since the last edition; together with a Life of Blackstone, a Preliminary Essay, and a greatly improved Index. By Samuel Warren, F.R.S., Barrister-at-Law.

A History of the Fishes of Madeira, by the Rev. R. T. Lowe, with original Figures from Nature of all the Species, by the Hon. C. E. C. Norton and Miss Young.

The Cathedral Bell, a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By Jacob Jones, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "The Stepmother;" "Longinus, or the Fall of Palmyra;" and "Spartacus, or the Roman Gladiators;" Tragedies in five acts.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

THE cotton trade at Liverpool continues exceedingly active, and all the letters received from thence describe the market as tending very strongly to a further advance in price. The stock has lately been very considerably reduced in consequence of the prevalence of easterly winds, by which no cargoes have been received for nearly three weeks, and also by the increasing demand for cotton which has been experienced in Manchester, and in consequence of the orders received for the American and general export trade.

Trade in general is, we believe, gradually improving.

As a proof of the success of railways, we see it stated that since the opening of that between Liverpool and Manchester, (little more than eight years,) five millions of passengers have passed along the line. Out of this immense number only two passengers are said to have lost their lives by accident.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 24th of November.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 203 and a half.—Three per Cent. Consols, 94.—Three per Cent. reduced, 93 one-eighth.—Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, 100 three-fourths to five-eighths—Exchequer Bills, 66*s*. to 68*s*. prem.—India Bonds, 64*s*.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Five per Cent. 31 one-eighth.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 54 one-eighth.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 100 five-eighths.—Spanish, Five per Cents. 17.

Money Market Report.—City, Monday Evening, Nov. 26.—The Stock Markets continue much in the same state as for the last four days. Purchases to a limited extent were again made by the commissioners this morning on behalf of the Savings Banks. Letters from New York have been received to the 20th, but they contain nothing of very great importance.

The state of the foreign market is on the whole sufficiently flat and inanimate. Some sensation has been created by the probable resistance of Belgium to the anticipated terms agreed to by the London conference for the settlement of the Belgian question; but Dutch Stock maintains its usual firmness. The Two-and a-Half per Cents. are 54⅛, and the Five per Cents. 100⅝ ¾. Peninsular Securities are almost unsaleable. Spanish Active is 16⅞ 17. Portuguese Five per Cents. 31⅛. The improvement we last noticed in the Bonds of the South American Republics is maintained, but there is little business done in these or indeed any other Foreign Stock. Columbian are 25¾ 26¼. Mexican 23¼ ⅜. Brazilian, 78¼ ⅜.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM OCT. 22, TO NOV. 24, 1838, INCLUSIVE.

Oct. 22.—M. Ing, Mount Pleasant, Clerkenwell, licensed victualler.—P. Gresley, Golden Lane, Middlesex, licensed victualler.—J. James, Birmingham, baker.—J. Edmondson, Marsden, Lancashire, miller.—J. Cliffe, Woodbank, Cheshire, auctioneer.—T. Willis, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, victualler.

Oct. 26.—W. Scoons, Maidstone, Kent, innkeeper.—E. Storey, Manchester, bookseller.—W. Hand, Park Lane, Endon, Staffordshire, tanner.

Oct. 26.—J. Barker, Sheffield, grocer.—D. Hurst, Dukinfield, Cheshire, beer seller.—E. Keeler, of Canterbury, dealer in china.—J. Haworth, of Burnley, cotton spinner.

Nov. 2.—A. Brooks, City Road, coach builder.—G. M. Von Dadelszen and W. Preller, Mincing Lane, merchants.—W. Drake, Buckeridge Arms, George Street, St. Giles's, victualler.—G. F. Hodgkinson, Fenchurch Street, merchant.—G. Hall, Tideswell, Derbyshire, banker.—P. W. Smith, Liverpool, merchant.—J. Sheldon, Kettleshulme, Cheshire, cotton-spinner.—B. Breedon, Wellesbourne Mountford, Warwickshire, tailor.—T. Singleton, Kirkham, Lancashire, linen-manufacturer.

Nov. 6.—A. Robertson, Halifax, Yorkshire, linen-draper.—A. Wallis, Springfield, Essex, miller.—E. Ber, Wood Street, Cheapside, laceman.—J. Wright, Leicester, timber merchant.—J. Collins, Western Road, Brighton, butcher.—W. E. Gillespie, Chester-le-Street, Durham, common brewer.

Nov. 9.—H. H. Carter, Springfield, Essex, wine merchant.—G. Wild, Roworth, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner.—B. Bunyon, Manchester, tea-dealer.—T. Goodworth, Wortley, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.—J. Gascoine, Sheffield, Yorkshire, builder.—J. Ford, Birmingham, watchmaker.—J. Holroyd and R. S. Holroyd, Soyland, Yorkshire, cotton-spinners.—T. Jones, Gloucester, tanner.

Nov. 13.—J. Munday, Wood Street, Cheapside, importer of French flowers.—D. B. Smith, jun., Birmingham, grocer.

Nov. 16.—H. Sayers, Ardingly, Sussex, draper.—S. Bacon, Bedfont, Middlesex, victualler.—A. U. Meredith, Portsmouth, draper.—T. Wise, Wardour Street, Soho, apothecary.—S. Tunnicliff, Deptford, Kent, victualler.—D. B. Smith, jun., Birmingham, grocer.—B. Binyon, Manchester, tea dealer.—J. Parmiter, Droxford, Southampton, cattle dealer.—R. More, Norwich, linen draper.—C. Ratherham, Birmingham, timber dealer.

Nov. 21.—J. H. Gurney, Broad Street, Bloomsbury, victualler.—D. Smith, York Road, Lambeth, builder.—J. Burchett, Garratt Lane, Tooting, Surrey, physic and market gardener.—M. Robinson, Leeds, bookseller.—A. Alves, Glastonbury, Somersetshire, draper.

Nov. 24.—J. Guibert and M. Evans, St. James's Place, Clerkenwell, jewellers.—B. Webb, Tooley Street, Southwark, grocer.—C. Odlin, jun., Stamford, mercer.—S. Jacobs, Great Prescott Street, Goodman's Fields, farrier.—J. Tratt, Berner's Street, Oxford Street, plumber.—J. P. Mortimore, Devonport, cabinet maker.—T. King, Southampton, bookseller.—J. Haddon, J. Clark, and J. Porter, Liverpool, merchants.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1838.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Oct.					
23	58-53	29,92 29,79	S.E.		General overcast.
24	59 53	29,76 29,70	S.W.	,0875	Generally clear, rain fell during the morning.
25	57-42	30,00-29,92	S.W.		General overcast.
26	61-51	29,86-29,73	S.W.	,0125	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
27	59-33	29,85 29,70	N.W.		Generally cloudy, rain in the afternoon.
28	53-47	29,45-29,19	S.E.	,575	Cloudy, rain in the morning and evening.
29	51-44	29,53-29,19	S.W.	,465	Generally clear.
30	49-35	29,70-29,65	S.W.		Generally clear.
31	43-37	29,73 Stat.	N.E.	,35	Morning cloudy, otherwise clear, with rain.
Nov.					
1	51-34	29,40-29,28	S.W.	,4	Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
2	46 33·5	29,28-29,23	S.W.		Generally cloudy, rain in the morning.
3	45-31	29,42-29,18	S.	,0375	Generally cloudy, raining all the evening.
4	51-32	29,86-29,83	S.	,275	Evening cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
5	49-30·5	29,33-29,06	W.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
6	47-31·5	29,65-29,62	S.W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
7	58-45	29,44-29,38	S.W.		Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
8	53-46	29,50-29,47	S.W.	,4	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
9	49-44	29,45-29,32	W. & S.W.	,3	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
10	45-34	29,58-29,56	S.W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
11	38-28	29,66-29,62	N.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
12	45-35·5	30,19-29,96	N.		Generally clear.
13	45-28·5	30,29-30,26	N.		Generally clear.
14	46-28	30,17-30,12	N.E.	,125	Generally clear.
15	42-38·5	29,88-29,77	E.		General overcast, rain in the morning.
16	48-40	29,65-29,64	E.		Generally cloudy.
17	46-28	29,64-29,60	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
18	47-39	29,57-29,55	N.E.		Cloudy, with frequent rain.
19	41-38	29,53-29,50	N.E.	,8375	Cloudy, raining generally all the day.
20	41-35	29,61-29,56	N.E.	,175	General overcast.
21	41-35	29,40-29,28	E.		General overcast.
22	46-38	29,28-29,18	N.E. & S.E.	,1	Cloudy, rain at times.

Hurricane.—On the morning of the 29th ultimo, from three to four, the wind blew with the most alarming and tremendous force, uprooting many trees, and doing much damage to the roofs of houses: new and unfinished buildings were, in several instances, completely thrown down. It appears to be the general opinion that the violence of the wind, which was at its height shortly before four o'clock, is unprecedented. During the day the wind had been variable from five to nine in the evening, S.E. and S.W. Judging chiefly from the devastation, we should say that the hurricane must have been from the S.W. Nearly ,5 of an inch of rain fell between seven and ten on the evening of the 28th, with a gentle breeze from the S.E.

November Meteors.—On the evenings of the 12th and 13th, several of these phenomena were seen in several directions. On the latter evening the more remarkable were chiefly seen in the W. and N.W., and moving towards the S.; but a greater number, though of less magnitude and seldom exhibiting any train, were observed moving in directions almost diametrically opposed. During the whole of our observations on the night of the 13th and morning of the 14th, two meteors of an extraordinary character were seen, one about 10h. 45m., moving from N.W. towards the S., remarkable for the extreme length of train which was left in the path of the meteor for about four seconds, extending from a point between the foot of Hercules and Vega, through the upper part of the constellations of the Harp, the Fox, and Goose, and terminating just below the Dolphin, where the meteor disappeared, extending over an arc of rather more than 30 deg.; the other meteor above referred to was of a character differing from any before observed by the writer—it appeared at 11h. 10m. in a direction E.N.E. about 1 deg. above Castor, the higher star of the Twins; a brilliant blue light shot upwards, in a direction towards Capella, perhaps for about 2 degs., and its train appeared to pass in a direction opposed to this over an arc of about 4 degs.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

J. White, of Haddington, North Britain, Ironmonger, for certain improvements in the construction of ovens and heated air stoves. September 27th, 6 months.

J. Bourne, of the City of Dublin, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines, and in the construction of boilers, furnaces, and stoves. October 8th, 6 months.

J. F. Norton, of Manchester, Merchant, for certain improvements in stoves or furnaces, and in instruments or apparatus for making the same. October 8th, 6 months.

H. Dunington, of Nottingham, Lace Manufacturer, for improvements in warp machinery and in fabrics produced by warp machinery. October 8th, 6 months.

G. Haden, of Trowbridge, Wiltshire, Engineer, for improvements in the manufacture of a soap or composition applicable to the felting and other purposes employed in the manufacture of woollen cloth and other purposes for which soap is usually employed. October 8th, 6 months.

C. Sanderson, of Sheffield, Steel Manufacturer, for a certain improvement in the art or process of smelting iron ores. October, 11th, 6 months.

M. Heath, of Furnival's Inn, in the city of London, Esquire, for improvements in clarifying and filtering water, beer, wine, and other liquids. October 11th, 6 months.

J. Woolrich, of Birmingham, Professor of Chemistry, for an improved process for manufacturing carbonate of lead, commonly called white lead. October 11th, 6 months.

J. Fowler, of Birmingham, Gentleman, for certain improvements in preparing or manufacturing sulphuric acid. October 16th, 6 months.

W. Brockedon, of Queen's Square, Middlesex, Esquire, for a combination of known materials, forming a substitute for corks and bungs. October ,17th, 6 months.

H. Meyer, of Piccadilly, Wax Chandler and Oil Merchant, for improvements in the manufacture of lamps. October 17th, 6 months.

E. R. Handcock, of the city of Dublin, for improvements in castors for furniture and other purposes. October 17th, 6 months.

G. Harrison, of Carlton House Terrace Surveyor, for improvements for supplying air for promoting and supporting the combustion of fire in close stoves and furnaces, and for economising fuel therein. October 17th, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of 66, Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Patent Agent, for improvements in the construction of bridges, viaducts, piers, roofs, truss girders, and stays for architectural purposes. October 17th, 6 months.

J. G. Bodmer, of Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements in the machinery or apparatus for carding, drawing, roving, and spinning cotton, flax, wool, silk, and other fibrous substances. October 22nd, 6 months.

W. Jukes, of Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, for a mode of applying ventilating apparatus to stoves constructed on Dr. Arnott's principle. October 22nd, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of '66, Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Mechanical Draftsman, for an improved method or methods of preparing certain substances for the preservation of wood and other materials used in the construction and fitting up of houses, ships, and other works, which improvements are also applicable to other useful purposes. October 22nd, 6 months.

J. Henfrey, of Weymouth Terrace, Shoreditch, Engineer and Machinist, for certain improvements in the manufacture of hinges or joints, and in the machinery employed therein. October 25th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

Contrary to the reports which have prevailed, it is now expected that Parliament will not assemble until the usual time.

A variety of documents have been received from Canada, and it is considered probable that Lord Durham will arrive in England early in the present month.

The *Liverpool* steam-ship, which sailed for New York on the 20th of October, has been obliged to return, from her having consumed so much of her fuel as to render it improbable she could, without a further supply, complete her voyage.

The following account of the circumstance has been given by a passenger :—

" *To the Editor of the Athenæum.*

" Cork, Oct. 30, 1838.

" Sir,—Having been a passenger on board the *Liverpool* steamer, during her late unfortunate expedition westward and back again, and knowing the interest you have manifested in the great scheme of Atlantic steam navigation, I offer no apology for communicating, immediately on my arrival here this morning, a few of the leading particulars.

" We left port on Saturday the 20th—more than fifty passengers on board—in high spirits. The weather was then fair, but did not long continue so. The sea had run high for some days before, in consequence of long-prevailing violent west winds ; it soon became a serious obstacle to our progress. Bad weather came on—rains and squalls. Still the boat went on bravely. At times the sea, which grew worse and worse, broke over her, fore and aft, sweeping all before it, and giving her not unfrequently tremendous dead digs, which, as we lay in our berths at midnight—or tried to lie—seemed absolutely to *take up* the ship and give her a shaking, as a dog does a rat. During this time it appears some damage was done. Some small leakages were sprung about the upper part of the vessel, such as might be expected in a new one under such circumstances, causing a little transient alarm, but probably without much reason. The fore cabin suffered severely : at one time the water, as I now hear, was some inches deep there. I also understand that the cargo, to the amount of one hundred and fifty tons, appears to be damaged throughout. An accident at one time happened to the machinery, which occasioned a suspension of operations for some hours. Still we pushed on, not much exhilarated by such a beginning, but yet more and more convinced of the staunch qualities of the *Liverpool* as a *sea-boat*, and moreover satisfied with the behaviour and management of the captain and all the officers on board. Thus matters stood when we were suddenly notified of the captain's resolution to turn back—a great sensation arose of course—a council was called—every cabin and berth turned out their cadaverous-looking tenants, sea-sick, sleepy and all. It seemed that the engineer had sent in a written report of the state of the fuel, from which it appeared, on a comparison of quantities and distances, that there was not enough on board to carry us through the voyage ; and that consequently we must seek absolute safety in retreat. To this nothing could be said ; we acquiesced with the best grace we could. At the end of between nine hundred and one thousand miles, on the expiration of the *sixth* day, we turned round and went before the gale—the ship dashing through the surge with an eagerness which seemed to say that no time was now to be lost.

" And now, will you ask, what was the cause of this difficulty ? Want of coals, and nothing else. The ship is a fine sea-craft,—nothing can be said against her ;—she is as staunch as wood and iron could make her. The commander, and all his subordinates, did their duty like old sailors ;—nothing that skill or science could do was omitted. Our progress, in point of fact, was satisfactory. In the worst weather, with raging seas, the wind against us, all but a few hours, and generally amounting to little short of a gale, we yet made at the rate of more than one hundred and fifty miles a day—something like six and a half miles the hour. Even at this rate we anticipated completing the voyage at most in about twenty-one days, more probably in eighteen. But this was not to be done without coals ; and the calculation seemed to be, that, having started with about five hundred and sixty-four tons, including one hundred of Williams's resined and condensed peats, called ' patent fuel,' we had already consumed something like *half of our stock* ; which proved that, instead of five hundred and sixty-four tons, eight hundred would be the minimum of the quantity required to carry us through. This extraordinary consumption will excite surprise. The explanation of the ship's going to sea, provided as she was, with such a consuming power, will be called for. This question we have looked into as well as we could, having examined the papers and all the officers from whom information was to be had, and that information being freely given. It would appear that the ship was not sufficiently tried before starting. She went to Dublin, but that was no trial at all. More than this, it comes out that a very material alteration was made in a part of the machinery *after the Dublin trip*, and *without superadding the least pretence of an experiment thereon*, by which the consumption of coal was increased nearly seven hundred pounds the hour. Other disclosures I might add, but I have said sufficient till an answer appears to explain this. The return voyage to Cork was made in three days. The vessel showed great powers of speed as well as strength. The passengers held several meetings during this time. A committee was appointed for thorough investigation, consisting of nine members—English, Americans, and others. From this committee we had a deliberate report of facts, which you will, I presume, see in due time. It was adopted without a single dissenting voice. Summarily, it lays the blame of the failure exclusively on the negligence of the Company's agent, acquitting all other parties, including the boat itself. At the same time it strenuously enforces the position, that this disaster in reality offers not the slightest argument against Atlantic steam navigation, though it is much to be feared that discouragement will ensue to many minds in consequence of the failure. This consideration weighs heavily with the passengers, who are mostly commercial men. Of course there will be a panic in the United States, when the vessel becomes overdue there; and the suffering of the numerous relatives of those on board, for perhaps six or eight weeks, can be easily conceived. My purpose has been merely to give you a statement of the facts which have led to the failure."

This unlooked-for circumstance will of course, until it is known there, occasion considerable anxiety respecting the vessel at New York, especially among the friends of those who were known to have gone as passengers in her.

Further experiments having been made, the *Liverpool* has again sailed, the particulars of which have been given by the same gentleman, as follows:—

"Cork, Nov. 5, 1838.

"I see the papers are full of confused and contradictory accounts of the expedition of our unfortunate *Liverpool*. One London journal, received to-day, announces, formally, that she is wholly disabled, and is to be laid up. Others state that she consumed four hundred tons of coal in eight days. Again, it is hinted by other parties that the captain's mismanagement was the cause of the failure, and that he ought to have 'gone a-head.' There is also much made of certain 'tremendous hurricanes' the boat is now said to have encountered, as if she had been compelled by the elements to return. There is no truth in this.

"The statement which I sent you last week, though then drawn up necessarily in a hurry, is substantially correct. The *Liverpool* was not compelled to turn back by the weather. We met nothing which deserved to be called a hurricane, going or coming; the nearest approach to it occurred the day and night before we got into Cove, and not till forty-eight hours after we had sounded our retreat. Neither was the *Liverpool*, as a *sea-boat*, unseaworthy or insecure. As I said before, she behaved nobly. Some damage was done to her, but less than could reasonably be expected. She may not be of as a perfect a model for this Transatlantic business as she might be; no doubt she is deficient in proportionate beam for such a voyage; no doubt there are many little inconveniences in her internal construction;—but no one of us have ever dreamed that the boat turned round on account of these things; no one would hesitate, now, any more than before the late expedition, to call her a fine ship, or to hazard their lives in her across the Atlantic, *provided always she were furnished and fitted out as she should be with the means of performing the voyage.* This she was not; and this, I repeat, was the cause of her return. She consumed an extravagant quantity of coal, which was one fault; and she carried a deficient quantity, which was another: and this is the whole explanation of her failure. The details are not very important perhaps, since *nobody* here denies these general facts; but the strict truth, after all inquiries by every kind of interested party, seems to be, that there were about fifty tons more of fuel remaining, when we turned round, than the engineer supposed; that, allowing this, and starting from Liverpool with five hundred and sixty-three tons, (as advertised,) we actually consumed about three hundred and sixty tons in nine days, or just forty tons a day; and leaving on hand, when we got into port, but about two hundred tons, or little more than what it was generally calculated we ought to have on arriving at New York. How idle is it then to talk of the captain's persisting, under these circumstances: granting we had made one thousand miles, and calling that a third of the voyage, we could not calculate on requiring less than twelve days' more fuel, or four hundred and eighty tons, whereas we had only three hundred and twenty-three.

"As to the cause of this consumption, I have but to confirm what was said before. The fault is in some of the flues or bridges,—I am not engineer enough to describe it technically; but no one denies that, *after* the little pretence of an experiment to Dublin and back, and before starting for New York, an alteration was made in some of these avenues, by the removal of bricks or otherwise, to which, at least, an additional consumption of seven hundred pounds the hour is immediately to be traced. This was unknown, it is said, to the company; perhaps even to the agent. No matter. It is not unknown now; at least it is not here denied. But here lies the fault: the ship was got off in too great a hurry. It was inevitable, in such a flurry, to be absurdly *punctual* to a day, (which is the only apology I hear of,) that some deficiencies should occur. I hope it may prove a lesson to all candidates for transatlantic navigation in future. At all events, the cause itself must not suffer on account of such a proceeding as this.

"You may feel some interest in knowing, what I hear from the best authority, that this company are having a depôt of coals established at Fayal, for the greater security and comfort of their winter navigation. This, no doubt, may sometimes be a convenience, though not one, I hope, necessary to be relied on, as that island, I believe, is at least three hundred miles out of the regular course to the south."

"P.S. *Monday afternoon.*—Just as I expected. The *Liverpool* has come into Cove from an "experimental trip,"—experimental on the re-alterations made here, which, of course, should have been made and tried at Liverpool. The result is "highly satisfactory;" that is, the boat has made a hundred and eighty-five miles in twenty-four hours, with a high wind all the way, and a head-wind part of it; and this she had done with a consumption of *thirty tons and a fraction*. On the strength of this proceeding, such as it is, we shall leave port again early to-morrow. Meanwhile it is announced that nearly, if not quite, seven hundred tons of fuel will be on board, with which we have reason to be satisfied, especially as we are already a day or two on our way. Under these circumstances, and with a good boat,—being only seven inches deeper than before,—it will be strange if we cannot accomplish the voyage. We hope to be in New York in eighteen days at the farthest."

M. De Tocqueville, who has, by his admirable work, "Democracy in America," established for himself a high reputation in both hemispheres, has just written a valuable Letter on Prison Discipline, which we have much pleasure in giving.

"LETTER OF M. TOCQUEVILLE ON THE PENITENTIARY SYSTEM; ADDRESSED TO A MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL-GENERAL OF THE DEPARTMENT OF LA MANCHE.

"Tocqueville, Aug. 1838.

"MY DEAR SANGLOIS—You ask my advice as to the questions submitted to you by the home minister. It is with great pleasure that I shall state to you the results of my experience and observations during my American journey. You will see how these results consist of a few clear and simple propositions.

"The statistical documents published by the minister of justice show that the number of relapsed criminals increases in a rapid and progressive manner. The accounts given by the tribunals prove that all great crimes are committed by men who have previously undergone condemnation.

"The actual system of our prisons is then bad. It menaces the general order as well as the security of the individual. Its modification is then necessary. This is maxim the first, and one quite beyond all contestation. Our prison administration acknowledges this, and proclaims it.

"There are few questions which have produced so much discussion these ten years past, whether in America or in Europe, as that of knowing what new mode of imprisonment ought to be substituted for the present one.

"Many new systems have been proposed, differing from each other by a multitude of shades, but all reducible to two principal plans.

"The first consists in isolating the prisoners during the night, and making them work together during the day. Where the second is adopted, each prisoner works and lives altogether by himself.

"The system of Auburn, as I call the first, absolutely forbids all nocturnal conversations, all those acts of depravation which generally accompany them; it partly hinders communication by day, but it does not prevent the prisoners from becoming acquainted with each other, and meeting on their coming out of prison. It can only be maintained by continual and minute inspection. It demands, in order to succeed, frequent and arbitrary punishments; and it may be doubted whether the system can at all be established without the aid of summary and corporal punishments, which public opinion in France would infallibly condemn.

"The system of Philadelphia forbids noctural communications as completely as that of Auburn, excluding at the same time any communication by day. It prevents the prisoners not only talking, but even seeing each other. It results from this, that when a man is released, after a few years' imprisonment, all the ties which attached him to crime are broken. He has lost sight of his old companions, has made no new acquaintances, and finds himself isolated and powerless in the midst of the organised society of the honest.

"The discipline of the system of Philadelphia is simple and easy, because it uses walls and not men. An honest and intelligent prison-director suffices to introduce and maintain it in a vast edifice. The prisoner, being isolated, can offer no resistance; he is alone against society.

"Of all systems of imprisonment that of Philadelphia most strikes the imagination of the condemned, and this is a great advantage. The necessity of making prisons fearful has been too much lost sight of in our days. There the prisoner ought not to suffer bodily; but he must at least find himself unhappy enough, in consequence of his crimes, to deter him from again violating the laws, and to deter others from imitating him.

"Of all penitentiary systems known, that of Philadelphia, without comparison, offers most likelihood of producing reform. It prevents, absolutely, the deterioration of the moral habits of a prisoner, the very contrary being the case in our prisons, and even that of Auburn. Often it has the effect of changing habits and modifying even the ideas. It is idleness which leads people to crime. Amongst good workmen there are no robbers. The system of Philadelphia obliges to work, and obliges even the love of it. Idleness is so great a punishment in solitude, that prisoners would rather do without bread than without work. I have seen them ask, at Philadelphia, as the greatest favour, to be permitted to work; and their greatest punishment is the being deprived of their tools. At Auburn the prisoners are beaten in order to force them to work; at Philadelphia they had rather be beaten than remain idle. They naturally contract the habit, the taste, and the necessity of occupation, and occupation removes them from crime.

"In the system of Philadelphia the prisoner is separated with care from the vicious portion of society, and sheltered from all its corrupted emanations, in order to be exposed solely to honest influences. The Americans put a moral volume in each cell. This book is in general read and often learnt by heart by the prisoner, without his being recommended to do so. To prevent him would be, on the contrary, punishment. I have seen prisoners learn to read, in order to procure the pleasure of perusing this volume. If these same men had been in one of our prisons, they would have trodden under foot that work now so precious to them. It is the same with sensible and moral conversation, which would be turned into ridicule in the common prison rooms, but which is hearkened to as a benefit in the lonely cell. Morals and reason thus penetrate imperceptibly into the heart of each prisoner.

"Experience leads me more and more to believe that solitude alone, when it is not absolute, is capable of producing reform. I have gone through all the cells of the Philadelphia penitentiary. I have conversed successively with all the inmates, and I can affirm that I have found the minds of those men in a more satisfactory state than those of any other class of condemned I have ever met with. Their thoughts were grave and calm, their words simple and rational. Isolation had given an intensity to the sentiments which are of use in rendering man moral. I have seen few prisoners who had not tears in their eyes in speaking of their parents, of their children of the place of their birth, and the first years of their youth.

"From all this I conclude, without hesitation, that the system of Philadelphia is a great deal more easy to establish and to maintain in action, is more intimidating, reforms more, and is in general more useful to society than any other. This is quite clear to me. But as I am not pleading here, I will now pass in review the inconveniences of my favourite system.

"The system of Philadelphia costs dearer to establish than that of Auburn. Nevertheless, it is to be considered that if in the first the cells are much larger and more expensively furnished, on the other hand there is need of neither refectories, working-rooms, hospitals, large courts, double and high exterior walls, nor of that prodigality of bolts and bars, all very dear, and which are requisite in the system of Auburn.

"It is secondly to be considered that, should the system of Philadelphia be adopted, the duration of all punishments would certainly be diminished. And lastly, it must be admitted that a bad prison system, which brings the same men back to be eternally prosecuted, and where the number of delinquents continually increases, is, everything considered, the dearest of all. Every robber levies a double fine upon society; first, by the robbery which he commits, secondly, by the expenses which his detention and punishment occasion. A cheap prison is not cheap if it increases crime; it is adding to the home minister's expenses what it diminishes from the budget of justice.

"It is also objected, that the Philadelphia renders it difficult to employ the prisoners in productive labour. This is true; there are a number of professions and occupations that require the labour of many in common, and sometimes in the open air. This cannot apply to preventive imprisonment, society having no right to make a man work who is not condemned. Nor does it apply to those condemned for terms shorter than a year, it being impossible to train such to continued labour in a workhouse. They are too few, and remain too short a time. With respect to those condemned to long terms of confinement, the Philadelphia renders the profitable employment of them certainly more difficult. But this difficulty should not be exaggerated. The prisoners whom I saw at Philadelphia were occupied, and some of them most profitably occupied. There still remains the difficult question as to how far the state, in employing the condemned in its power, can enter into competition with the free and honest artisan. Such a competition, to the prejudice of the latter, would be throwing on the industrious classes the expenses of criminal justice.

"There remains the third and last objection, and by far the most serious. It is said that solitary imprisonment destroys the health of the prisoners and endangers their life. This is important, and deserves, I grant, all the attention of the legislator. I myself had conceived these fears and expressed them in America. I had indeed seen in Philadelphia men who, shut up in their cells for more than a year, (the Penitentiary itself was open only that time,) had not yet suffered. But I feared lest a longer imprisonment should end by injuring their health, and concluded that it would be wiser to await the result of a longer experience in America; for you know that the finest theories are not worth a fact. This was in 1831, when the king's government had sent me to America with M. de Beaumont. Seven years have elapsed since that time. Tables of mortality for eight years have been drawn up; and it appears from them that if the mortality in the prison of Philadelphia has been a little greater than in that of Auburn, it was much less than in the central prisons of France and amongst the galley slaves, and that it was always above the average mortality of the town of Philadelphia itself. In our country more die in the prisons than without. Solitary imprisonment, such as I imagine it, is not being *au secret*, since the prisoner has frequent communications with his guardians, with the chaplain, and even with those charitable people who interest themselves in his reform. He is not separated from his family, which he can see under the inspection and with the permission of the government. He is not in a dungeon, but in a healthy room, airy and warm, where he is well fed, well clothed, where he works, and where he can read and write. Solitary imprisonment in this manner makes the mind suffer, it is true, but spares the body—a double effect, which ought to be the aim of every system of imprisonment. A man thus kept in prison is sequestered only from the corrupted portion of society, and prevented from indulging in his vicious habits. An individual at large may lead a more healthy life; but a prison is not an hospital where persons are confined for the good of their health. The end of a prison is to reform and punish.

"I will terminate by saying, that the enemies of the Pennsylvania system have never observed it in action, whilst its partisans have. I went to America opposed to this system; I returned convinced of the necessity of its adoption, if proved that it did not cost the life of the prisoner. Mr. Crawford and M. Julius, sent by England and Prussia, brought back the same conviction; M. Demetz the same. In America, seven years ago, all the states were about to adopt the system of Auburn; they have changed it for that of Philadelphia. After this experience, the cellular system of seclusion by night and by day makes no question as to its being the fittest in France."—*From the Moniteur.*

INDEX TO VOL. XXIII.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

Autumnal Trees, by T. J. Ouseley, 62.
Absurdities of Human Life, 74.
Absence, of, 94.
Autobiographical Sketches, by Mrs. Crawford, 189.

British Museum, the, by the Author of " The Great Metropolis," 17.
British Patriot's Song, the, by T. Ragg, 92.
Beautiful Dead, the, by R. Howitt, 203.
Brothers, the, by Mrs. Abdy, 280.

Courtier of the Reign of Charles II., by Mrs. C. Gore, 78, 177, 300, 409.
Cupid and the Harp, by Washington Browne, 128.
Cadet, Memoirs of a, 216, 333.

Deception, a Tale, by Mrs. Abdy, 204, 320.
Dead, the, by Mrs. Edward Thomas, 387.

Father-Love, by the O'Hara Family, 1, 129, 251, 337.

Hymn to Sunset, 112.
Habits and Opinions of the Poets, Milton and Thomson, 243.

Joanna Huntingdon, by the Author of " The Reformer," 51.

Musea Moribunda, 28.
Mems in the Mediterranean, by Launcelot Lamprey, 63, 309, 422.
Mind and Style, by an Irish Barrister, 113.
Memories of Song, the, by Mrs. Abdy, 142.
Mary Ambree, by the Author of " Phillis Leyton," &c. 433.

Note-Book of an Irish Barrister, the, 225.

Recollection, a, by Washington Browne, 299.

Snatches of Song, by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, 16, 176, 242.
Shakspeare Fancies, 29, 143, 281.
Sign Painter of Naples, the, by Joseph Price, 104.

INDEX.

Sonnet to Venice, by R. Howitt, 332.
Song, the Woodland Well, by R. Howitt, 408.
Sonnet to a Portrait of Lady Jane Grey, by Hans Holbein, by R. Howitt, 421.

Tale of the Conscription, a, 270.
Tattersall's and the Turf, by the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," 388.
To my Sleeping Babe, by Mrs. Edward Thomas, 448.

Voyage to St. Kilda, a, 98.
Venice and its Dependencies, 195.

Winkle's Journal, omitted in the Pickwick Papers, 158.
Winter Studies and Summer Rambles, 346.
"Will Nothing Love Me?" by the Author of "The Reformer," 369.
Wilt Thou Love Me Still? by Mrs. Crawford, 432.

Ada, a Tale, noticed, 109
Amaranth, the, noticed, 85
Annual of British Landscape, the, noticed, 83
Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum, or the Trees and Shrubs of Britain, noticed, 33
Aristomenes, a Grecian Tale, noticed, 34
An Abridged Account of the Dauphin, &c., noticed, 40

Bankrupts, 19, 50, 88, 121
Book of Family Crests, noticed, 13

Caunter's and Daniell's Oriental Annual, noticed, 83
Cogitations of a Vagabond, noticed, 34
C. Crispi Sallustii Bellum Catilinarium et Jugurthinum, noticed, 15
Commercial Relations of the Country, 19, 49, 88, 120
Coronation, the, a Poem, noticed, 70
Correspondence of Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart., the, noticed, 5
Crotchet in the Air, noticed, 103
Cutch, noticed, 104

Diadem, the, noticed, 84
Dictionary of Arts, noticed, 103

Edwin and Mary, noticed, 12
Elements, the, of Practical Geology, noticed, 101

Forget-Me-Not, noticed, 86
Friendship's Offering, noticed, 82
Funds, 19, 49, 88, 121

Guide, the, to Trade—the Printer, noticed, 44

Hand Book. Switzerland, Savoy, and Piedmont, noticed, 44
Heath's Book of Beauty, noticed, 113
Heath's Picturesque Annual, noticed, 115
Heir of Selwood, the, noticed, 80
History and Geography of Greece, the, noticed, 13
Historical Tales of the Southern Counties, noticed, 13
Historical Register, 23, 54, 91, 124
Historical Sketch of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Reformation in Poland, &c., noticed, 68

Il Viaggio al Templo della Fama, noticed, 70
India, Great Britain, and Russia, noticed, 106
Italy, a Poem, noticed, 81

Jennings's Landscape Annual, noticed, 116

Keepsake, the, noticed, 114
Kindred, a Comedy, noticed, 81

Ladies' Sunday School Assistant, noticed, 14
Land Sharks and Sea Gulls, noticed, 81

INDEX.

Letter to the Hon. H. Clay, noticed, 103
Letters on Paraguay, noticed, 9
List of New Publications, 17, 46, 87, 119
Literary News, 18, 48, 87, 120

Meteorological Journal, 20, 53, 89, 122
Money Market Report, 19, 49, 88, 121

Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym, the, noticed, 81
Natural History of the Sperm Whale, the, noticed, 103
Naturalist, the, noticed, 104
New Patents, 21, 50, 90, 123
New Translation of a Thousand and One Nights, a, noticed, 15
Notes on Naples, noticed, 65

Philosophy of Language, noticed, 45
Pictorial Edition of Shakspere, noticed, 73
Pictorial History of England, the, noticed, 16
Poems and Songs, Humorous and Satirical, noticed, 15
Poetical Works of Southey, noticed, 12
Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, the, noticed, 97

Railroadiana, noticed, 16

Sartor Resartus, noticed, 1
Summary of Works received, 45, 86, 119

The Lost Evidence, noticed, 117
The Shajrat ul Atrak, noticed, 39
Three Expeditions into the Interior of Eastern Australia, noticed, 111
Tranquil Hours, noticed, 116

Walter Deverell, noticed, 14
Windsor Castle and its Environs, noticed, 15

LONDON.
IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

8. WHITFORD, ELIZA SODEN; born 12th Nov. 1833—father 16 years in National Debt Office, with very small salary—highly respectable—had 7 children, 4 living—sister unsuccessful at *four* elections, once by *nine votes only*. Islington.

---

9. COLE, EMILY; born 29th March, 1834—father a corn-factor—7 children. Islington.

10. ELLIS, SUSAN HANNAH; born 1st Aug. 1834—an orphan—father was clerk to Sir Thos. Wilde 19 years—6 children. Bagnigge-wells.

11. GILLAN, MARY ANN C.; born 15th Feb. 1834—father a lithographic printer—grandfather and two uncles ministers of the Scotch church. 44, Sandwich-street.

12. GRIFFITHS, CHARLOTTE EMMA; born 10th Aug. 1833—an orphan—father was in the Stamp Office—3 children. 3, Great Clarendon-street.

13. HARCOURT, FANNY; born 1st Aug. 1834—father was a farmer—4 children. Rotherham.

14. LONG, MARY ELIZABETH; born 14th Oct. 1834—an orphan—father was a cheesemonger—2 children. Hoxton.

15. ROSEDEW, CAROLINE; born 1st Jan. 1835—an orphan—father was a solicitor. St. Hellier's.

---

16. COOPER, JANE MARY; born 8th Sept. 1832—an orphan—father was a green-grocer—6 children. Edward-street, Dorset-square.

17. CRUMI
24th Aug. 1833-
now compelled t
wife and 7 childr
18. DANIE
June, 1835—an
dren, one deaf an
19. DELAI
May, 1835—fatl
cessful in busines
20. DUPRI
an orphan—fathe
—will be entitled
22, Spring-street
21. DYER,
31st March, 183
master at Writtle,
22. MULL
—an orphan—fa
then in ill health.

23. BOXE
LEY; born 20th
was a Command
Cornwall.
24. BROW
—father a tailor-
25. BUCK,
1833—no father
4 children. Tac

BOYS. Eigl

34. SINGLETON, HENRY EDWARD; born 16th June, 1832—most respectably descended—3 children—grandfather twice robbed of property to a large amount—had 10 children and died suddenly. Cloisters, Westminster. *(last time.)*

35. WILLS, CHARLES OAKLEY; born 18th Apr. 1832—an orphan—father was a clock-case maker—6 children. Shoreditch. *(last time.)*

---

36. EASTERBROOK, THOMAS FORD; born 13th Sept. 1832—father was a baker at Bristol—7 children—no mother. Marshall-street, Golden-square

37. JOHNSON, CHARLES WEDGE; born 29th July, 1832—father was a grocer, died after two years' illness—7 children. Dalston-road. *(last time)*

38. JONES, WILLIAM; born 16th Dec. 1832—father was in trade, but unsuccessful, and now in very ill health—7 children. Bayswater.

39. JORDAN, ALEXANDER JOSEPH; born 2nd Nov. 1832—an orphan—father was a pastry-cook—3 children. Bishopsgate-street.

40. KROHN, JOHN F. W.; born 11th Nov. 1832—an orphan—father was a chemist—grandfather a farmer in Germany—3 children. Hare-street.

41. POMROY, EBENEZER; born 5th Oct. 1832—an orphan—father was a clerk—3 children. Camberwell.

42. TEWSLEY, ARTHUR; born 6th Oct. 1832—father a grocer, reduced by a harsh creditor—6 children. Mortlake, Surrey.

---

43. LAMB, FREDERICK; born 8th June 1832—an orphan—father was manager of the Trafalgar Hotel, Spring Gardens—died after a few days illness

63. KERR
1834—father ma
fortunate—6 chi
64. MAC
born 20th Marc
much afflicted wi
65. MIMM
born 11th June,
street, Holborn.
66. PLAYS
1832—one of 5 c
to support and e
a clergyman. V

67. ARN
born 18th Nov.
dener—grandfat
8 children. Hig
68. ATLE
1834—an orpha
after a lingering
dren totally desti
69. GETTI
3rd March, 18
merly a farmer in
Godstone. Win
70. GOWA
Nov. 1832; fat
5 children. W
71.
father
rever

EMMA CAVENDISH; born
ather was a brush-manufacturer,
take a situation to provide for his
. Barford-street, Islington.
L, LUCY HARRIET; born 24th
phan—father was a baker—4 chil-
dumb. Clapham Old Town.
EY, ANNA JEMIMA; born 2nd
r a licensed victualler, but unsuc-
48, Liquorpond-street.
E, ANN; born 25th Jan. 1835—
was a schoolmaster, died suddenly
a small property if she attains 21.
Marylebone.
AGNES MARTHA SILLY; born
—no mother—father was a school-
Essex—children. Camden Town.
R, SARAH; born 5th May, 1832
er was a tailor—2 children—mo-
4, Eaton-court, Pimlico.

, ISABELLA MARIA BAZE-
ebruary, 1832—an orphan—father
in the Royal Navy—12 children.
(last time)

N, MARY; born 11th Sept. 1833
7 children. Lambourne, Essex.
ELIZABETH; born 24th April,
or mother—father was a farmer—
lneston, Norfolk.

26. BUCKINGHAM, ASILIA LOUISA; born 23rd Aug. 1835—father and mother were master and mistress of the Finsbury Society's School—father not heard of since Aug. 1841—4 children unprovided for. Somer's Town.

27. CONWAY, HENRIETTA; born 28th July, 1834—an orphan—father was a solicitor, died in 1839, leaving a widow and 5 children totally unprovided for. Collingwood-street, Blackfriars-road.

28. MACCALLUM, ELIZA ANNE; born 14th February, 1834—father was a tobacconist, but failed, now assistant in a classical academy—2 children. Twickenham, Middlesex.

29. MARSH, HARRIET LOUISA; born 19th Oct. 1832—an orphan—father was 33 years clerk at Messrs. Wilson & Co., died in August last, leaving a widow and 4 children. Islington.

~~**30.** MAY, CAROLINE ELIZA; born 24th~~ Nov. 1835—father a carpenter and builder, but from severe family afflictions and losses, now much reduced—3 children. Great Smith-street, Westminster.

31. OFFEN, MATILDA; born 27th Jan. 1834—father a grocer—8 children. Beckenham, Kent.

32. THOMPSON, ELIZABETH ROSANNA; born 14th October, 1833—father formerly a brewer, is now in Canada with 6 children, left his wife and applicant unprovided for. Bethnal Green.

33. TURNER, JANE; born 20th March, 1833—an orphan—father was a butcher—mother now in service at St. Marylebone School, in ill health.

it to be Elected.

DGE, WILLIAM; born 18th June
ty years a licensed victualler, but un-
dren. 4, Grove-place, Kennington.
LENNAN, WILLIAM ISAAC;
, 1834—father formerly a grocer,
h asthma—4 children. Little Britain.
OCK, BERNARD PRENTICE;
1834—father was a butcher. Brook-

TED, CHARLES; born 18th July,
hildren—father's income inadequate
ucate them—mother the daughter of
Wadhurst, Sussex. *(last time)*

OLD, FREDERICK THOMAS;
1834—an orphan—father was a gar-
er an extensive farmer, but failed—
hbury.
E, FREDERICK; born 1st May,
n—father formerly a distiller, died
illness, leaving a widow and 9 chil-
tute. Rotherhithe.
NG, LOUIS ADOLPHUS; born
34—one of 9 children—father for-
very prosperous circumstances, near
nal, near Winchester.
R, ALFRED DEAN; born 12th
formerly a coach builder—

born 1st Jan. 1835—
od property, but from
e—6 children. Fowey.
born 4th July, 1832

89. GARDINER, HENRY; born 3rd Nov. 1834—no mother—father formerly a licensed victualler, now greatly afflicted—2 children. Fann-street, Goswell-street.

90. HARDING, WILLIAM SAINT JOHN; born 25th June, 1835—an orphan—father held a situation on the Great Western Railway, accidentally killed—of a good family—3 children. Cork.

91. HUSSEY, EDMUND GEORGE; born 29th Nov. 1832—~~father a mealman lost a good pro-~~perty held on young lives which dropped—mother in ill health—11 children. Fontmell, Shaftesbury.

92. JEFFERSON, JOSEPH; born 10th Nov. 1833—father (son of a clergyman) was unsuccessful as an ironmonger—4 children. Hounslow, Middlesex.

93. KNUCKEY, JOHN LAFAYETTE; born 19th July, 1834—father a jeweller, having been unfortunate, left 4 years since for America and has not since been heard of—2 children. Bentinck-street.

94. LOAD, EDWARD; born 16th Oct. 1833—no mother—father was a carver and gilder at Bath, deserted his wife and 6 children—paternal grandfather a clergyman. 5, Cumberland-street, St. Pancras.

95. NEWTON, ISAAC; born 14th May, 1833—an orphan—father was a corn-dealer—8 children. Croydon, Surrey.

96. PRYKE, JOSEPH; born 28th Sept. 1834—an orphan—father was a farrier, died leaving his wife and 5 children destitute. Ockham, Surrey.

97. THOMSON, ANDREW; born 19th June, 1835—an orphan—father was a carpenter. Willow-walk, Bermondsey.

98. YATES, ROBERT HENRY; born 21st July, 1832—an orphan—father was a solicitor—7